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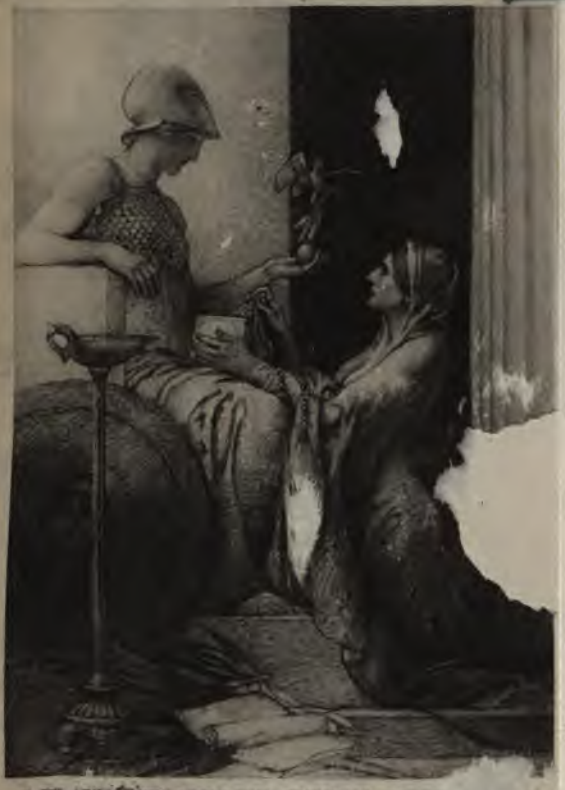

Fairy Tales

LEGENDS AND ROMANCES

ILLUSTRATING

SHAKESPEARE

AND OTHER

EARLY ENGLISH WRITERS

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

TWO PRELIMINARY DISSERTATIONS

1. On Pigmies
2. On Fairies

BY JOSEPH RITSON

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PREFACE.

THE subject of Fairy Mythology is one which of late years has attracted a good deal of attention both here and on the Continent. German scholarship has added much to our knowledge of this peculiarly interesting branch of folk-lore, and their labours have, in some cases, found English translators. A recent writer in the *Quarterly Review* was, I believe, the first to put in print, what many must have felt, that, in "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," the fairies were the most important persons of the drama.

Two scarce books are here amalgamated, and made accessible to the student. Ritson's *Fairy Tales*, 1831, contains matter not in Halliwell's *Illustrations of the Fairy Mythology of a Mid-*

summer-Night's Dream, 1845, and Mr Halliwell's work has matter not found in Ritson. The present republication forms a union of the two, with certain additions and corrections.

I have to thank Mr Halliwell for the permission which he gave me to make what use I pleased of his volume.

W. C. HAZLITT.

KENSINGTON, *November* 1874.

I.

On Pygmies.

THE existence of a little nation of diminutive people engaged in almost continual wars with the cranes, is an opinion of such high antiquity as to be coeval with the rudiments of the heathen mythology. Homer, who flourished 907 years before the vulgar era, is universally admitted to be the earliest poet whose works remain, and though totally blind and unable either to read or write (no written characters being known to the Greeks till many centuries after his time), he had recourse to his invention, and with a harp in his hand, went about various countries, singing and playing, as a bard or rhapsodist, and was well rewarded for his poetical effusions, which being fabulous stories, of his own composition, of gods, heroes, wars, battles, sieges, voyages, adventures, and miracles, altogether incredible and impossible, and of persons, things, cities, and countries which never existed but in his fertile invention and ingenious fabrication, [and with] which every one who heard him was delighted; and in process of time, four or five centuries

after his death, when his countrymen, the learned Greeks, possessing admirable memories, and 'having' somehow or other got an alphabet, and being made capable to read and write, these delightful and ingenious compositions of our blind bard have fortunately come down to the present times, in the course of 2000 years or upward. When, therefore, translations have become common in almost every learned language, particularly in our own, of which we are possessed of one so excellent that it has been happily said—

> "So much, dear POPE, thy ENGLISH Iliad charms,
> When pity melts us or when passion warms,
> That after-ages shall with wonder seek
> Who 'twas translated HOMER into GREEK:"

we are at liberty to conceive that the account of the Pygmies, as found in the Iliad, is there given and preserved from ancient and established tradition, and possibly recorded in history or celebrated in epic poetry long before the time of Homer—

> "So, when inclement winters vex the plain
> With piercing frosts or thick-descending rain,
> To warmer seas the cranes embody'd fly,
> With noise and order, through the mid-way sky,
> To Pygmy nations wounds and death they bring,
> And all the war descends upon the wing."[1]

Hesiod, likewise, had mentioned the Pygmies, in some work now lost, as we learn from Strabo.[2]

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[1] Homer's Iliad, b. iii. v. 3, in the lines of Pope.

[2] B. i. p. 43; b. vii. p. 299. "But for to Hesiod no one would object ignorance, naming Half-dogs, *Longicipites*, and Pygmies. Neither, truly, that concerning Homer to be wonderful, when also by much of those who come after many things both have been ignorant of and monstrously feigned: as Hesiod, Half-dogs, Joltheads, Pygmies."

[Birds] in the spring-time, says Aristotle, betake themselves from a warm country to a cold one, out of fear of heat to come, as the cranes do, which come from the Scythian fields to the higher marshes whence the Nile flows, in which place they are said to fight with the Pygmies. For that is not a fable, but certainly the genus as well of the men as also of the horses is little (as it is said), and dwell in caves, whence they have received the name Troglodytes from those coming near them.[1]

Herodotus, indeed, speaks "of a little people, under the middle stature of men, 'coming' up to certain Nasamonians who were wandering in Africa, and knew not the language of each other;[2] but does not call them Pygmies, or give them any other name. Cambyses, however, as he elsewhere says, went into the temple of Vulcan [in Egypt], and with much derision ridiculed his image, forasmuch as the statue of Vulcan was very like to the Phœnician Pataicks, which they carried about in the prows of their galleys: which those who saw not, it was indicated to him to be those in the image of a Pygmean-man.[3]

"Middle India has black men, who are called Pygmies, using the same language as the other Indians: they are, however, very little: that the greatest do not exceed the height of two cubits, and the most part only of one cubit and a half. But they nourish the longest hair, hanging down unto the knees and even below: moreover, they carry a beard more at length than any other men; but, what is more, . . . after this

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[1] Of the History of Animals, b. viii. c. xii. "Of the Pygmies, that is, of dwarfs, dandiprats, and little men and women, the generation is alike; for of those whose members and sizes are spoiled in the womb, and are even as pigs and mules." —Aristotle, Of the Generation of Animals, b. ii. c. viii.

[2] Euterpe, ii. p. 32. [3] Thalia, iii. p. 37.

promised beard is risen to them, they never after use any clothing, but send down truly the hairs from the back much below the knees, but draw the beard before down to the feet: afterwards, when they have covered the whole body with hairs, they bind themselves, using those in the place of a vestment. . . .They are, moreover, apes and deformed. Their sheep, however, are equal to our lambs: their oxen and asses approach to the magnitude of our rams: their horses, likewise, mules and other beasts do not outreach. Of these Pygmies, the king of the Indians has three thousand in his train; for they are very skilful archers. They are, however, most just, and use the same laws as the other Indians. They hunt hares and foxes, not with dogs, but crows, kites, rooks, and eagles. There is a lake among them, having the compass of eight hundred measures, containing 625 feet each, to which, as no wind blows, oil swims above; which truly they draw out of the middle of it with vessels, sailing through it in little ships, and use it."[1]

Ovid, in his "Metamorphoses," alludes to some old story, not now to be found—

> "Another show'd, where the Pygmæan dame,
> Profaning Juno's venerable name,
> Turn'd to an airy crane, descends from far
> And with her Pygmy subjects wages war."[2]

Pomponius Mela says that "more within the Arabian bay than the Panchæans were the Pygmies, a minute race, and which ended in fighting against the cranes for planted fruits."[3]

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[1] From a fragment of Ctesias, who flourished in the 337th year before the vulgar era, in Wesseling's edition of Herodotus, p. 828.

[2] B. vi.

[3] B. iii. c. viii. p. 287.

According to Sir John Maundevile, the "gret ryvere that men clepen *Dalay* . . . gothe thorghe the lond of *Pygmans:* where that the folk ben of litylle stature, that ben but 3 span long: and thei ben right faire and gentylle, aftre here quantytees, bothe the men and the wommen. And thei maryen hem, whan thei ben half yere of age, and geten children. And thei lyven not but 6 yeer or 7 at the moste. And he that lyvethe 8 yeer, men holden him there righte passynge old. These men ben the beste worcheres of gold, sylver, cotoun, sylk, and of alle suche thinges, of ony other that be in the world. And thei han oftentymes werre with the briddes of the contree, that thei taken and eten. This litylle folk nouther labouren in londes ne in vynes. But thei han grete men amonges hem, of oure stature, that tylen the lond, and labouren amonges the vynes for hem. And of the men of oure stature, han thei als grete skorne and wondre, as we wolde have among us of geauntes, yif thei weren amonges us. There is a gode cytee, amonges othere, where there is duellinge gret plentee of the lytylle folk: and it is a gret cytee; and a fair; and the men ben grete, that duellen amonges hem: but whan thei geten ony children, thei ben als litylle as the Pygmeyes: and therfore thei ben alle, for the moste part, alle Pygmeyes; for the nature of the lond is suche. The grete cane let kepe this cytee fulle wel: for it is his. And alle be it, that the Pygmeyes ben lytylle, yit thei ben fulle resonable, aftre here age, and connen bothen wytt, and gode and malice, ynow."[1]

"At the north poynt of Lewis [one of the *Hebrides*, or Western Isles] there is a little ile callit *The Pygmies Ile*, with ane little kirk in it of ther own handey-

[1] Voiage and Travaile, London, 1727, 8vo, p. 252.

wark, within this kirk the ancients of that countrey of the Lewis says, that the said Pigmies has been eirdit thair. Maney men of divers countreys has delvit upe dieplie the flure of the litle kirke, and i myselve amanges the leave, and hes found in it, deepe under the erthe, certain banes and round heads of wonderfull little quantity, allegit to be the banes of the said Pigmies, quhilk may be lykely, according to sundry historys that we reid of the Pigmies: but i leave this far of it to the ancients of Lewis."[1]

The inland parts, in some places of the coast of Coromandel, toward the hills, are covered with immense and impenetrable forests, which afford a shelter for all sort of wild beasts; but in that which forms the inland boundary of the Carnatic rajah's dominions there is one singular species of creatures, of which Mr Grose, the author of "A Voyage to the East Indies," performed by himself in the year 1750 (the second edition whereof was published, by the writer, at London, in 1772, in two volumes, octavo), had heard much in India, and of the truth of which, he says, the following fact, that happened some time before his arrival there, may serve for an attestation:—

Vencajee, a merchant of that country, and an inhabitant on the sea-coast, sent up to Bombay, to the

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[1] Description of the Western Isles of Scotland, by Donald Monro, High Dean of the Isles, who travelled through the most of them in 1549: Edin. 1784, 12mo, p. 37. See a defence of the existence of the Pygmies in Rosse's Arcana Microcosmi, London, 1652, p. 106. Martin, likewise, in his Description of the Western Islands of Scotland, 1703, p. 19, says: "The island of Pigmies, or, as the natives call it, *The island of little men*, is but of small extent. There have been many small bones dug out of the ground here, resembling those of human kind more than any other." This, he adds, gave ground to a tradition which the natives have of a very low-statured people living once here, called *Lusbirdan*, that is, Pygmies.

then governor of it, Mr Horne, a couple of these creatures, as a present, by a coasting vessel, of which one Captain Boag was the master, and the make of which, according to his description and that of others, was as follows:—

They were scarcely two feet high, walked erect, and had perfectly a human form. They were of a sallow white, without any hair, except in those parts in which it is customary for mankind to have it. By their melancholy, they seemed to have a rational sense of their captivity, and had many of the human actions. They made their bed very orderly, in the cage in which they were sent up, and on being viewed, would endeavour to conceal with their hands those parts which modesty forbids manifesting. The joints of their knees were not re-entering, like those of monkeys, but saliant like those of men; a circumstance they have in common with the ourang-outangs in the eastern parts of India, in Sumatra, Java, and the Spice Islands, of which these seem to be the diminutives, though with nearer approaches of resemblance to the human species. But though the navigation from the Carnatic coast to Bombay is of a very short run, whether the sea-air did not agree with them, or they could not brook their confinement, or Captain Boag had not properly consulted their provision, the female, sickening, first died, and the male, giving all the demonstrations of grief, seemed to take it so to heart that he refused to eat, and in two days after followed her. The captain, on his return to Bombay, reporting this to the governor, was by him asked what he had done with the bodies; he said he had flung them overboard. Being further asked why he did not keep them in spirits, he replied bluntly he did not think of it. Upon this the governor wrote afresh to Vencajee, and desired him to procure an-

other couple at any rate, as he should grudge no expense to be master of such a curiosity. Vencajee's answer was, he would very willingly oblige him, but that he was afraid it would not be in his power: that these creatures came from a forest about seventy leagues up the country, where the inhabitants catch them on the skirts of it; but they were so exquisitely cunning and shy that this scarcely happened once in a century.

If the above relation, concludes our author, should be true, as there is no reason to doubt it, we have here a proof that the existence of Pygmies is not entirely fabulous, as nothing can nearer approach the description of them.[1]

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[1] Vol. i. p. 231, &c.

II.

On Fairies.

THE earliest mention of FAIRIES is made by Homer, if, that is, his English translator have, in this instance, done him justice—

> "Where round the bed, whence Achelöus springs,
> The wat'ry FAIRIES-dance in mazy rings."[1]

These nymphs he supposes to frequent or reside in woods, hills, the sea, fountains, grottoes, &c., whence they are peculiarly called Naiads, Dryads, and Nereids—

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[1] Iliad, b. xxiv. v. 776. The word *Fairy*, as used in our own language, is a mere blunder. The proper name of the French Fairy is *Fabe* or *Fée*, or in English, *Fay; Faërie*, or *Féerie*, which we apply to the person, being, in fact, the *country* or *kingdom* of the *Fays*, or what we call *Fairyland*. We have committed a similar mistake in the word *barley*, which signifies, in fact, the *ley* or *land* upon which the *bear* grows (bere, *hordeum;* leaȝ, a ley).

"What sounds are these that gather from the shores,
The voice of nymphs that haunt the sylvan bow'rs,
The fair-hair'd dryads of the shady wood,
Or azure daughters of the silver flood!"
—Odys. b. vi. v. 122.

The original word, indeed, is *nymphs*, which, it must be confessed, furnishes an accurate idea of the *fays* (*fées*, or *fates*) of the ancient French and Italian romances; wherein they are represented as females of inexpressible beauty, elegance, and every kind of personal accomplishment, united with magic or supernatural power. Such, for instance, as the Calypso of Homer, or the Alcina of Ariosto. "Agreeably" to this idea it is that Shakespeare makes Antony say, in allusion to Cleopatra—

"To this GREAT FAIRY I'll commend thy acts,"

meaning this grand assemblage of POWER and BEAUTY. Such, also, is the character of the ancient nymphs spoken of by the Roman poets: as Virgil, for instance—

"*Fortunatus et ille, deos qui novit agrestes,*
Panaque, Sylvanumque senem, Nymphasque sorores." [1]

They likewise occur in other passages, as well as in Horace—

"*Gelidum nemus*
Nympharumque leves *cum* Satyris chori;" [2]

and still more frequently in Ovid.

Not far from Rome, as we are told by Chorier, was a place formerly called *Ad Nymphas*, and at this day *Santa Ninfa;* which without doubt, he adds, in the

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[1] Geor. l. ii. v. 493. [2] Carmina, l. i. o. i. v. 30.

language of our ancestors, would have been called *The place of Fays.*[1]

The word *faée* or *fée*, among the French, is derived, according to Du Cange, from the barbarous Latin *fadus*, or *fada*. In Italian *fata*. Gervase of Tilbury, in his "Otia Imperialia" (d. iii. c. lxxxviii.) speaks of "some of this kind of *larvæ*, which they named *fadæ*, we have heard to be lovers;" and in his relation of a nocturnal contest between two knights (c. xciv.), he exclaims: "What shall I say? I know not if it were a true *horse*, or if it were a fairy (*fadus*), as men assert." From the Roman de Partenay, or De Lusignan, MS., Du Cange cites—

> "*Le chasteau fut fait d'*une fée
> *Si comme il est partout retrait.*"

Hence, he says, *faërie* for spectres—

> "*Plusieurs parlant de* Guenart,
> *Du Lou, de l'Asne, et de Renart,*
> *De* faëries, *et de songes,*
> *De fantosmes, et de mensonges.*"

The same Gervase explains the Latin *Fata* (*fée*, French), a divining woman, an enchantress, or a witch (d. iii. c. lxxxviii.)

Master Wace, in his "Histoire des Ducs de Normendie" (confounded by many with the "Roman de Rou"), describing the fountain of Berenton, in *Bretagne*, says—

> "*En la forest et environ,*
> *Mais jo ne sais par quel raison*
> *La scut l'en* les fées *veeir,*
> *Se li* Breton *nos dient veir,*" *&c.*
>
> (In the forest and around,
> I wot not by what reason found,
> There may a man the fairies spy,
> If Britons do not tell a lie.)

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[1] Recherches des Antiquitez de Vienne, Lyon, 1659, p. 168.

Hother, King of Sweden and Denmark, being apparently the originals of the weïrd, or wizard, sisters of Macbeth.[1] Others are preserved by Olaus Magnus, who says they had so deeply impressed into the earth, that the place they have been used to, having been (apparently) eaten up, in a circular form, with flagrant heat, never brings forth fresh grass from the dry turf. This nocturnal sport of monsters, he adds, the natives call *The dance of the elves.*[2]

> "In John Milesius any man may reade
> Of divels in Sarmatia honored,
> Call'd *Kottri*, or *Kibaldi;* such as wee
> Pugs and Hob-goblins call. Their dwellings bee
> In corners of old houses least frequented,
> Or beneath stacks of wood: and these convented,
> Make fearefull noise in buttries and in dairies;
> Robin Good-fellowes some, some call them fairies.
> In solitarie roomes these uprores keepe,
> And beat at dores to wake men from their sleepe;
> Seeming to force locks, be they ne're so strong,
> And keeping Christmasse gambols all night long.
> Pots, glasses, trenchers, dishes, pannes, and kettles,
> They will make dance about the shelves and settles,
> As if about the kitchen tost and cast,
> Yet in the morning nothing found misplac't."[3]

Milton, a prodigious reader of romance, has likewise given an apt idea of the ancient fays—

> "Fairer than famed of old, or fabled since
> Of FAIRY DAMSELS met in forest wide
> By knights of Logres, and of Liones,
> Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore."

These ladies, in fact, are by no means unfrequent in those fabulous, it must be confessed, but at the same time ingenious and entertaining histories; as,

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[1] B. iii. p. 39. [2] B. iii. c. x.
[3] Heywood's Hierarchie of Angells, 1635, fo. p. 574.

for instance, *Melusine*, or *Merlusine*, the heroine of a very ancient romance in French verse; and who was occasionally turned into a serpent;[1] *Morgan-la-faée*, the reputed half-sister of King Arthur, and *the lady of the lake*, so frequently noticed in Sir Thomas Malory's old history of that monarch.

Le Grand is of opinion that what is called *Fairy* comes to us from the Orientals, and that it is their *génies* which have produced our *fairies;* a species of nymphs, of an order superior to these women magicians, to whom they nevertheless "gave" the same name. In Asia, he says, where the women imprisoned in the harems prove still, beyond the general servitude, a particular slavery, the romancers have imagined the *Peris* who, flying in the air, come to soften their captivity, and render them happy.[2] Whether this be so or not, it is certain that we call the *auroræ boreales*, or active clouds, in the night, *perry-dancers*.[3]

After all, Sir William Ouseley finds it impossible to give an accurate idea of what the Persian poets designed by a peri, this aerial being not resembling our fairies. The strongest resemblance he can find

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[1] Peter de Loyer says he can no more believe the history of *Melusine* than those "olde wives' tales, and idle toyes, and fictions of the *fayrie Pedagua*," &c.—Treatise of Spectres, 1605, fo. 19. "Certainly," he adds, "if all the *nymphes* [or *fays*] of which I have spoken have at any time appeared unto men, it cannot be imagined but that they must needs be spirits and divels: and the truth is, that even at this day it is thought, in some of the northern regions, they do yet appeare to divers persons; and the report is, that they have a care and doe diligently attend little infantes lying in the cradle; that they doe dresse and undresse them in their swathling-clothes, and do performe all that which careful nurses can do unto their children."

[2] [Fabliaux, 12mo, i. 112.]

[3] V. Caylus, Mem. de l'Aca. des Belles Let. xx.

is in the description of Milton in "Comus." The sublime idea which Milton entertained of a fairy vision corresponds rather with that which the Persian poets have conceived of the peries—

> "Their port was more 'than' human as they stood;
> I took it for a faëry vision
> Of some gay creatures of the element
> That in the colours of the rainbow live,
> And play i' th' plighted clouds."[1]

It is by no means credible, however, that Milton had any knowledge of the Oriental peries; though his enthusiastic or poetical imagination might have easily peopled the air with spirits.

There are two sorts of *fays*, according to M. le Grand—the one, a species of nymphs or divinities; the others, more properly called sorceresses, or women instructed in magic. From time immemorial, in the Abbey of Poissy, founded by St Lewis, they said every year a mass to preserve the nuns from the power of the *fays*. When the process of the damsel of Orleans was made, the doctors demanded, for the first question, "If she had knowledge of those who went to the sabbath with the *fays*? or if she had not assisted at the assemblies held at the fountain of the *fays*, near Domprein, around which 'dance' malignant spirits?" The journal of Paris, under Charles VI. and Charles VII., pretends that she confessed that, at the age of twenty-seven years, she frequently went, in spite of her father and mother, to a fair fountain in the country of Lorraine, which 'she' named the good fountain to the fays our lord.[2]

Gervase of Tilbury, in his chapter "Of *Fauns* and *Satyrs*," says "there are, likewise, others, whom the vulgar name *Follets*, who inhabit the houses of the

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[1] D'Israeli's Romances, p. 13.

[2] [Ibid .p. 75.]

simple rustics, and can be driven away neither by holy water nor exorcisms; and because they are not seen, they afflict those who are entering with stones, billets, and domestic furniture; whose words, for certain, are heard in the human manner, and their forms do not appear."[1] He is speaking of England.

This *Follet* seems to resemble our *Puck* or *Robin Good-fellow*, whose pranks are recorded in an old song, and who was sometimes useful and sometimes mischievous. Whether or not he were the fairy-spirit of whom Milton

> "Tells how the drudging *goblin* swet,
> To ern his cream-bowle duly set,
> When, in one night, ere glimps of morn,
> His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
> That ten day-labourers could not end,
> Then lies him down, the lubbar fend;
> And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
> Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
> And crop-full out of dores he flings,
> Ere the first cock his matin rings,"[2]

is a matter of some difficulty. Perhaps the giant-son of the witch that had the devil's mark about her (of whom "there is a pretty tale"), that was called *Lob-lye-by-the-fire*,[3] was a very different personage from *Robin Good-fellow*, whom, however, he in some respects appears to resemble. A near female relation of the compiler, who was born and brought up in a small village in the bishopric of Durham, related to him many years ago several circumstances which confirmed the exactitude of Milton's description; she particularly told of his thrashing the corn, *churning*

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[1] Otia Imperialia, d. i. c. xviii. [2] L'Allegro.

[3] Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, a. iii. s. 1. A female fairy, in Midsummer Night's Dream, says to Robin Good-fellow, "Farewell, thou *lob* of spirits."

the butter, drinking the milk, &c., and, when all was done, "lying before the fire *like a great rough hurgin bear.*"[1]

In another chapter Gervase says: "As among men Nature produces certain wonderful things, so spirits in airy bodies, who assume, by divine permission, the mocks they make. For, behold, England has certain dæmons (dæmons, I call them, though I know not but I should say secret forms of unknown generation), whom the French call *Neptunes*, the English *Portunes*. With these it is natural that they take advantage of the simplicity of fortunate peasants;[2] and when, by reason of their domestic labours, they perform their nocturnal vigils, of a sudden, the doors being shut, they warm themselves at the fire, and eat little frogs, cast out of their bosoms, and put upon the burning coals; with an antiquated countenance, a wrinkled face, diminutive in stature, not having [in length] half a thumb. They are clothed with rags patched together; and, if anything should be to be carried on in the house, or any kind of laborious work to be done, they join themselves to the work, and expedite it with more than human facility. It is natural to these that they may be obsequious, and may not be hurtful. But one little mode, as it were, they have of hurting. For when, among the ambiguous shades of night, the English occasionally ride alone, the *Portune* sometimes, unseen, couples himself to the rider;[3] and when he has accompanied him, going on a very long time, at length, the bridle being seized, he leads him up to the hand in the mud, in which, while infixed he wallows, the *Portune*

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[1] See the tale of the Maath Doog.
[2] It should rather be *unfortunate.*
[3] That is, gets up behind him.

departing, sets up a laugh, and so in this kind of way derides human simplicity."[1]

This spirit seems to have some resemblance to the *Picktree-brag*,[2] a mischievous barguest that used to haunt that part of the country in the shape of different animals, particularly of a little galloway; in which shape a farmer, still or lately living thereabout, reported that it had come to him one night as he was going home—that he got upon it and rode very quietly till it came to a great pond, to which it ran and threw him in, AND WENT LAUGHING AWAY.

He further says there is in England a certain species of demons, which in their language they call *Grant*, like a one-year-old foal, with straight legs and sparkling eyes. This kind of demons very often appears in the streets, in the very heat of the day, or about sunset, and as often as it makes its appearance, portends that there is about to be a fire in that city or town. When, therefore, in the following day or night, the danger is urgent, in the streets, running to and fro, it provokes the dogs to bark, and while it pretends flight, invites them, following, to pursue in the vain hope of overtaking it. This kind of illusion creates caution to the watchmen who have the custody of fire, and so the officious race of demons, while they terrify the beholders, are wont to secure the ignorant by their arrival.[3]

Gower, in his tale of "Narcissus," professedly from Ovid, says—

> "As he cast his loke
> Into the well, . . .

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[1] Otia Imperialia, d. iii. c. lxi.

[2] Picktree, in the bishopric of Durham, is a small collection of huts, erected for the colliers, about two miles to the north-east of Chester.

[3] Gervase, d. iii. c. lxii.

He sawe the like of his visage,
And wende there were an *ymage*
Of such a *nymphe*, as tho was *faye*."[1]

In his "Legend of Constance" is this passage—

"Thy wife which is of *fairie*
Of suche a childe delivered is,
Fro kinde, whiche stante all amis."[2]

In another part of his book is a story "Howe the kynge of Armenis daughter mette on a tyme a companie of the *fairy*." These "ladies" ride aside "on fayre [white] ambulende horses," clad very magnificently, but all alike, in white and blue, and wore "corownes on their heades;" but they are not called *fays* in the poem, nor does the word *fay* or *fairie* once occur therein.

The fairies or elves of the British Isles are peculiar to this part of the world, and are not, so far as literary information or oral tradition enables us to judge, to be found in any other country. For this fact the authority of father Chaucer will be decisive, till we acquire evidence of equal antiquity in favour of other nations—

"In olde dayes of the king Artour,
Of which the Bretons speken gret honour,
ALL WAS THIS LOND FULFILLED OF FAERIE;
The ELF-QUENE, with hire joly compagnie,
Danced ful oft in many a grene mede.[3]
This was the old opinion as I rede;
I speke of many hundred yeres ago;
But now can no man see non ELVES mo,
For now the grete charitee and prayeres
Of limitoures and other holy freres,

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[1] Confessio Amantis, fo. 20, b.

[2] Ibid. fo. 32, b. These are the first instances *faye* or *fairie* is mentioned in English; but the whole of Gower's work is suspected to be made up of licentious translations from the Latin or French.

[3] Wif of Bathes Tale.

That serchen every land, and every streme,
As thikke as motes in the sunnebeme,
Blissing halles, chambres, kichenes, and boures,
Citees and burghes, castles highe and toures,
Thropes and bernes, shepenes and dairies,
This maketh that ther ben no FAERIES."

The fairy may be defined as a species of being partly material, partly spiritual, with a power to change its appearance, and be, to mankind, visible or invisible, according to its pleasure. In the old song printed by Peck, Robin Good-fellow, a well-known fairy, professes that he had played his pranks from the time of Merlin, who was the contemporary of Arthur.

Chaucer uses the word *faërie* as well for the *individual* as for the *country* or *system*, or what we should now call *fairyland*, or *fairyism*. He knew nothing, it would seem, of *Oberon*, *Titania*, or *Mab*, but speaks of

"PLUTO, that is THE KING OF FAERIE,
And many a ladie in his compagnie,
Folwing his WIF, THE QUENE PROSERPINA, &c."

—"The Marchantes Tale," l. 10101. From this passage of Chaucer, Mr Tyrwhitt "cannot help thinking that his *Pluto* and *Proserpina* were the true progenitors of *Oberon* and *Titania*."

In the progress of "The Wif of Bathes Tale," it happed the knight

"In his way . . . to ride
In all his care, under a forest side,
Whereas he saw upon a dance go
Of ladies foure-and-twenty, and yet mo.
Toward this ilke dance he drow ful yerne,
In hope that he som wisdom shulde lerne,
But, certainly, er he came fully there,
Yvanished was this dance, he wiste not wher."

These *ladies* appear to have been *fairies*, though

nothing is insinuated of their size. Milton seems to have been upon the prowl here for his "Forest Side."

In "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," a fairy addresses Bottom, the weaver—

"Hail, *mortal*, hail!"

which sufficiently shows she was not so herself.

Puck, or Robin Good-fellow, in the same play, calls Oberon—

"King of *shadows*,"

and in the old song just mentioned—

"The king of *ghosts* and *shadows*;"

and this mighty monarch asserts of himself, and his subjects—

"But WE are SPIRITS of another sort."

The fairies, as we already see, were male and female; but it is not equally clear that they procreated children.

Their government was monarchical, and Oberon, the king of Fairyland, must have been a sovereign of very extensive territory. The name of his queen was Titania. Both are mentioned by Shakespeare, being personages of no little importance in the above play, where they in an ill-humour thus encounter—

"*Obe.* Ill met by moonlight, proud TITANIA.
Tita. What, jealous OBERON? Fairy, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company."

That the name [OBERON] was not the invention of our great dramatist is sufficiently proved. The allegorical Spenser gives it to King Henry the Eighth. Robert Greene was the author of a play entitled "The Scottishe History of James the fourthe, . . . intermixed with a pleasant comedie presented by

Oberon, king of the fairies." He is, likewise, a character in the old French romances of "Huon de Bourdeaux" and "Ogier le Danois," and there even seems to be one upon his own exploits, "Roman d'Auberon." What authority, however, Shakespeare had for the name TITANIA it does not appear, nor is she so called by any other writer. He himself, at the same time, as well as many others, gives to the queen of fairies the name of MAB, though no one, except Drayton, mentions her as the wife of OBERON—

"O then, I see, Queen MAB hath been with you,
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams ;
Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid :
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairy's coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love.
. . . This is that very MAB,
That plats the manes of horses in the night ;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes."[1]

Ben Jonson, in his "Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Althrope," in 1603, describes to come "tripping up the lawn a bevy of fairies attending on MAB their queen, who, falling into an artificial ring

[1] Romeo and Juliet.

Or if they spred no table, set no bread,
They should have nips from toe unto the head ;
And for the maid that had perform'd each thing,
She in the water-pail bad leave a ring."

The same poet, in his "Shepheard's Pipe," having inserted Hoccleve's tale of "Jonathas," and conceiving a strange, unnatural affection for that stupid fellow, describes him as a great favourite of the fairies, alleging that

"Many times he hath been seene
With the fairies on the greene,
And to them his pipe did sound,
While they danced in a round,
Mickle solace would they make him,
And at midnight often wake him
And convey him from his roome,
To a field of yellow broome ;
Or into the medowes, where
Mints perfume the gentle aire,
And where Flora spends her treasure,
There they would begin their measure.
If it chanc'd night's sable shrowds
Muffled Cynthia up in clowds ;
Safely home they then would see him,
And from brakes and quagmires free him."

The fairies were exceedingly diminutive, but it must be confessed we shall not readily find their actual dimensions. They were small enough, however, if we may believe one of Queen Titania's maids-of-honour, to conceal themselves in acorn-shells. Speaking of a difference between the king and queen, she says—

"But they do square ; that all their elves for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and *hide them there.*"

They uniformly and constantly wore *green* vests, unless when they had some reason for changing their dress. Of this circumstance we meet with many proofs. Thus, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor"—

And then leads them from her boroughs,
Home through ponds and water-furrows.
She can start our franklin's daughters,
In 'their' sleep, with shrieks and laughters,
And on sweet St Anne's night,
Feed them with a promis'd sight,
Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers."

Fairies, they tell you, have frequently been heard and seen, nay, that there are some living who were stolen away by them, and confined seven years. According to the description they give who pretend to have seen them, they are in the shape of men, exceeding little. They are always clad in green, and frequent the woods and fields; when they make cakes (which is a work they have been often heard at), they are very noisy; and when they have done, they are full of mirth and pastime. But generally they dance in moonlight, when mortals are asleep, and not capable of seeing them, as may be observed on the following morn, their dancing-places being very distinguishable. For as they dance hand-in-hand, and so make a circle in their dance, so next day there will be seen rings and circles on the grass.[1]

These circles are thus described by Browne, the author of "Britannia's Pastorals"—

"A pleasant meade,
Where fairies often did their measures treade,
Which in the meadow made such circles greene,
As if with garlands it had crowned beene.
Within one of these rounds was to be seene
A hillock rise, where oft the fairie queene
At twy-light sate, and did command her elves,
To pinch those maids that had not swept their shelves:
And further, if by maiden's over-sight,
Within doores water were not brought at night,

[1] Bourne's Antiquitates Vulgares, Newcastle, 1725, 8vo, p. 82.

but this, it may be, was mere calumny, as being utterly inconsistent with their general character, which was singularly innocent and amiable. Imogen, in Shakespeare's "Cymbeline," prays, on going to sleep—

> "From *fairies*, and the temptors of the night,
> Guard me, beseech you."

It must have been the *Incubus* she was so afraid of. Old Gervase of Tilbury, in the twelfth century, says, in a more modest language than English: "*Vidimus quosdam* dæmones *tanto zelo mulieres amare quod ad inaudita prorumpunt ludibria, et cum ad concubitum earum accedunt, mirâ mole eas opprimunt, nec ab aliis videntur.*" [1]

Hamlet, too, notices this imputed malignity of the fairies—

> "Then no planets strike,
> No FAIRY takes, nor witch has power to charm."

Thus, also, in "The Comedy of Errors"—

> "A fiend, a FAIRY, pitiless and rough."

They were amazingly expeditious in their journeys: Puck, or Robin Good-fellow, answers Oberon, who was about to send him on a secret expedition—

> "I'll put a girdle round about the earth
> In forty minutes."

Again, the same goblin addresses him thus—

> "Fairy king, attend and mark,
> I do hear the morning lark.
> *Obe.* Then, my queen, in silence sad,
> Trip we after the night's shade,
> We the globe can compass soon,
> Swifter than the wand'ring moon."

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[1] Otia Imperialia, d. i. c. xvii. This is what is now called *the nightmare.*

In another place Puck says—

> "My fairy lord, this must be done in haste;
> For Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
> And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
> At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
> Troop home to churchyards," &c.

To which Oberon replies—

> "But we are spirits of another sort:
> I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
> And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
> Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
> Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
> Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams."

Compare, likewise, what Robin himself says on this subject in the old song of his exploits.

They never ate—

> "But that it eats our victuals, I should think,
> Here were a fairy,"

says Belarius at the first sight of Imogen, as Fidele.[1]

They were humanely attentive to the youthful dead. Thus Guiderius, at the funeral of the above lady—

> "With FEMALE FAIRIES will his tomb be haunted."

Or, as in the pathetic dirge of Collins on the same occasion—

> "No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
> No goblins lead their nightly crew;
> The FEMALE FAYS shall haunt the green,
> And dress thy grave with pearly dew."

---

[1] They nevertheless sometimes haunted the buttery: "Have you nothing to do [quoth the *widow* to her husband *Jack*, after she had, by a trick, got him to the wrong side of the door, and locked him out] but dance about the street at this time of night, and, like *a spirit of the buttery*, hunt after crickets?"—Jack of Newbury.

This amiable quality is, likewise, thus beautifully alluded to by the same poet—

> "By FAIRY HANDS their knell is rung,
> By FORMS UNSEEN their dirge is sung."

Their employment is thus charmingly represented by Shakespeare, in the address of Prospero—

> "Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,
> And ye that on the sands, with printless foot,
> Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
> When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
> By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make,[1]
> Whereof the ewe not bites: and you whose pastime
> Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
> To hear the solemn curfew"——

In "The Midsummer-Night's Dream," the queen, Titania, being desirous to take a nap, says to her female attendants—

> "Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
> Then, for the third part of a minute hence:
> Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rosebuds;
> Some, war with rear-mice, for their leathern wings,
> To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
> The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
> At our quaint spirits.[2] Sing me now to sleep;
> Then to your offices, and let me rest."

Milton gives a most beautiful and accurate description of the little green-coats of his native soil, than which nothing can be more happily or justly expressed: he had certainly seen them in this situation with "the poet's eye"—

> "Fairy elves,
> Whose midnight revels, by a forest side

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[1] Thus, also, in The Merry Wives of Windsor—

> "You moonshine revellers, and shades of night."

[2] Sports.

Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon,
Sits arbitress, and neerer to the earth
Wheels her pale course, they, on thir mirth and dance
Intent, with jocond music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds."[1]

The impression they made upon his imagination in early life appears from his "Vacation exercise," at the age of nineteen—

"Good luck befriend thee, son; for, at thy birth,
The FAIERY LADIES daunc't upon the hearth;
The drowsie nurse hath sworn she did them spie,
Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie;
And sweetly singing round about thy bed,
Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head."

L'Abbé Bourdelon, in his "Ridiculous Extravagances of M. Oufle," describes "the fairies, of which," he says, "grandmothers and nurses tell so many tales to children; these fairies," adds he, "I mean, who are affirmed to be blind at home, and very clear-sighted abroad; who dance in the moonshine, when they have nothing else to do; who steal shepherds and children, to carry them up to their caves, &c."[2]

The fairies have already called themselves *spirits*, *ghosts*, or *shadows*, and consequently THEY NEVER DIED—a position, at the same time, of which there is every kind of proof that a fact can require. The

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[1] Paradise Lost, b. i.

[2] English translation, p. 190. He cites, in a note, that Cornelius van Kempen assures us, that in the reign of the Emperor Lotharius, about the year 830, there appeared in Friesland a great number of fairies, who took up their residence in caves, or on the tops of hills and mountains, whence they descended in the night to steal away the shepherds from their flocks, snatch away children out of their cradles, and carry both away to their caves: referring to Bekker's World Bewitched, p. i. 290. These fairies only agree with ours in their fondness for children.

reviser of Johnson and Steevens' edition of "Shakespeare," in 1785, crows not a little upon his dunghill at having been able to turn the tables upon his adversary by a ridiculous reference to the allegories of Spenser, and a palpably false one to Tickell's "Kensington Gardens," which, he affirms, "will show that the opinion of fairies dying prevailed in the present century," whereas, in fact, "it" is found, on the slightest glance into the poem, to maintain the direct reverse—

> "Meanwhile sad Kenna, loath to quit the grove,
> Hung o'er the body of her breathless love,
> Try'd every art (vain arts!) to change his doom,
> And vow'd (vain vows!) to join him in the tomb.
> What could she do, THE FATES ALIKE DENY
> THE DEAD TO LIVE, OR FAIRY FORMS TO DIE."

Ashamed, however, of the public detection of his falsehood, he meanly omitted it in the next edition, without having a single word to allege in his defence, though he had still the confidence to represent it as "a misfortune to the commentators of Shakespeare that so much of their [invaluable] time is obliged [for the sake of money] to be employed in explaining [by absurdity] and contradicting [by falsehood] unfounded conjectures and assertions;" which, in fact (unfounded if they were, as is by no means true), though he was hardy enough to contradict, he was unable to explain, and did not, in reality, understand, contenting himself with an extract altogether foreign to the purpose, at second-hand.

The fact, after all, is so positively proved, that no editor or commentator of Shakespeare, present or future, will ever have the folly or impudence to assert "that in Shakespeare's time the notion of fairies dying was generally known."

Ariosto informs us (in Harington's "Translation," b. x. s. 47) that—

> "(Either auncient folke believ'd a lie,
> Or this is true) A FAYRIE CANNOT DIE;"

and again (b. xliii. s. 92)—

> "I AM A FAYRIE, and, to make you know,
> To be a fayrie what it doth import,
> WE CANNOT DYE, how old so ear we grow.
> Of paines and harmes of ev'rie other sort
> We tast, onelie NO DEATH WE NATURE OW."

Beaumont and Fletcher, in "The Faithful Shepherdess," describe—

> "A virtuous well, about whose flow'ry banks
> The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds,
> By the pale moon-shine, dipping oftentimes
> Their stolen children, SO TO MAKE 'EM FREE
> FROM DYING FLESH, AND DULL MORTALITY."

Puck, *alias* Robin Good-fellow, is the most active and extraordinary fellow of a fairy that we anywhere meet with; and it is believed we find him nowhere but in our own country, and, peradventure also, only in the south. Spenser, it would seem, is the first that alludes to his name of Puck—

> "Ne let the *Pouke*, nor other evil spright,
> Ne let Hob-goblins, names whose sense we see not,
> Fray us with things that be not."[1]

"In our childhood," says Reginald Scot, "our mothers' maids have so terrified us with an oughe divell, having hornes on his head, fier in his mouth, and a taile in his breech, eies like a bason, fanges like a dog, clawes like a beare, a skin like a niger, and a voice roaring like a lion, whereby we start, and are

[1] Epithalamium.

afraid when we heare one crie Bough! and they have so fraied us with bull-beggers, spirits, witches, urchens, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, pans, sylens, Kit with the cansticke, tritons, centaurs, dwarfes, giants, imps, calcars, conjurors, nymphes, changling, *Incubus*, ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW, the spoorne, the mare, the man in the oke, the hell wain, the fier drake, the puckle,[1] Tom Thombe, Hob gobblin,[2] Tom Tumbler, boneless, and such other bugs, that we are afraid of our owne shadowes."[3] "And know you this by the waie," he says, "that heretofore Robin Good-fellow and Hob goblin were as terrible, and also as credible, to the people as hags and witches be now. . . . And, in truth, they that mainteine walking spirits have no reason to denie Robin Good-fellow, upon whom there hath gone as manie, and as credible, tales, as upon witches; saving that it hath not pleased the translators of the Bible to call spirits by the name of Robin Good-fellow."[4]

"Your grandams' maides," he says, "were woont to set a boll of milke before '*Incubus*,' and his cousine Robin Good-fellow, for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight; and you have also heard that he would chafe exceedingly if the maid or goodwife of the house, having compassion of his nakedness, laid anie clothes for him, beesides his messe of white bread and milke, which was his standing fee. For in that case he saith, What have we here?

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[1] Perhaps a typographical error for Pucke.

[2] Not, as Mr Tyrwhitt has supposed, *Hop goblin*, *Hob* being a well-known diminutive of *Robin*; and even this learned gentleman seems to have forgotten a still more notorious character of his own time,—Hob *in the well*.

[3] Discoverie of Witchcraft, London, 1584, 4to, p. 153.

[4] P. 131.

"Hemton hamten,
Here will I never more tread nor stampen."[1]

Robin is thus characterised, in the "Midsummer-Night's Dream," by a female fairy—

"Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Good-fellow; are you not he
That fright the maidens of the villagery,
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn,
And sometime make the drink to bear ne barm,
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hob-goblin call you and sweet Puck,[2]
You do their work, and they shall have good luck."

To these questions Robin thus replies—

"Thou speak'st aright,
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat, and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me,
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And 'rails or' cries,[3] and falls into a cough,
And then the whole quire hold their hips and lough,

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[1] Discoverie of Witchcraft, p. 85.

[2] *Puck*, in fact.

[3] This is Warburton's reading, which has surely more sense than the apparently corrupted reading of the old and new editions, "*tailor* cries," which Doctor Johnson miserably attempts to defend by asserting that "the trick of the fairy is represented as producing rather merriment than anger." Had, however, the worthy doctor ever chanced to fall by the removal from under him of a three-foot stool, it is very doubtful whether he himself would have expressed much pleasure on feeling the

And 'yexen'[1] in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there."

His usual exclamation in this play is *Ho, ho, ho!*

"*Ho, ho, ho!* Coward, why com'st thou not?"[2]

So in "Grim, the Collier of Croydon"—

"*Ho, ho, ho,* my masters! No good fellowship!"

In the song printed by Peck, he concludes every stanza with *Ho, ho, ho!*

"If that the bowle of curds and creame were not duly set out for Robin Good-fellow, the frier,[3] and Sisse the dairy-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt-to next day in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have good head. But if a Peter-penny, or an housle-egge were behind, or a patch of tythe unpaid, then 'ware of bull-beggars, spirits, &c."

This frolicsome spirit thus describes himself in Jonson's masque of "Love Restored:" "Robin Good-fellow, he that sweeps the hearth and the house clean, riddles for the country-maids, and does

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pain of the fall, and finding himself the laughing-stock of the whole company. He would have been more ready, like the frogs in the fable, to exclaim, "This may be *sport* to you, but it is *death* to me." The old woman had both reason to *rail* and *cry*, as she would naturally suspect the stool had been plucked from under her just as she was going to sit down; than which there cannot well be a more disagreeable accident, as the incredulous reader who doubts the fact may be easily convinced of, by trying the experiment.

[1] *Xexen* is to *hiccup*, a much better reading than *waxen*. It was originally suggested by Dr Farmer, but never adopted.

[2] It is officiously altered, in the last edition, to *Ho, ho! ho, ho!*

[3] Friar Rush.

all their other drudgery while they are at hot cockles; one that has conversed with your court-spirits ere now." Having recounted several ineffectual attempts he had made to gain admittance, he adds: "In this despair, when all invention, and translation too, failed me, I e'en went back, and stuck to this shape you see me in of mine own, with my *broom* and my *canles*, and came on confidently." The mention of his *broom* reminds us of a passage in another play, "Midsummer-Night's Dream," where he tells the audience—

> "I am sent with *broom* before,
> To sweep the dust behind the door."

He is likewise one of the *dramatis personæ* in the old play of "Wily Beguiled," in which he says: "Tush! fear not the dodge: I'll rather put on my flashing-red nose, and my flaming face, and come wrap'd in a calf-skin, and cry *Bo, bo:* I'll pay the scholar, I warrant thee."[1] His character, however, in this piece is so diabolical, and so different from anything one could expect in Robin Good-fellow, that it is unworthy of further quotation.

He appears, likewise, in another, entitled "Grim, the Collier of Croydon," in which he enters "in a suit of leather close to his body, his face and hands coloured russet-colour, with a 'flail.'"

He is here, too, in most respects the same strange and diabolical personage that he is represented in "Wily Beguiled," only there is a single passage which reminds us of his old habits:—

> "When as I list in this transform'd disguise
> I'll fright the country people as I pass;
> And sometimes turn me to some other form,

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[1] Harsnet's Declaration, London, 1604, 4to.

And so delude them with fantastic shews.
But woe betide the silly dairymaids,
For I shall fleet their cream-bowls night by night."

In another scene he enters while some of the other characters are at a bowl of cream, upon which he says—

"I love a mess of cream as well as they,
I think it were best I stept in and made one:
Ho, ho, ho, my masters! No good fellowship!
Is Robin Good-fellow a bugbear grown,
That he is not worthy to be bid sit down?"

There is, indeed, something characteristic in this passage, but all the rest is totally foreign.

Dr Percy, Bishop of Dromore, has reprinted, in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," a very curious and excellent old ballad, originally published by Peck—who attributes it, but with no similitude, to Ben Jonson—in which Robin Good-fellow relates his exploits with singular humour. To one of these copies, he says, "were prefixed two wooden cuts which seem to represent the dresses in which this whimsical character was formerly exhibited upon the stage." In this conjecture, however, the learned and ingenious editor was most egregiously mistaken, these cuts being manifestly printed from the identical blocks made use of by Bulwer in his "Artificial Changeling," printed in 1653, the first being intended for one of the black-and-white gallants of Seale-bay, adorned with the moon, stars, &c.; the other a hairy savage. After this discovery, originally made by the present compiler, the right reverend prelate changes his tone, but cannot prevail upon himself to part entirely with the dear illusion. Having mentioned that these two wooden cuts are "said to be taken from Bulwer's 'Artificial Changeling,' &c. [a book, by the way, of

easy access, and probably enough in his lordship's own possession], which, as they seem to correspond ['Seems! I know not seems'] with the notions then entertained of the whimsical appearances of this fantastic spirit, and PERHAPS were copied in the dresses in which he was formerly exhibited on the stage, are, to gratify the CURIOUS [with an imposture] engraven below." Nothing, surely, was ever more ridiculous and contemptible; we know by these extracts how "he was formerly exhibited upon the stage," and that it was not like a *Seale-bay gallant* or *hairy savage;* and moreover, that these blocks, manifestly engraved for Bulwer's work, in which are many others of the same kind, were calculated merely to give an idea of some barbarous nations in foreign parts, and could not possibly have the most slight or distant allusion to the English stage. How, therefore, durst this learned but pertinacious prelate (as, whatever he was when he first published his book, he is now, when he has given a new edition with alterations and additions) affirm that "ALL CONFIDENCE [had] BEEN DESTROYED" by the inadvertent transposition of *two syllables*, and the omission of *a note of interrogation*, and that only in the preface to a book, in which the passage occurs ACCURATELY PRINTED; which passage, by the way, he himself, "being quoting," as he pretends, "from memory" (though he is not willing to allow a similar apology to any one else, in the same case), had already corrupted, "the better," in his own words, "to favour a position" that "Maggy Lawder" is an "old song."

Burton, speaking of fairies, says that "a bigger kind there is of them, called with Hobgoblins, and Robin Good-fellowes, that would in those superstitious times grinde corne for a messe of milke, cut wood, or do any kind of drudgery worke." After-

ward, of the deemons that mislead men in the night he says, "We commonly call them Pucks." [1]

Cartwright, in "The Ordinary," introduces Moth repeating this curious charm—

> "Saint Francis, and Saint Benedight,
> Blesse this house from wicked wight;
> From the night-mare, and the goblin
> That is hight GOOD-FELLOW ROBIN;
> Keep it from all evil spirits,
> FAIRIES, weezels, rats, and ferrets:
> From curfew-time,
> To the next prime." [2]

This Puck, or Robin Good-fellow, seems likewise to be the illusory candle-holder so fatal to travellers and who is more usually called *Jack-a-lantern*, or *Will-with-a-wisp;* and as it would seem from a passage elsewhere cited from Scot, "*Kit with the candstick.*" Thus a fairy, in a passage of Shakespeare already quoted, asks Robin—

> "Are you not he
> That fright the maidens of the villagery,
> Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?"

Milton alludes to the deceptive gleam in the following lines—

> "A wandering fire,
> Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
> Condenses and the cold environs round,
> Kindled through agitation to a flame,
> Which oft, they say, some EVIL SPIRIT attends,
> Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
> Misleads th' amaz'd night-wanderer from his way
> To bogs and mires, and oft through pond and pool." [3]

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[1] Anatomy of Melancholie. [2] Act iii. sc. 1.

[3] Paradise Lost, b. ix. This great poet is frequently content to pilfer a happy expression from Shakespeare: on this occasion "*night-wanderer,*" on a former "*the easterngate.*"

He elsewhere calls him "the frier's lantern."[1] This facetious spirit only misleads the benighted traveller (generally an honest farmer, in his way from the market in a state of intoxication) for the joke's sake, as one very seldom, if ever, hears any of his deluded followers (who take it to be the torch of Hero in some hospitable mansion, affording "provision for man and horse") perishing in these ponds or pools, through which they dance or plunge after him so merrily.

"There go as manie tales," says Reginald Scot, "upon Hudgin, in some parts of Germanie, as there did in England of Robin Good-fellow. . . . Frier Rush was for all the world such another fellow as this Hudgin, and brought up even in the same schoole—to wit, in a kitchen—insomuch as the selfsame tale is written of the one as of the other concerning the skullian, who is said to have beene slaine, &c., for the reading whereof I referre you to frier Rush his story, or else to John Wierus, *De præstigiis demonum.*"[2]

In the old play of "Gammer Gurton's Needle," printed in 1575, Hodge, describing a "great black devil" which had been raised by Diccon, the bedlam, and being asked by Gammer—

> "But, Hodge, had he no horns to push?"

replies—

> "As long as your two arms. Saw ye never FRYER RUSHE,
> Painted on a cloth, with a side-long cowes tayle,
> And crooked cloven feet, and many a hoked nayle?

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[1] L'Allegro—

> "And by the *frier's lantern* led."

[2] Discoverie of Witchcraft, p. 521. The Historie of Frier Rushe, a common stall or chap book in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and even down to the fire of London, since which event it has rarely been met with. The story of Hudgin will be found among the tales.

For al the world (if I schuld judg) chould reckon him his brother;
Loke even what face Frier Rush had, the devil had such another."

The fairies frequented many parts of the bishopric of Durham. There is a hillock, or *tumulus*, near Bishopton, and a large hill near Billingham, both which used in former time to be "haunted by fairies." Even *Ferry-hill*, a well-known stage between Darlington and Durham, is evidently a corruption of *Fairy-hill*. When seen, by accident or favour, they are described as of the smallest size, and uniformly habited in green. They could, however, occasionally assume a different size and appearance; as a woman, who had been admitted into their society, challenged one of the guests, whom she espied in the market selling fairy-butter.[1] This freedom was deeply resented, and cost her the eye she first saw him with. Mr Brand mentions his having met with a *man* who said he had seen *one* that had seen *fairies*. Truth, he adds, is to come at in most cases; none ever came nearer to it, in this, than he has done. However that may be, the present editor cannot pretend to have been more fortunate. His informant related that an acquaintance in Westmoreland, having a great desire, and praying earnestly to see a fairy, was told by a friend, if not a fairy in disguise, that on the side of such a hill, at such a time of day, he should have a sight of one; and accordingly, at the time and place appointed, "the hobgoblin," in his own words, "stood before him in the likeness of a green-coat lad;" but, in the same instant, the spectator's eye glancing,

[1] This is well known, and frequently found on old trees, [illegible], &c.

vanished into the hill. This, he said, the man told him.

The streets of Newcastle, says Mr Brand, "were formerly (so vulgar tradition has it) haunted by a nightly *guest*, which appeared in the shape of a mastiff dog, &c., and terrified such as were afraid of shadows. I have heard," he adds, "when a boy, many stories concerning it." It is to be lamented that, as this gentleman was endeavouring to illustrate a very dull book, on this and similar subjects, he did not think it worth his while to make it a little more interesting, or at least amusing, by a few of these pleasant tales.

The no less famous *barguest*[1] of Durham, and the Picktree-*brag*, have been already alluded to. The former, beside its many other pranks, would sometimes, at the dead of night, in passing through the different streets, set up the most horrid and continuous shrieks, in order to scare the poor girls who might happen to be out of bed. The compiler of the present sheets remembers, when very young, to have heard a very respectable old woman, then a midwife at Stockton, relate that when in her youthful days she was a servant at Durham, being up late one Saturday night, cleaning the irons in the kitchen, she heard these *skrikes*, first at a great, and then at a less, distance, till at length the loudest and most horrible that can be conceived, just at the kitchen window, sent her up-stairs she did not know how, where she fell into the arms of a fellow-servant, who could scarcely prevent her fainting away.

"Pioners or diggers for metal," according to Lavater, "do affirme, that in many mines there appeare

[1] The etymology of this word is most probably from the Saxon bunɡ, a city, and ɡaɾt, a spirit; or possibly from a *bar*, or gate, in York, which was likewise once haunted by a goblin of this name.

straunge shapes and spirites, who are apparelled like unto other laborers in the pit. These wander up and down in caves and underminings, and seeme to bestuire themselves in alle kinde of labour, as to digge after the veine, to carrie togither oare, to put it in baskets, and to turne the winding-whele to drawe it up, when, in very dede, they do nothing lesse. They very seldome hurte the laborers (as they say) except they provoke them by laughing and rayling at them; for then they threw gravel stones at them, or hurt them by some other means. These are especially haunting in pittes where mettall moste aboundeth."[1]

This is our great Milton's

"Swart faëry of the mine."[2]

"Simple foolish men imagine, I know not howe, that there be certayne elves or fairies of the earth, and tell many straunge and marvellous tales of them, which they have heard of their grandmothers and mothers, howe they have appeared unto those of the house, have done service, have rocked the cradell, and (which is a signe of good lucke) do continually tary in the house."[3]

Mallet, though without citing any authority, says:

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[1] Of Ghostes, &c. London, 1572, 4to, p. 73. He has this from Sebastian Munster: see Olaus Magnus, lib. vi. c. x. George Agricola, however, is the original author, whose words are: "*Utut jocamur genus certè* dæmonum *in fodinis nonnullis versari compertum est;* quorum quidem nihil damni metallicis inferunt, sed in puteis vagant, videntur se exercere: nunc cavando venam, nunc ingerendo in modulos id quod effossum est, nunc machinam versando tractoriam, nunc irritando operarios, idque potissimum faciunt in his specubus è quibus multum argenti effoditur, vel magna ejus inveniendi spes est."—Bermannus, 432. He calls this *dæmon metallicus;* in German, "*Das bergmelin.*"

[2] Comus.

[3] Of Ghostes, &c., p. 49.

"After all, the notion is not everywhere exploded that there are in the bowels of the earth fairies, or a kind of dwarfish and tiny beings of human shape, and remarkable for their riches, their activity, and malevolence. In many countries of the north, the people are still firmly persuaded of their existence. In Ireland at this day the good folks show the very rocks and hills, in which they maintain that there are swarms of these small subterraneous men, of the most tiny size, but the most delicate figures."[1]

Sheringham, having mentioned the gods of the Germans, adds: "Among us, truly, this superstition and foolish credulity among the vulgar is not yet left off; for I know not what fables old women suggest to boys and girls about elves (with us by another word called fairies), by which their tender minds they so imbue, that they never depose these old-wifish ravings, but deliver them to others, and vulgarly affirm that groups of elves sometimes dance in bed-chambers, sometimes (that they may benefit the maids) scour and cleanse the pavement, and sometimes are wont to grind with a hand-mill."[2]

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[1] Northern Antiquities, &c., ii. 47.

[2] De Anglorum Origine, p. 320. This is the observation of a gloomy and malignant mind, as the idea of a fairy could never inspire any but pleasing sensations, these little people being always distinguished for their innocent mirth and benevolent utility. It was far otherwise, indeed, with *superstition* and *witchcraft*, which, though equally false, were nevertheless as firmly believed, as they induced ignorance and bigotry to commit horrid crimes; but nothing of this kind is imputable to the fairies. So strongly, according to Waldron, are the Manks possessed of the belief of fairies, and so frequently do they imagine to have seen and heard them, that they are not in the least terrified at them, but, on the contrary, rejoice whenever visited by them, as supposing them friends to mankind, and that they never come without bringing good fortune along with them.

There is not a more generally-received opinion throughout the principality of Wales than that of the existence of fairies; amongst the commonality it is indeed universal, and by no means unfrequently credited by the second ranks.[1]

Fairies are said, at a distant period, "to have frequented Busser's Hill in St Mary's Island; but their nightly pranks, aërial gambols, and cockle-shell abodes are now quite unknown."[2]

"Evil spirits, called fairies, are frequently seen in several of the isles [of Orkney], dancing, and making merry, and sometimes seen in armour."[3]

They call them *the good people*, all the houses are blessed where they visit. The Scots, likewise, call them *the good neighbours*.

[1] Pratt's Gleanings, &c., i. 137. He mentions a Welsh clergyman who not only believes in fairies, but is even so infatuated on the subject as to imagine they are continually in his presence, and has written a book about them.

[2] Heath's Account of the Islands of Scilly, p. 129.

[3] Brand's Description of Orkney, Edin. 1703, p. 61: at p. 112 is some account of a *brouny*.

III.

Romance of Launfal.

ALTHOUGH there is little to be found of an earlier date than the sixteenth century that bears directly upon the popular notions of fairy mythology, as Shakespeare has embodied them in "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," yet it would not be easy to develop the gradual transitions which took place in public belief in those matters, without presenting the reader with the earliest documents on the subject that have descended to our times. Reserving more detailed observations for our Introduction, it will only be necessary to observe that there probably is no absolute connection between Tryamour, the daughter of Olyroun, and Titania. Tryamour is minutely described: we see in her a maiden of wonderful beauty, and possessed of superior powers; but still there is not Shakespeare's idea of a fairy princess, and we might perhaps have failed to recognise the description, had the poet forgotten to inform us that her father was "Kyng of Fayrye." The romance of Launfal is one of the earliest pieces of the kind known to exist. It is translated from a French original written by the celebrated Marie de France, and is here given from MS. Cott. Calig. a. ii., the text adopted by Ritson; and also in Way's "Fabliaux," ed.

1815, iii. 233-287. A later copy, written about 1508, is in MS. Rawl. c. lxxxvi., differing considerably from our text, but of course of less authority. See the extracts at the end of this article. It was printed in the sixteenth century, having been licensed to John Kynge in 1558, and mentioned in "Laneham's Letter," 1575, but I am not aware that any perfect copy has been preserved. Sir F. Madden mentions another copy in MS. Lambeth 305, which seems to be an error for the copy of Lybeaus Disconus in MS. No. 306 in the same collection. The author of the present translation was Thomas Chestre, as appears from the concluding lines. It is very seldom that the translators of the early metrical romances have recorded their names, and in more than one instance a mere transcriber has been handed down for years in the list of our early poets.

LAUNFALE MILES.

Be douȝty Artours dawes,
That held Engelond yn good lawes,
  There felle a wondyre cas
Of a ley that was y-sette,
That hyȝt Launval, and hatte ȝette ;
  Now herkeneth how hyt was.
Douȝty Artoure som whyle
Sojournede yn Kardevyle,[1]

---

[1] That is, Carlisle in Cumberland, according to Ritson. The old romance of Merlin calls it "la ville de Carduil en Galles ;" and the French MS. says "Kardoyl," apparently a corruption for Cairleon in Wales. At the commencement of the French romance ("Lai de Lanval, Poes. de Marie de France," ed. Roquefort, 8vo, 1820, tom. i. p. 202) we are told—

"A Cardueill sejurna li reis
Artus, li prex, e li curteis,
Pur les Escos, e pur les Pis,
Qu destruiseient mult le pais."

Wyth joye and greet solas;
And knyȝtes that were profitable.
With Artour, of the rounde table,
Never noon better ther nas.
Sere Perseualle, and syr Gawayn.
Syr Gyheryes. and syr Agrauayn,
And Launcelet ȝn Lake,
Syr Kay, and syr Ewayn.
That welle coube fyȝte yn playn,
Bateles for to take.
Kyng Ban-Booȝt, and kyng Bos,[1]
Of ham ther was a greet los,
Men sawe tho nowhere her make:
Syr Galafre, and syr Launfale.
Wherof a noble tale
Among us schalle awake.
With Artoure ther was a bachelere,
And hadde y-be welle many a ȝere.
Launfal for soth he hyȝt;
He gaf gyftys largelyche.
Gold, and sylver. and clodes ryche.
To squyer and to kryȝt.
For hys largesse and hys bounté,
The kynges stuward made was he
Ten yer, y you plyȝt;
Of alle the knyȝtes of the table rounde
So large ther nas noon y-founde,
Be dayes ne be nyȝt.
So hyt be-fylle, yn the tenthe ȝere,
Marlyn was Artours counsalere,
He radde hym fore to wende
To kyng Ryon of Irlond ryȝt,
And fette hym ther a lady bryȝt.

[1] This enumeration of Arthur's knights is not found in the French original.

Gwennere [1] hys dou3tyr hende.
So he dede, and hom her brou3t,
But syr Launfal lykede her no3t,
Ne other kny3tes that wer hende;
For the lady bar los of swych word,
That sche hadde lemmannys unther her lord,
So fele there nas noon ende.
They were y-wedded, as y you say,
Upon a Wytsonday,
Before princes of moch pryde;
No man ne may telle yn tale
What folk ther was at that bredale,
Of countreys fer and wyde;
No nother man was yn halle y-sette,
But he were prelat, other baronette,
In herte ys na3t to hyde:
Yf they satte no3t alle y-lyke,
Hare servyse was good and ryche,
Certeyne yn ech a syde.
And whan the lordes hadde ete yn the halle,
And the clothes wer drawen alle,
As ye mowe her and lythe,
The botelers sentyn wyn
To alle the lordes that were theryn,
With chere bothe glad and blythe.
The quene yaf y yftes for the nones,
Gold and selver, and precyous stonys,
Her curtasye to kythe;
Everych kny3t sche 3af broche and ryng,
But syr Launfal sche yaf no thyng,

---

[1] According to Geoffrey of Monmouth, Guenever was descended from a noble Roman family, and in beauty surpassed all the women in the island. She is usually represented as the paramour of Sir Launcelot, and, according to Caradoc, was ravished by Melvas, King of Estiva, now Somersetshire.

That grevede hym many a syde.
And whan the bredale was at ende,
Launfal tok hys leve to wende
At Artour the kyng,
And seyde a lettere was to hym come,
That deth hadde hys fadyr y-nome,
He most to hys beryynge.
Tho seyde kyng Artour, that was hende,
Launfal, yf thou wylt fro me wende,
Tak with the greet spendyng;[1]
And my suster sones two,
Bothe they schulle with the go,
At hom the for to bryng.
Launfal tok leve, withoute fable,
With knyȝtes of the rounde table,
And wente forth yn hys journé
Tyl he com to Karlyoun,[2]
To the meyrys hous of the toune,
Hys servaunt that hadde y-be.
The meyr stod, as ye may here,
And sawe hym come ryde up anblere
With two knyȝtes and other mayné;
Agayns hym he hath wey y-nome,
And seyde, "Syre, thou art welle-come,
How faryth oure kyng tel me."
Launfal answerede and seyde than,
"He faryth as welle as any man,

---

[1] It is probably implied that Launfal refused this offer, as we find him shortly afterwards in great poverty at Caerleon. In the French original, Launfal is made to quit the king's court because he had impoverished himself by his extravagance and generosity.

[2] This shows that *Kardevyle* in the first stanza cannot be Caerleon, as has been conjectured. In the romance of Geraint the Son of Erbin, Arthur's court is held at Caerlleon upon Usk. See Lady C. Guest's edition of the Mabinogion, part iii.

And elles greet ruth hyt wore;
But, syr meyr, without lesyng,
I am thepartyth fram the kyng,
And that rewyth me sore:
Ne ther thare no man benethe ne above,
Fore the kyng Artours love,
Onowre me never more:
But, syr meyr, y pray the par amour,
May y take with the sojour?
Som tyme ye knewe us yore."
The meyr stod, and bethoȝte hym there
What myȝt be hys answere,
And to hym than gan he sayn,
"Syr, vij. knyȝtes han here hare in y-nome,
And ever y wayte whan they wyl come,
That arn of Lytylle-Bretayne."
Launfal turnede hymself and lowȝ,
Therof he hadde scorn i-nowȝ,
And seyde to hys knyȝtes tweyne,
"Now may ye se swych ys service,
Unther a lord of lytylle pryse,
How ye may therof be fayn."
Launfal awayward gan to ryde,
The meyr bad he schuld abyde,
And seyde yn thys manere,
"Syr, yn a chamber by my orchard syde,
Ther may ye dwelle with joye and pryde,
ȝyf hyt your wylle were."
Launfal anoon-ryȝtes,
He and hys two knytes
Sojournede ther yn fere;
So savagelych hys good he besette,
That he ward yn greet dette,
Ryȝt yn the ferst yere.
So hyt befelle at Pentecost,
Swych tyme as the Holy Gost

Among mankend gan lyȝt,
That syr Huwe and syr Jon
Tok here leve for to gon
At syr Launfal the knyȝt.
They seyd, "Syr, our robes beth to-rent,
And your tresour[1] ys alle y-spent,
And we goth ewylle y-dyȝt."
Thanne seyde syr Launfal to the knyȝtes fre,
"Tell ye no man of my poverté
For the love of God almyȝt."
The knyȝtes answerede and seyde tho,
That they nolde hym wreye never mo,
Alle thys world to wynne.
With that word they wente hym fro,
To Glastyngbery bothe two,
Ther kyng Artour was inne.
The kyng saw the knyȝtes hende,
The aȝens ham he gan wende,
For they were of hys kenne:
Noon other robes they ne hadde
Than they out with ham ladde,
And tho were to-tore and thynne.
Than seyde quene Gwenore, that was fel,
"How faryth the prowde knyȝt Launfal?
May he hys armes welde?"
"ȝe, madame," sayde the knytes than,
"He faryth as welle as any man,
And ellys God hyt schelde."
Moche worchyp and greet honour
To Gonore the quene and kyng Artour
Of syr Launfal they telde;
And seyde, "He lovede us so,
That he wold us evermo
At wylle have y-helde.

[1] MS. has *tosour*.

But upon a rayny day hyt befel,
An huntynge wente syr Launfel,
  To chasy yn holtes hore;[1]
In our old robes we yede that day,
And thus be beth y-went away,
  As we before hym wore."
Glad was Artour the kyng
That Launfal was yn good lykyng,
  The quene hyt rew welle sore;
For sche wold, with alle her myȝt,
That he hadde be, bothe day and nyȝt,
  In paynys more and more.
Upon a day of the Trinité
A feste of greet solempnité
  In Carlyoun was holde;
Erles and barones of that countré,
Ladyes and borjaes of that cité,
  Thyder come bothe yongh and old.
But Launfal for hys poverté
Was not bede to that semblé,
  Lyte men of hym tolde;
The meyr to the feste was of sent,
The meyrys douȝter to Launfal went,
  And axede yf he wolde
In halle dyne with her that day.
"Damesele," he sayde, "nay,
  To dyne have I no herte;
Thre dayes ther ben agon,
Met ne drynke eet y noon,
  And alle was for poverte.
To-day to cherche y wolde have gon,
But me fawtede hosyn and schon,

---

[1] That is, hoary forests. Few expressions are more common in early English metrical romances. See Torrent of Portugal, p. 26.

Clenly brech and scherte;
And for defawte of clodynge,
Ne myȝte y yn with the peple thrynge,
No wonther douȝ me smerte!
But o thyng, damesele, y pray the,
Sadel and brydel lene thou me,
A whyle for to ryde,
That y myȝte confortede be
By a launde unther thys cyté,
Al yn thys undern-tyde."
Launfal dyȝte hys courser,
Withoute knave other squyer
He rood with lytylle pryde;
Hys hors slod and fel yn the fen,
Wherefore hym scornede many men,
Abowte hym fer and wyde.
Poverly the knȝt to hors gan sprynge,
For to dryve away lokynge,
He rood toward the west;
The wether was hot the undern-tyde,
He lyȝte adoun, and gan abyde
Under a fayr forest;
And for hete of the wedere,
Hys mantelle he feld togydere,
And sette hym doun to reste.
Thus sat the knyȝt yn symplyté
In the schadwe unther a tre,
Ther that hym lykede best.
As he sat yn sorow and sore,
He sawe come out of holtes hore
Gentylle maydenes two;
Har kerteles wer of Inde sandel,
I-lased smalle, jolyf and welle,
Ther myȝt noon gayer go.
Har manteles wer of grene felwet,
Y-bordured with gold ryȝt welle y-sette,

I-pelvred with grys and gro;
Har heddys were dyȝt welle withalle,
Everych hadde oon a jolyf coronalle,
Wyth syxty gemmys and mo.
Har faces wer whyt as snow on downe,
Har rode was red, her eyn wer browne,
I sawe never non swyche;
That oon bar of gold a basyn,
That other a towayle whyt and fyn,[1]
Of selk that was good and ryche.
Har kercheves wer well schyre,
Arayd wyth ryche gold wyre.
Launfal began to syche;
They com to hym over the hoth,
He was curteys, and aȝens hem goth,
And greette hem myldelyche,
"Damesels," he seyde, "God yow se!"
"Syr knyȝt," they sede, "welle the be!
Our lady, dame Tryamour,
Bad thou schuldest com speke with here,
ȝyf hyt wer thy wylle, sere,
Wythoute more sojour."
Launfal hem grauntede curteyslyche,
And wente wyth hem myldelyche,
They weryn whyt as flour;
And when they come in the forest an hyȝ,
A pavyloun y-teld he syȝ
With merthe and mochelle honour.
The pavyloun was wrouth for sothe, y-wys,
Alle of werk of Sarsynys,
The pomelles of crystalle;

---

[1] See an incident similar to this in the English versions of the Gesta Romanorum, edited by Sir F. Madden, p. 100. Compare also Warton, Introduction [Hazlitt's edit. i. 274].

Upon the toppe an ern ther stod,
Of bournede gold ryche and good,
  I-florysched with ryche amalle.
Hys eyn wer carbonkeles bryȝt,
As the mone the schon a nyȝt,
  That spreteth out ovyr alle;
Alysaundre the conquerour,
Ne kyng Artour, yn hys most honour,
  Ne hadde noon scwych juelle.
He fond yn the pavyloun
The kynges douȝter of Olyroun,
  Dame Tryamour that hyȝte;
Her fadyr was kyng of fayrye,
Of Occient fer and nyȝe,
  A man of mochelle myȝte.
In the pavyloun he fond a bed of prys,
I-heled with purpur bys,
  That semylé was of syȝte;
Therinne lay that lady gent,
That after syr Launfal hedde y-sent,
  That lefsom lemede bryȝt.
For hete her clothes down sche dede
Almest to her gerdyl stede,
  Than lay sche uncovert;
Sche was as whyt as lylye yn May,
Or snow that sneweth yn wynterys day,
  He seygh never non so pert.
The rede rose, whan sche ys newe,
Aȝens her rode nes naȝt of hewe,
  I dar welle say yn sert;[1]

---

[1] The whole of this description of the fairy princess and her lover is superior to most other things of the kind composed in English at the same period, yet much inferior to the French original. Compare the extract given by Warton from Adam Davie's poem.

Her here schon as gold wyre,
May no man rede here atyre,
  Ne nauȝt welle thenke yn hert.
Sche seyde, "Launfal, my lemman swete,
Al my joye for the y lete,
  Swetyng paramour;
Ther nys no man yn Cristenté,
That y love so moche as the,
  Kyng neyther emperoure."
Launfal beheld that swete wyȝth,
Alle hys love yn her was lyȝth,
  And keste that swete flour;
And sat adoun her bysyde,
And seyde, "Swetyng, what so betyde,
  I am to thyn honoure."
She seyde, "Syr knyȝt, gentyl and hende,
I wot thy stat, ord, and ende,
  Be nauȝt aschamed of me;
Yf thou wylt truly to me take,
And alle wemen for me forsake,
  Ryche I wylle make the:
I wylle the ȝeve an alner,
I-mad of sylk and of gold cler,
  With fayre ymages thre;
As oft thou puttest the hond therinne,[1]
A mark of gold thou schalt wynne,
  In wat place that thou be."
Also sche seyde, "Syr Launfal,
I ȝeve the Blaunchard my stede lel,
  And Gyfre my owen knave:
And of my armes oo pensel,
Wyth thre ermyns y-peynted welle,
  Also thou schalt have.

---

[1] The multiplication of riches by invisible agency is a ve favourite fiction in Oriental romance.

In werre, ne yn turnement,
Ne schalle the greve no knyȝtes dent,
  So welle y schalle the save."
Than answerede the gantyl knyȝt,
And seyde, "Gramarcy, my swete wyȝt,
  No bettere kepte y have."
The dameselle gan her up sette,
And bad her maydenes her fette
  To hyr hondys watyr clere;
Hyt was y-do without lette,
The cloth was spred, the bord was sette,
  They wente to hare sopere.
Mete and drynk they hadde a-fyn,
Pyement, claré, and Reynysch wyn,
  And elles greet wondyr hyt wer:
Whan they had sowpeth and the day was gon,
They wente to bedde, and that anoon,
  Launfal and sche yn fere.
For play lytylle they sclepte that nyȝt,
Tylle on morn hyt was day-lyȝt,
  Sche badd hym aryse anoon;
Hy seyde to hym, "Syr, gantyl knyȝt,
And thou wylt speke with me any wyȝt,
  To a derne stede thou gon;
Welle privyly I wolle come to the,
No man alyve ne schalle me se,
  As stylle as any ston."
Tho was Launfal glad and blythe,
He cowde no man hys joye kythe,
  And keste her welle good won.
"But of o thyng, syr knyȝt, I warne the,
That thou make no bost of me,
  For no kennes mede;[1]

---

[1] The reader will find a similar injunction in the ballad of homas of Ercildoun, hereafter printed.

At the meyrys hous they gon alyȝte,
And presented the noble knyȝte
  With swych good as hym was sent;
And whan the meyr seyȝ that rychesse,
And syr Launfales noblenesse,
  He held hymself foule y-schent.
Tho seyde the meyr, "Syr, per charyté,
In halle to day that thou wylt ete with me,
  ȝesterday y hadde y-ment.
At the feste we wold han be yn same,
And y-hadde solas and game,
  And erst thou were y-went."
"Syr meyr, God for-ȝelde the,
Whyles y was yn my poverté,
  Thou bede me never dyne;
Now y have more gold and fe,
That myne frendes han sent me,
  Than thou and alle dyne."
The meyr for schame away ȝede,
Launfal yn purpure gan hym schrede,
  I-pelvred with whyt ermyne;
Alle that Launfal hadde borwyth before,
Gyfre be tayle and be score
  ȝald hyt welle and fyne.
Launfal helde ryche festes,
Fyfty fedde povere gestes,
  That yn myschef wer;
Fyfty bouȝte stronge stedes,
Fyfty yaf ryche wedes
  To knyȝtes and squyere;
Fyfty rewardede relygyous,
Fyfty delyverede povere prysouns,
  And made ham quyt and schere;
Fyfty clodede gestours,
To many men he dede honours,
  In countreys fere and nere.

Alle the lordes of Karlyoun
Lette crye a turnement yn the toun,
  For love of syr Launfel,
And for Blaunchard, hys good stede,
To wyte how hym wold spede,
  That was y-made so welle;
And whan the day was y-come,
That the justes were yn y-nome,
  They ryde out also snelle;
Trompours gon hare bemes blowe,
The lordes ryden out a rowe,
  That were yn that castelle.
There began the turnement,
And ech knyȝt leyd on other good dent
  Wyth mases and wyth swerdes bothe:
Me[n] myȝte y-se some therefore
Stedes y-wonne, and some y-lore,
  And k[n]yȝtes wonther wroȝth.
Syth the rounde table was,
A bettere turnement ther nas,
  I dare welle say for sothe;
Many a lord of Karlyoun,
That day were y-bore adoun,
  Certavn withouten othe.
Of Karlyoun the ryche constable
Rod to Launfalle, without fable,
  He nolde no lengere abyde:
He smot to Launfal, and he to hym,
Welle sterne strokes, and welle grym,
  Ther wer yn eche a syde.
Launfal was of hym y-ware,
Out of hys sadelle he hym bar
  To grounde that ylke tyde;
And whan the constable was born adoun,
Gyfre lepte ynto the arsoun,
  And awey he gan to ryde

The erl of Chestere thereof segh,
For wrethe yn herte he was wod negh,
  And rood to syr Launfale,
And smot hym yn the helm on hegh,
That the crest adoun flegh,
  Thus seyd the Frenssch tale.[1]
Launfal was mochel of myȝt,
Of hys stede he dede hym lyȝt,
  And bare hym doun yn the dale;
Than come they syr Launfal abowte
Of Walssche knyȝtes a greet rowte,
  The numbre y not how fale.
Than myȝte me[n] se scheldes ryve,
Speres to-breste and to-dryve,
  Behynde and ek before;
Thoruȝ Launfal and hys stedes dent
Many a knyȝt, verement,
  To ground was i-bore.
So the prys of that turnay
Was delyvered to Launfal that day,
  Without oth y-swore:
Launfal rod to Karlyoun,
To the meyrys hous yn the toun,
  And many a lord hym before.
And then the noble knyȝt Launfal
Held a feste ryche and ryalle,
  That leste fourtenyȝt;
Erles and barouns fale
Semely wer sette yn sale,
  And ryaly were adyȝt.
And every day dame Triamour,
Sche com to syr Launfale bour,

Alluding, of course, to the original French text of Launfal, of ich there are copies in MS. Harl. 978, and MS. Cott. Vespas. xiv. See p. 48.

A-day whan hyt was nyȝt.
Of alle that ever wer ther tho,
Segh he[r] non but they two,
Gyfre and Launfal the knyȝt.

PART II.

A knyȝt ther was yn Lumbardye,
To syr Launfal hadde he greet envye,
Syr Valentyne he hyȝte ;
He herde speke of syr Launfal.
That [1] he couth justy welle,
And was a man of mochel myȝte,
Syr Valentyne was wonther strong,
Fyftene feet he was longe ;
Hym thoȝte he brente bryȝte,
But he myȝte with Launfal pleye,
In the feld between ham tweye,
To justy, other to fyȝte.
Syr Valentyne sat yn hys halle,
Hys massengere he let y-calle,
And seyde he moste wende
To syr Launfal the noble knyȝt,
That was y-holde so mychel of myȝt,
To Bretayne he wolde hym sende,
And sey hym, for love of hys lemman,
Yf sche be any gantyle woman,
Courteys, fre, other hende,
That he come with me to juste,
To kepe hys harneys from the ruste,
And elles hys manhod schende.
The messengere ys forth y-went
To tho hys lordys commaundement,

---

[1] MS. repeats *that* erroneously.

He hadde wynde at wylle.
Whan he was over the water y-come,
The way to syr Launfal he hath y-nome,
And grette hym with wordes stylle.
And seyd, "Syr, my lord, syr Valentyne,
A noble werrour, and queynte of gynne,
Hath me sent the tylle,
And prayth the, for thy lemmanes sake,
Thou schuldest with hym justes take."
Tho louȝ Launfal fulle stylle,
And sèyde, as he was gentyl knyȝt,
Thylke day a fourtenyȝt
He wold wyth hym play.
He yaf the messenger, for that tydyng,
A noble courser and a ryng,
And a robe of ray.
Launfal tok leve at Triamour,
That was the bryȝt berde yn boure,
And keste that swete may;
Thanne seyde that swete wyȝt,
"Dreed the nothyng, syr gentyl knyȝt,
Thou schalt hym sle that day."
Launfal nolde nothyng with hym have
But Blaunchard hys stede, and Gyfre hys knave,
Of alle hys fayr mayné;
He schypede and hadde wynd welle good,
And wente over the salte flod,
Into Lumbardye.
Whan he was over the water y-come,
There the justes schuld be nome,
In the cyté of Atalye,
Syr Valentyn hadde a greet ost,
And syr Launfal abatede her bost,
Wyth lytylle companye.
And whan syr Launfal was y-dyȝt,
Upon Blaunchard hys stede lyȝt,

With helm, and spere, and schelde,
Alle that sawe hym yn armes bryȝt,
Seyde they sawe never swych a knyȝt,
That hym wyth eyen beheld.
Tho ryde togydere thes knyȝtes two,
That har schaftes to-broste bo,
And to-scyverede yn the felde ;
Another cours togedere they rod,
That syr Launfale helm of glod,
In tale as hyt ys telde.
Syr Valentyn logh, and hadde good game,
Hadde Launfal never so moche schame
Beforhond yn no fyȝt ;
Gyfre kedde he was good at nede,
And lepte upon hys maystrys stede,
No man ne segh with syȝt.
And er than thay togedere mette,
Hys lordes helm he on sette,
Fayre and welle adyȝt ;
Tho was Launfal glad and blythe,
And donkede Gyfre many syde,
For hys dede so mochel of myȝt.
Syr Valentyne smot Launfal soo,
That hys scheld fel hym fro,
Anoon-ryȝt yn that stounde ;
And Gyfre the scheld up hente,
And broȝte hyt hys lord to presente,
Ere hyt cam thoune to grounde.
Tho was Launfal glad and blythe,
And rode ayen the thrydde syde,
As a knyȝt of mochelle mounde ;
Syr Valentyne he smot so there,
That hors and man bothe deed were,
Gronyng wyth grysly wounde.
Alle the lordes of Atalye
To syr Launfal hadde greet envye,

That Valentyne was y-slawe,
And swore that he schold dye,
Ere he wente out of Lombardye.
And be hongede, and to-drawe.
Syr Launfal brayde out hys fachon.
And as lyȝt as dew he leyde hem downe
In a lytylle drawe.
And whan he hadde the lordes schayn.
He wente ayen ynto Bretayn
With solas and wyth plawe.
The tydyng com to Artour the kyng.
Anoon wythout lesyng,
Of syr Launfales noblesse;
Anoon a let[1] to hym sende,
That Launfalle schuld to hym wende
At seynt Jonnys masse.
For kyng Artour wold a feste holde,
Of erles and of barouns bolde,
Of lordynges more and lesse:
Sir Launfal schud be steward of halle.
For to agye hys gestes alle,
For cowthe of largesse.
Launfal toke leve at Triamour,
For to wende to kyng Artour,
Hys feste for to agye;
Ther he fond merthe and moch honour,
Ladyes that wer welle bryȝt yn boure,
Of knyȝtes greet companye.
Fourty dayes leste the feste,
Ryche, ryalle, and honeste,
What help hyt for to lye?
And at the fourty dayes ende,
The lordes toke har leve to wende,

---

[1] In the original MS. it is written "alet," which Ritson has corrected to "a letter."

Ever ych yn hys partye.
And aftyr mete syr Gaweyn,
Syr Gyeryes, and Agrafayn,
And syr Launfal also,
Wente to daunce upon the grene,
Unther the tour ther lay the quene,
With syxty ladyes and mo.
To lede the daunce Launfal was set,
For hys largesse he was lovede the bet
Sertayn of alle tho;
The quene lay out and beheld hem alle,
"I se," sche seyde, "daunce large Launfalle,
To hym than wylle y go.
Of alle the knyȝtes that y se there,
He ys the fayreste bachelere,
He ne hadde never no wyf:
Tyde me good, other ylle,
I wylle go and wyte hys wylle,
Y love hym as my lyf."
Sche tok with her a companye,
The fayrest that sch[e] myȝte aspye,
Syxty ladyes and fyf;
And wente hem doun anoon-ryȝtes,
Ham to pley among the knyȝtes,
Welle stylle wythouten stryf.
The quene yede to the formeste ende,
Betwene Launfal and Gauweyn the hende,
And after her ladyes bryȝt;
To daunce the wente alle yn same,
To se hem play hyt was fayr game,
A lady and a knyȝt.
They hadde menstrales of moch honours,
Fydelers, fytolyrs, and trompours,
And elles hyt were unryȝt:
Ther they playde, for sothe to say,
After mete the somerys day,

All what hyt was neyȝ nyȝt.
And whanne the daunce began to slake,
The quene gan Launfal to counselle take,
And seyde yn thys manere:[1]
"Sertaynlyche, syr knyȝt,
I have the lovyd wyth alle my myȝt,
More than thys seven ȝere.[2]
But that thou lovye me,
Sertes y dye fore love of the,
Launfal, my lemman dere."
Thanne answerede the gentylle knyȝt,
"I nelle be traytour thay ne nyȝt,
Be God, that alle may stere."
Sche seyde, "Fy on the, thou coward,
An-hongeth worth thou hye and hard,
That thou ever were y-bore!
That thou lyvest hyt ys pyté,
Thou lovyst no woman, ne no woman the,
Thow wer worthy forlore."
The knyȝt was sore aschamed tho,
To speke ne myȝte he forgo,
And seyde the quene before:
"I have loved a fayryr woman
Than thou ever leydest thy ney upon,
Thys seven yer and more.
Hyr lothlokste mayde, wythoute wene,
Myȝte bet be a quene,
Than thou yn alle thy lyve."
Therfore the quene was swythe wroth,
Sche taketh hyr maydenes, and forthe hy goth

---

[1] MS. reads *marnere.*

[2] A slight stretch of imagination on the part of Queen Guenever who, as we have before seen, treated Launfal so indignantly at her marriage, and wished him to be "in paynys more and more."

Into her tour al so blyve.
And anon sche ley doun yn her bedde,
For wrethe syk sche hyr bredde,
And swore, so moste she thryve,
Sche wold of Launfal be so awreke,
That alle the lond schuld of hym speke,
Wythinne the dayes fyfe.
Kyng Artour com fro huntynge,
Blythe and glad yn alle thyng,
To hys chamber than wente he.
Anoon the quene on hym gan crye,
"But y be awreke, y schalle dye,
Myn herte wylle breke athre.
I spak to Launfal yn my game,
And he besoȝte me of schame,[1]
My lemman for to be;
And of a lemman hys yelp he made,
That the lodlokest mayde that sche hadde
Myȝt be a quene above me."
Kyng Artour was welle wroth,[2]
And be God he swor hys oth,
That Launfal schuld be sclawe.
He wente aftyr doȝty knyȝtes,
To brynge Launfal anoon-ryȝtes,
To be hongeth and to-drawe.
The knyȝtes soȝte hym anoon,
But Launfal was to hys chanber gon,
To han hadde solas and plawe;
He soȝte hys leef, but sche was lore,
As sche hadde warnede hym before,
Tho was Launfal un[scl]awe.

---

[1] Few incidents are more common in old romances than this; it may be traced to the history of Joseph and Potiphar's wife in Genesis.

[2] *Worth* in MS.

He lokede yn hys alner,
That fond hym spendyng alle plener,
  Whan that he hadde nede,
And ther nas noon, for soth to say,
And Gyfre was y-ryde away
  Up Blaunchard hys stede.
Alle that he hadde before y-wonne,
Hyt malt as snow aȝens the sunne,
  In romaunce as we rede;
Hys armur, that was whyt as flour,
Hyt becom of blak colour,
  And thus than Launfal seyde:
"Alas," he seyde, "my creature,
How schalle I from the endure,
  Swetyng Tryamoure?
Alle my joye I have forlore,
And the, that me ys worst fore,
  Thou blysfulle berde yn boure."
He bet hys body and hys hedde ek,
And cursede the mouth that he with spek,
  With care and greet doloure;
And for sorow, yn that stounde,
Anoon he felle aswowe to grounde,
  With that com knyȝtes foure,
And bond hym, and ladde hym tho,
Tho was the knyȝte yn doble wo,
  Before Artour the kyng.
Than seyde kyng Artour,
"Fyle ataynte traytour!
  Why madest thou swyche yelpyng?
That thy lemmannes lodlokest mayde
Was fayrer than my wyf, thou seyde,
  That was a fowlle lesynge!
And thou besoȝtest her befor than,
That sche schold be thy lemman,
  That was mysprowd lykynge!"

The knyȝt answerede with egre mode,
Before the kyng ther he stode,
  The quene on hym gan lye;
"Sethe that y ever was y-born,
I besoȝte her here beforn
  Never of no folye.
But sche seyde y nas no man,
Ne that me lovede no woman,
  Ne no womannes companye;
And I answerede her and sayde,
That my lemmannes lodlekest mayde
  To be a quene was better wordye.
Sertes, lorgynges, hyt ys so,
I am a-redy for to tho
  Alle that the court wylle loke."
To say the soth, without les,
Alle togedere how hyt was,
  xij. knyȝtes wer dryve to boke;
Alle they seyde ham betwene,
That knewe the maners of the quene,
  And the queste toke;
The quene bar los of swych a word,
That sche lovede lemmannes wythout he
  Har never on hyt foresoke.
Therfor they seyden alle,
Hyt was long on the quene, and not on
  Thereof they gonne hym skere;
And yf he myȝte hys lemman brynge,
That he made of swych ȝelpynge,
  Other the maydenes were
Bryȝtere than the quene of hewe,
Launfal schuld be holde trewe,
  Of that yn alle manere;
And yf he myȝte not brynge hys lef,
He schud be hongede as a thef,
  They seyden alle yn fere.

Alle yn fere they made proferynge,
That Launfal schuld hys lemman brynge :
  Hys heed he gan to laye.
Than seyde the quene, wythout lesynge,
ȝyf he bryngeth a fayrer thynge,
  Put out my eeyn gray.[1]
Whan that wajowr was take on honde,
Launfal therto two borwes fonde,
  Noble knyȝtes twayn ;
Syr Percevalle and syr Gawayn,
They wer hys borwes, soth to sayn,
  Tylle a certayn day.
The certayn day, I ȝow plyȝt,
Was xij. moneth and fourtenyȝt,
  That he schuld hys lemman brynge.
Syr Launfal, that noble knyȝt,
Greet sorow and care yn hym was lyȝt,
  Hys hondys he gan wrynge.
So greet sorowe hym was upon,
Gladlyche hys lyf he wold a forgon,
  In care and in marnynge ;
Gladlyche he wold hys hed forego,
Everych man therfor was wo,
  That wyst of that tydynge ;
The certayn day was nyȝyng,
Hys borowes hym broȝt befor the kyng,
  The kyng recordede tho,
And bad hym bryng hys lef yn syȝt,
Syr Launfal seyde that he ne myȝt,
  Therfore hym was welle wo.
The kyng commaundede the barouns alle
To yeve jugement on Launfal,

---

[1] Grey eyes were formerly considered a great mark of beauty. Numerous instances might be quoted from the old romances.

And dampny hym to sclo.
Then sayde the erl of Cornewayle,
That was wyth ham at that counceyle,
"We wylly naȝt do so;
Greet schame hyt war[1] us alle upon
For to dampny that gantylman.
That hath be hende and fre;
Therfor, lordynges, doth be my reed,
Our kyng we wyllyth another wey lede,
Out of lond Launfal schalle fle."
And as they stod thus spekynge,
The barouns sawe come rydynge
Ten maydenes bryȝt of ble;
Ham thoȝte they were so brȝt and schene,
That the lodlokest, wythout wene,
Har quene than myȝte be.
Tho seyde Gawayn, that corteys knyȝt,
Launfal, brodyr, drede the no wyȝt,
Her cometh thy lemman hende;
Launfal answerede, and seyde, "y-wys
Non of ham my lemman nys,
Gawayn, my lefly frende."
To that castelle they wente ryȝt,
At the gate they gonne alyȝt,
Befor kyng Artour gonne they wende,
And bede hym make a-redy hastyly
A fayr chamber fore here lady,
That was come of kynges kende.
"Ho ys your lady?" Artour seyde,
"Ye schulle y-wyte," seyde the mayde,
"For sche cometh ryde,"
The kyng commaundede, for her sake,
The fayryst chaunber for to take,

---

[1] Uncertain in MS.; perhaps *wor*.

In hys palys that tyde.
And anon to hys barouns he sente
For to yeve jugemente
Upon that traytour fulle of pryde:
The barouns answerede anoon-ryȝt.
"Have we seyn the madenes bryȝt
We[1] schulle not longe abyde."
A newe tale they gonne tho,
Some of wele and some of wo,
Har lord the kyng to queme.
Some dampnede Launfal there,
And some made hym quyt and skere,
Hare tales were welle breme.
Tho saw they other ten maydenes bryȝt,
Fayryre than the other ten of syȝt,
As they gonne hym deme;
They ryd upon joly moyles of Spayne,
Wyth sadelle and brydelle of Champayne,
Hare lorayns lyȝt gonne leme.
They wer y-clodeth yn samyt tyre,
Ech man hadde greet desyre
To se hare clodynge.
Tho seyde Gaweyn, that curtayse knyȝt,
"Launfal, here cometh thy swete wyȝt,
That may thy bote brynge."
Launfal answerede, with drery doȝt,
And seyde, "Alas, y knowe her[2] noȝt,
Ne non of alle the offsprynge."
Forth they wente to that palys,
And lyȝte at the hye deys
Before Artoure the kynge,
And grette the kyng and quene ek,
And oo mayde thys wordes spak

---

[1] *Whe* in MS. [2] *Hem* in MS.

To the kyng Artour:
"Thyn halle agrayde, and hele the walles
With clodes and with ryche palles,
Azens my Lady Tryamour."
The kyng answerede bedene,
"Welle-come, ye maydenes schene,
Be our Lord the Savyoure."
He commaundede Launcelot du Lake
brynge hem yn fere
In the chamber ther har felawes were,
With merthe and moche honour.
Anoon the quene suppose gyle,
That Launfal schulle yn a whyle
Be y-made quyt and skere,
Thoruz hys lemman that was commynge;
Anon sche seyde to Artour the kyng:
"Syre, curtays yf [thou] were,
Or yf thou lovedest thyn honoure,
I schuld be awreke of that traytoure,
That doth me changy chere;
To Launfal thou schuldest not spare,
Thy barouns dryveth the to bysmare,
He ys hem lef and dere."
And as the quene spak to the kyng,
The barons seyz come rydynge
A damesele alone,
Upoon a whyt comely palfrey,
They saw nevere non so gay
Upon the grounde gone.
Gentylle, jolyf, as bryd on bowe,
In alle manere fayr i-nowe
To wonye yn wodly wone;
The lady was bryzt as blosme on brere,
With eyen gray, with lovelych chere,
Her leyre lyzt schoone.

As rose on rys her rode was red,
The her schon upon here hed,
  As gold wyre that schynyth bryȝt,
Sche hadde a crounne upon here molde,
Of ryche stones and of golde,
  That lofsom lemede lyȝt.
The lady was clad yn purpere palle,
With gentylle body and myddle smalle,
  That semely was of syȝt;
Her mantylle was furryth with whyt ermyn,
I-reversyd jolyf and fyn,
  No rychere be ne myȝt.
Her sadelle was semyly sett,
The sambus wer grene felvet,
  I-paynted with ymagerye;
The bordure was of belles,
Of ryche gold and nothyng elles,
  That any man myȝte aspye.
In the arsouns, before and behynde,
Were twey stones of Ynde,
  Gay for the maystrye;
The paytrelle of her palfraye
Was worth an erldome stoute and gay,
  The best yn Lumbardye.
A gerfawcon sche bar on here hond,
A softe pas here palfray fond,
  That men here schuld beholde;
Thoruȝ Karlyon rood that lady,
Twey whyte grehoundys ronne hyr by,
  Hare colers were of golde.
And whan Launfal sawe that lady,
To alle the folk he gon crye and hy,
  Bothe to younge and olde,
"Her," he seyde, "comyth my lemman swete,
Sche myȝte me of my balys bete,
  ȝef that lady wolde."

Forth sche wente ynto the halle,
Ther was the quene and the ladyes alle,
  And also kyng Artoure;
Her maydenes come ayens her ryȝt,
To take here styrop whan sche lyȝt,
  Of the lady dame Tryamoure.
Sche dede of her mantylle on the flet,
That men schuld her beholde the bet,
  Wythoute a more sojour;
King Artoure gane here fayre grete,
And sche hym agayn with wordes swete,
  That were of greet valoure.
Up stod the quene and ladyes stoute,
Her for to beholde alle aboute,
  How even sche stod upryȝt;
Than were they wyth her also donne,
As ys the mone ayen the sonne
  A-day whan hyt ys lyȝt.
Than seyde sche to Artour the kyng,
"Syr, hydyr I com for swych a thyng,
  To skere Launfal the knyȝt,
That he never, yn no folye,
Besoȝte the quene of no drurye,
  Be dayes ne be nyȝt.
Therfor, syr kyng, good keep thou myne,
He bad naȝt her, but sche bad hym,
  Here lemman for to be;
And he answerede her and seyde,
That hys lemmannes lothlokest mayde
  Was fayryr than was sche."
Kyng Artour seyde, withouten othe,
"Ech man may y-se that ys sothe,
  Bryȝtere that ye be."
With that dame Tryamour to the quene getl
And blew on her swych a breth,
  That never eft myȝt sche se.

The lady lep an hyre palfray,
And bad hem alle have good day.
  Sche rode no lengere abyde:
With that com Gyle alle so prest,
With Launfalys steede out of the forest,
  And stod Launfal besyde.
The knyyt to horse began to springe
Anoon wythoun any lengynge,
  Wyth hys lemman away to ryde:
The lady tok her maydenys adoun,
And wente the way that sche hadde er gon,
  With solas and wyth pryde.
The lady rode doun Carlerye,
Fere ynto a joly lle,
  Olyroun that hyyt;
Every yer [1] upon a certayn day,
Me[n] may here Launfales steede nay,
  And hym se with syyt.
Ho that wylle ther assay [2] justes,
To kepe hys armes fro the rustes,
  In turnement other fyyt,
Dare he never forther goo,
There he may find justes anoon,
  With syr Launfal the knyyt.
Thus Launfal withouten fable,
That noble knyyt of the rounde table,
  Was take yn-to fayrye;
Seththe saw hym yn this lond no man,
Ne no more of hym telle y ne can,
  For sothe, withoute lye.
Thomas Chestre made thys tale,
Of the noble knyyt syr Launfale,
  Good of chyvalrye.

---

[1] *Er* in MS. [2] *Axsy* in MS. [3] *Justes* in MS.

Jhesus, that ys hevene kyng,
ȝeve us alle hys blessyng,
And hys modyr Marye! Amen.
Explicit Launfal.

One leaf of Kynge's edition of Launfal is preserved in Douce's collection, and the whole of it is reprinted in the catalogue of that library, p. 311. It is in couplets, and agrees very nearly with the Rawlinson MS. I am at a loss to understand why the compiler of the Douce catalogue should conjecture this fragment to be "part of a translation of Syr Perceval," with which it has clearly nothing in common, or "a portion of an *earlier* version of Launfal than that in Ritson," for the style of Ritson's copy is decidedly more ancient than that in the Rawlinson MS., or the printed fragment. Percy mentions another copy in his folio MS. The Rawlinson MS. commences as follows:—

Sothly by Arthurys day
Was Bretayne yn grete nobyle,
For yn hys tyme a grete whyle
He sojourned at Carlile;
He had with hyme a meyné there,
As he had ellys where,
Of the rounde table the kynghtes alle,
With myrth and joye yn hys halle.

The following extract from another part of the same MS. will prove the identity of the version with that of the Douce fragment:—

Thise xij. wist, withouten wene,
Alle the maner of the quene
The kyng was good alle aboute,
And she was wyckyd oute and oute,
For she was of suche comforte,
She lovyd mene ondir her lorde;
Therby wist thei it was alle
Longe one her, and not one Landewalle:

Herof they quyttene hyme as treue mene,
And sith spake they farder thenne,
That yf he myght hys lemane bryng
Of whome he maide knolishyng,
And yef her may devyse bryght and shyne
Werne fairer thane the quene,
In maykyng, semblaunt and hewe,
They wold quyte hyme gode and true;
Yff he ne myght stound ther tille,
Thanne to be at the kynges wille.
This verdite thei yef tofore the kyng;
The day was sett her for to bryng.
Borowys he founde to come ayene,
Sir Gawayne and Sir Ewyne.
"Alas," quod he, "now shalle I die,
My love shalle I never see with ee!"
Ete ne drynke wold he never,
But wepyng and sorowyng evir:
Syres, sare sorrow hath he nome,
He wold hys endyng day wer come,
That he myght ought of lif goo!
Every mane was for hyme woo,
For larger kynght thane he
Was ther never in that countrey.
The day i-sett come one hynge,
His borowys hyme brought before the kyng;
The kyng lett recorte tho
The sewt and the answer also,
And bad hyme bryng his borowis in syght,
Landevalle sayd that he ne myght.
Tho were commaundyd the barons alle
To gyve judgement one syr Landevalle.

These extracts will be sufficient to show that the text I have adopted is superior both in language and antiquity to the version in the Rawlinson manuscript.

IV.

Romance of King Orfeo.

THIS beautiful fairy romance-poem is founded on the classical tale of Orpheus and Eurydice, but metamorphosed in a manner that would lead us to believe that the compiler had either a very imperfect knowledge of his original, or that the variations were intentional. In the latter case, it is clear that much ingenuity and taste have been displayed; and even if the other supposition be correct, the metamorphosis of hell into fairyland cannot but be an inprovement. Three copies of this romance, which has been conjectured with much probability to be a translation from the French, are known to exist; one in MS. Harl. 3810, printed by Ritson, another in the Auchinleck MS., printed by Mr Laing, and a third in MS. Ashmole 61, lf. 151, the text we have here selected. According to the Auchinleck and Harleian MSS., Orpheo's father "was comen of King Pluto," and Chaucer speaks of Pluto and Proserpina as the king and queen of Faēry. The Edinburgh MS. reads Juno for Proserpina, but the variation is immaterial. The circumstance, however, seems to add one more proof to those adduced by Mr Wright, of the interchange between legends and popular fictions. The "Traitie of Orpheus kyng," by Robert Henryson, printed at Edinburgh in 1508, and re-

And the maste mervelle, for-owttyne naye,
  That ever was herde by-fore or syene,
And, therfore, pristly I ȝow praye
  That ȝe wille of ȝoure talking blyne.
It es an harde thyng for to saye
  Of doghety dedis that hase bene done,
Of felle feghtynges and batelles sere,
  And how that thir knyghtis hase wone thair
Bot Jhesu Crist, that syttis in trone, [schone.
  Safe Ynglysche-mene bothe ferre and nere,
And I salle telle ȝow tyte and sone
  Of batelles donne sythene many a ȝere;
And of batelles that done salle bee,
  In whate place, and howe and whare,
And wha salle hafe the heghere gree,
  And whethir pertye salle hafe the werre;
Wha salle takk the flyghte and flee,
  And wha salle dye and by-leve thare.
Bat Jhesu Crist that dyed on tre,
  Save Inglysche-mene whare so thay fare!

The Cambridge MS. has been lamentably defaced by damp, and more recently by an infusion of galls, so that in many places it is extremely difficult to decipher. I am sorry to add that the greatest mischief appears to have been perpetrated by Jamieson, who used the infusion with an unsparing hand; and whatever assistance it may have rendered him, the effect now is in some places an entire obliteration. It was only by placing the volume in a peculiar position in a strong but not glaring light, that I have been enabled to correct the errors which my predecessor has committed; and I am still doubtful in some very few cases. My plan was to place the volume *when quite open* at right angles to the surface, so that the back of the book was parallel, and the writing at right angles to the ground; a process which I have often found to be of more efficient use than ordinary glasses.

Fytte II.

As I me went this [illegible] day,[1]
  Thus in my way [illegible] my mone,
In a merry morrowing of May,
  Se Huntlee bankes me-self alone.
I herde me by and the nightingale
  The maydes merrie in her song,
The voiceyes arise as I telle,
  That the wyde aboute me rong.
Alle in a longyng as I lay[2]
  I [illegible] a lady gay.
Saw I yeter a lady gay
  Come ridyng over a lovely[4] le:
And I sawe sitte alle bymusedly,
  Alle with my rong to sewe and se,
Serenely she hir ray
  Shame hir never be sayed for me.
Hir palfray was of lampule gray,
  Sise in se I never non.
As lose the sune in somers day,
  The gentyl lady herselfe schone;
Hir saddle was of reuyle bone.
  Semely was that sight to se,
Stidy sette with precious stone,
  Compaste aboute with crapote:[5]

---

[1] The Cott. MS. begins thus,—

In a lande as I was lent,
  In the gryking of the day,
Me alone as I went,
  In Huntlé bankys me for to play.

[2] The Lincoln MS. reads, "Alone in longynge thus als

[3] Cotton MS., "a dern tre."

[4] "Fayre."—Cott. MS.

[5] Jamieson reads *cramese*, confessing the difficulty of th which clearly has *crapote*, agreeing with the Lincoln, Lans and Cotton MSS.

Stonys of oryons[1] gret plenté,
  Hir here aboute hir hed hit hong;
She rode out over that lovely le,
  A-while she blew, a-while she song.
Hir garthis of nobulle silke thei were,
  Hir boculs thei were of barys stone;[2]
Hir stiroppis thei were of cristalle clere,
  And alle with perry aboute be-gon;
Hir paytrelle was of a rialle fyne,[3]
  Hir cropur was of arafé,
Hir bridulle was of golde fyne,
  On every side hong bellis thre.
She led iij.[4] grehoundis in a leesshe,
  viij. rachis be hir fete ran,
To speke with hir wold I not seese,[5]
  Hir lire was white as any swan;
She bare a horne about hir halce,
  And undur hir gyrdille mony flonne;
For sothe, lordynges, as I yow telle,
  Thus was this lady fayre be-gon.
Thomas lay and saw that sight,
  Undurneth a semely tre;
He seid "yonde is Mary of myght,
  That bare the childe that died for me!
But I speke with that lady bright,
  I hope my hert will breke in thre;
But I wille go with alle my myght,
  Hir to mete at eldryn tre!"[6]

Oryente."—Lincoln MS.
Berelle stone."—Lincoln MS.
Of irale fyne."—Lincoln MS. In the next line, the Lincoln
eads *orpharé* for *arafé*.
he MS. originally read *foure*, which has been altered to *iij.*
early hand.
ot *presse*, as printed by Jamieson.
Eldoune tree."—Lincoln MS.

Thomas radly[1] up he rase,
  And ran over that mounteyne hye,
And certanly, as the story sayes,
  He hir mette at eldryne tre.
He knelid downe upon his kne,
  Undurneth the grenewode spray,
"Lovely lady, thou rew on me,
  Qwene of heven, as thou welle may!"
Than seid that lady bright,[2]
  "Thomas, let such wordis be,
For quen of heven am I noght,
  I toke never so hye degré!
But I am a lady of another cuntré,
  If I be parellid moost of price,
I ride aftur the wilde fee,
  My raches rannen at my devyse."
"If thou be pareld most of price,
  And ridis here in thi balye,[3]
Lufly lady, as thou art wyse,
  To gif me leve to lye the by!"
"Do way, Thomas, that were foly,
  I pray the hertely let me be,
For I say the securly
  That wolde for-do my bewté!"[4]
"Lufly lady, thou rew on me,
  And I shalle evermore with the dwelle,

---

[1] That is, *readily*. Not *sadly*, as printed by Jamieson.

[2] This line is plainly written in the MS. without any alteration, so that it is somewhat difficult to account for Jamieson's extraordinary variation from the original.

[3] "In thy folye."—Lincoln MS. Jamieson here substitutes the reading of the Lincoln MS., although the present text is far preferable. He reads *So* at the commencement of the next line but one, but I have thought it safer to follow the MS.

[4] This line is intelligible enough, yet Jamieson says it is wanting in the Cambridge MS., and supplies it from the other copies.

Here my trouth I plight to the,
  Whedur thou wilt to heven [1] or helle!"
"Man of molde, thou wilt me marre,
  But ȝet thou shalt have [2] thy wille,
But trow thou welle thou thryvist the warre, [3]
  For alle my beauté thou wilie spille."
Down then light that lady bright
  Underneth a grenewode spray,
And as the story tellus ful right,
  vii. tymes be hir he lay.
She seid, "Thomas, thou likes thi play,
  What byrde in boure may dwel with the?
Thou marris me here this lefe-long day,
  I pray the, Thomas, let me be:"
Thomas stondand [4] in that sted,
  And beheld that lady gay,
Hir here that hong upon hir hed,
  Hir een semyd out that were so gray;
And alle hir clothis were away,
  That here before saw in that stede,
The to shanke was [5] blak, the tother gray,
  The body bloo as beton leed! [6]
Thomas seid, "alas! alas!
  In feith, this is a dolfulle sight!

---

[1] "In hevene."—Lincoln MS.

[2] The Lansdowne MS. here inserts *all*, which seems an improvement.

[3] "Thou chewys the werre."—Lincoln MS.

[4] "Stode up."—Lansd. MS.

[5] These two words are nearly scratched out in the MS., but are clearly necessary to the sense.

[6] This line was originally, "And alle hir body like the leede," the reading that Jamieson adopts. The Cotton MS. reads, "hyr body als blo as ony lede," but the Lansdowne MS. nearly agrees with our text.

That thou art so fadut in the face,
  That before schone as sunne bright!"[1]
"Take thi leve, Thomas, at sune and mone,
  And also at levys of eldryne tre;
This twelmond shall thou with me gon,
  That mydul-erth thou shalt not se."
He knelyd downe upone his kne,
  To Mary mylde he made his mone,
"Lady, but thou rew on me,
  Alle my games fro me ar gone!"
"Alas," he seyd, "woo is me!
  I trow my dedis wil wyrk me woo!
Jhesu, my soule be-teche I the,
  Wher so ever my bonys shalle goo!
She led hym to the eldryn hille[2]
  Undernethe the grenewode lee,[3]
Wher hit was derk as any helle,[4]
  And ever watur tille the knee;

---

[1] The following additional lines are here inserted in the Lansdowne MS.—

On every syde he lokyde abowete,
  He sau he myght no whare fle,
Sche woxe so grym and so stowte,
  The dewyll he wende she had be!
In the name of the Trynité
  He conjuryde here anon-ryght,
That she shulde not come hym nere,
  But wende away of his syght!
She said "Thomas, this is no nede,
  For fende of hell am I none,
For the now am I [in] grete desese,
  And suffre paynis many one.
This xij. mones thou shalt with me gang,
  And se the maner of my lyffe,
For thy trowthe thou hast me tane,
  Ayene that may ye make no stryfe."

[2] Originally *tre* in the MS. Jamieson, for some reason, reads *birke*.

[3] "Undirnethe a derne lee."—Lincoln MS.

[4] "Als mydnyght myrke."—Lincoln MS. This was also originally the reading of our MS., but has been erased for the other.

Ther the space of dayes thre
  He herd but[1] the noyse of the flode;
At the last he said, "Wo is me,
  Almost I dye for fowte of fode!"
She led hym into a fayre herbere,
  Ther frute gro ande was gret plenté,
Peyres and appuls bothe ripe thei were,
  The darte[2] and also the damsyn tre;
The fygge and also the white-bery,[3]
  The nyghtyngale biggyng hur nest,
The popynjay fast about can flye,
  The throstille song wolde have no rest.
He presed to pul the frute with his honde,
  As man for fode was nyhonde feynte;
She seid, "Thomas, let them stand,
  Or elles the feend will the ateynte!
If thou pulle, the sothe to sey,
  Thi soule goeth to the fyre of helle,
Hit cummes never out til domus-day,
  But ther ever in payne to dwelle!"
She seid, "Thomas, I the hight,
  Come lay thi hed on my kne,
And thou shalle se the feyrest sight
  That ever saw mon of the cuntré."
He leyd downe his hed as she hym badde,
  His hed upon hir kne he leide;
Hir to pleese he was fulle gladde,
  And then that lady to hym she seide:
"Sees thou ȝondur[4] faire way,
  That lyes over ȝondur mownteyne?

---

[1] The word *but* seems to be an early interpolation in the MS.

[2] "The date."—Lincoln MS.

[3] "Wyneberye."—Lincoln MS.

[4] A letter is apparently erased here, and Jamieson reads *is*, which makes nonsense.

The gretist ferlye that[1] Thomas thoȝt,
When xxxti[2] hartes lay upon flore,
And as mony dere in were broght,
That was largely, long and store;
Rachis lay lappand on the dere blode,
The cokys thei stode with dressing knyves,
Brymand the dere as thei were wode,
Revelle was among them rife!
Ther was revelle, gamme, and play,
More than I yow say perdye,[3]
Tille hit fel upon a day,
My lufly lady seid to me,
"Buske the, Thomas, for thou most gon,
For here no longur mayst thou be;"
Hye the fast with mode and mone,[4]
I shalle the bryng to eldyn tre!"
Thomas answerid with heavy chere,
"Lufly lady, thou let me be,
For certenly I have be here
But the space of dayes thre."
"For sothe, Thomas, I the telle,
Thou hast bene here seven ȝere and more;[5]
For here no longur may thou dwelle,
I shal tel the the skyl wherfore.
To-morou on of hel a fowle fend
Among these folke shal chese his fee;

---

[1] Jamieson reads *ther*. The Lansdowne MS. agrees with our text.

[2] "Fefty."—Lincoln MS.

[3] The Lansdowne MS. reads—

> Thomas dwellyd in that place
> Longer than I sey perdé.

[4] "With myghte and mayne."—Lincoln MS.

[5] "Thre ȝere and more."—Lincoln MS., with which the Lansdowne MS. agrees.

Thou art a fayre man and a hende,
  Ful wel I wot he wil chese the:
For alle the golde that ever myght be,
  Fro heven [1] unto the wordis ende,
Thou beys never trayed for me,
  For with me I rede the wende."
She broght hym agayn to eldyn tre,
  Undurneth the grenewode spray,
In Huntley bankes this [2] for to be,
  Ther foulys syng bothe nyȝt and day.
"Fer out over ȝon mownten gray,
  Thomas, a fowkyn [3] makes his nest,
A fowkyn is an yrons pray,[4]
  For thei in place wille have no rest.
Fare wel, Thomas, I wende my way,
  For me most ȝon bentes brown."
This is a fytte, twayn ar to sey
  Off [5] Thomas of Erseltowne.

Fytte II.

"Fare wel, Thomas, I wend may, [6]
  I may no lengur stand with the."
"Gif me sum tokyn, lady gay,
  That I may say I spake with the."

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[1] The Lincoln MS. reads, "fro hethyne," which seems more correct.

[2] So in the MS., which Jamieson properly corrects to *ther*.

[3] "My fawkone."—Lincoln MS.

[4] "An earlis praye."—Lincoln MS.

[5] "Alle of."—Lincoln MS.

[6] So in the MS. for "my waye," as in the Lincoln and Lansdowne MSS.

"Whatkyns ferly, Thomas gode,
  Shuld I tel the, if thi wil be?"
"Telle me[1] of this gentil blode,
  Who shal thrife[2] and who shal the,
Who shal be kyng, who shall be non,
  And who shal weld the North cuntré;
Who shalle fle, and who shalbe tane,
  And wher thes battelles don shall be."
"Off a batelle I wil the telle,
  That shalle come sone at wille,
Barons shalle mete both fre[3] and felle,
  And fresshely feȝt at Ledyn[4] hille.
The Brutys[5] blode shalle undur falle,
  The Bretens blode shalle wyn the spray;
C. thowsand[6] men ther shalbe slayne
  Off Scottysshe men, that nyght and day.
Fare wel, Thomas, I wende my way,
  To stande with the me thynk fulle yrke;
Off the next batelle I wil the say,
  That shall be at Fawkyrke.
The Bretans blode shalle undur falle,
  The Brouttus blode shalle wyn the spray;
Vij. thousynd Englisshe-men, gret and smalle,
  Ther shalle be slayne that nyght and day!
Fare wel, Thomas, I pray the sees,
  No longur here thou tarry me;

'Lady."—Lansdowne MS.
'Unthrive."—Sloane MS.
'Fers."—Lansdowne MS.
'Eldone"—in the Lincoln and Sloane MSS. The Lans-
e MS. reads "Halydowne."
'Brutys" and "Bretens" change places in the Lincoln MS.,
he interchange is made in other places in the various copies
is ballad. The former means Scotch, the latter English.
Six thousand English is the number in the Lincoln MS., and
thousand Scots in the Sloane MS.

Lo! wher my grayhounds breke ther leesshe,
  My raches breke their coupuls in thre:
Lo! qwer the dere goes be too and too,
  And holdis over ȝonde mowntene hye!"
Thomas seid, "God schilde thou goo,
  But telle me ȝet of sum ferly;
Holde thi greyhoundys in thi hande,
  And coupille thi raches to a tree,
And lat the dere reyke over the londe,
  Ther is a herde in holte ly."
"Off a batelle I wil the say,
  That shalle gar lagys mourne in mode;
At Barnokys-barne[1] is watur and clay,
  That shalbe myngyd with mannys blode,
And stedys shalle stumbulle for treson,
  Bothe bay and browne, griselle and gray,
And gentil knyȝtes shall tombulle doune
  Thoro tokyn of that wyckud way;
The Bretans blode shall undur-falle,
  The Brutys blode shall wyn the spray,
Viij.[2] thousand Englisshemen grete and smalle,
  Ther shalbe slayne that nyght and day:
Then shall Scotland kyngles be seen.[3]
  Trow this wel, that I the say,
And thei shalle chese a kyng ful ȝong,
  That can no lawes lede perfay;
Robert with[4] care he shal begynne,
  And also he shalle wynde awey,

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[1] That is, Bannockburn. See the Reliq. Antiq. i. 30.
[2] Six thousand, according to the Lincoln and Sloane MSS.
[3] Here is a long interpolation in the Lincoln and Sloane MSS.; but all the copies differ so much in the account of the prophecies, that it will be scarcely neceesary to note them at length.
[4] "David withoute."—Lansdowne MS.

Lordys and ladys, bothe olde and yongg,
  Shalle draw to hym withoutyne nay,
And they with pryde to Englond ryde,
  Est and west that liggyest his way,
And take a toune of mych pryde,
  And sle alle the knyȝtes veray.[1]
Betwene a parke and an abbay,
  A palys and a perissh kyrke,
Ther shalle the kyng mys of his way,[2]
  And of his life be fulle yrke;
He shalbe teyryd ful wondur sore,
  So away he may not fle,
His neb shalle rife, or he then fare,
  The red blode triklond to his knee;
Betwene a wycked way and a watur,[3]
  A perke and a stony way then,
Ther shal a cheften mete in fere,
  A ful dutey ther shalbe slayne;[4]
The todur cheften shalbe tane,
  A pesans of blode hyme shal slee,
And lede hym away in won,
  And cloyse hym in a castelle hee!
Fare wel, Thomas I wende my way,
  For I most over ȝond bentes browne."
Here ar twoo fyttes: on is to say
  Off Thomas of Erseldowne.

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[1] "And let the men be slaine awaye."—Sloane MS.
[2] The Lincoln, Lansdowne, and Sloane MSS. read "praye."
[3] The Lincoln MS. is here very imperfect, but it is clear, from hat still remains, that it had an insertion of about a column. he Sloane MS. is also more extended.
[4] The Sloane MS. reads, "The on shall doughtles be slayne;" d the Lansdowne MS. reads, "And that o dowghty ther shall slayne."

Fytte III.

"Thomas, truly I the say,
  This worlde is wondur wankille;
Off the next batelle I wylle the say,
  That shalbe done at Spynard hille.
The Brutes blode shalle undur falle,
  The Brettens blode schalle wyne the spray
Xiij. thousand [1] ther shalbe slayne
  Off Scottishe men that nyght and day.
Off the next batelle I wil the telle,
  That shalbe done sone at wille,
Barons bothe flesshe [2] and felle,
  Shalle fresshely fyȝt at Pentland hylle;
But when [3] Pentland and Edyn borow,
  And the hille that standes one the red clay,
Vij. thousande [4] ther shalbe slayne thore
  Off Scottisshe men that nyght and day.
Then shalle they met, bathe stiffe and strong,
  Betwene Seton and the see;
The Englisshe shalle lyg the cragys among,
  The tother at the est banke falleth hye.[5]
The Florence forth shalle fare
  Upon a Sonday before the masse;
V. thousande [6] ther shalbe slayne,
  Off bothe partyes more or lesse,

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[1] Six thousand English is the number in the Lincoln MS., and seven thousand in the Sloane MS.

[2] "Fyers."—Sloane MS.

[3] So in the MS. for *between*.

[4] Eleven thousand is the number in the Lincoln MS., and twelve thousand in the Sloane MS. The Landsowne MS. agrees with our text.

[5] The Landsowne MS. reads, "That othere oste at Barklé."

[6] "Sevene thowsandes" is the reading of the Lincoln MS. The Sloane and Landsowne MSS. agree with our text.

For that ther shalle no barrons presse,[1]
  But fer asondur shalle they be,
Carfulle shalbe the furst masse
  Betwene Setone and the see:
Then shall thei feȝt with helmy and shyld there,
  And woundyt men al Eneglych shall rone
    awey,
But on the morne ther shalbe care,
  For nedyr side shall have the gree;
Then shalle thei take a truce and swere,
  Thre ȝere and more, I undurstonde,
Ther nouther side shall odir dere,
  Nouther be se, nor be londe,
Betwene the twoo Seynt Mary dayes,
  When the time waxis nere long,
Then shalle thei mete and baneres rese
  In Gleydes-more, that is so long;
Gladys-more, that gladis us alle,
  This is begynyng of oure gle,
Gret sorrow then shalle falle,
  Wher rest and pees were wont to be.
Crowned kyngus ther shalbe slayne
  With dyntes sore, and wondur se;
Out of a more a raven shal one,
  And of hym a schrew shalle flye,
And seke the more, withouten rest,
  Aftur a crosse is made of stone,
Hye and low, bothe est and west,
  But up he shall fynde non;
He shalle liȝ ther the cross shuld be,
  And holde his neb up to the skye;
And he shalle drynk of the see,
  Ladys shalle cry welawey!

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[1] "Baneres presse."—Lincoln MS.

Then shal they fȝght with hem
  Unto the sun be set nere west,
There is no wyȝt in that fylde
  That wottes qwylke side shalle have the bes[illegible],
A bastarde shal cum fro a forest,[1]
  Not in Ynglond borne shall he be,
And he shalle wyn the gre for the best,
  Alle men leder of Bretan shal he be;
And with pride to Ynglond ride,
  Est and west in certan,
And holde a perlement with pryde,
  Where never non before was seyne.
Alle[2] false lawes he shall laye doune,
  That ar begune in that cuntré;
Truly to wyrke he shalbe boune,
  And alle leder of Bretans shal he be;
The bastarde shal get hym power strong,
  And alle his foes he shalle doune dyng,
Off alle the v. kyngus landes,
  Ther shal no bodword home bryng;
The bastarde shal dye in the holy land,
  Trow this wel, y the sey,
Take his sowle to his hond,
  Jhesu Christe that myculle may,
Thomas, truly, I the say,[3]
  This is trewith ylke a worde,
Off that laste battel I the say,
  It shalbe done at Sandeford.
Nere Sendyforth ther is a wroo,[4]

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[1] "Out of the West."—Landsowne MS.

[2] "And"—Landsowne MS. The Cambridge MS. is very much defaced hereabouts.

[3] "Thomas, trowe that I the tell."—Sloane MS.

[4] The Sloane MS. reads *braye*, and the Landsowne MS. reads *bro*.

And nere that wro is a welle,
A ston ther is the wel even fro,
And nere the wel, truly to telle;
On that grounde ther groeth okys thre,
And is called Sondyford,
There the last batel done shallbe,
Thomas, trow thou ilke a worde."
Then he seid with hevy chere—
The terys ran out of his een gray—
"Lady, or thou wepe so sore,
Take thi howndis and wend thi way."
"I wepe not for my way-walkyng,
Thomas, truly I the say,
But for ladys shall wed laddys ȝong,
When ther lordis ar dede awey;
He shalle have a stede in stabul fed,
A hauk to beyre upon his hond,
A bright lady to his bed,
That before had none londe![1]
Farewel, Thomas, I wende my way,
Alle this day thou wil me mar."
"Lufly lady, tel thou me
Of Blak Agnes[2] of Donbar;
And why she have gyvon me the warre,
And put me in hir prison depe,
For I walde dwel with hir,
And kepe hir plees and hir shepe."
"Off Blak Agnes cum never gode,
Wherfor, Thomas, she may not the,

"His elders before him had no land."—Sloane MS.

This was the celebrated Countess of Dunbar, who defended t castle against the English, in 1337. The connection which ere mentioned as existing between her and Thomas of Ercil- n may be compared with the curious prophecy in MS. Harl. 3, which has been printed by Mr Laing.

For al hur welth and hir worldly gode,
  In Londone cloysed[1] shall she be:
Ther prevysse never gode of hir blode,
  In a dyke then shalle she dye,
Houndis of hir shalle have ther fode,
  Magrat of alle hir kyng of le."
Then Thomas a sory man was he,
  The terys ran out of his een gray;
"Lufly lady, ȝet tell thou me
  If we shall perte for ever and ay."
"Nay, when thou sittes at Erseldown,
  To Hunteley bankes thou tak thi way,
And ther shal I be redy bowne
  To mete the, Thomas, if that I may."
She blew hir horne on hir palfray,
  And leffede Thomas at Eldyrn tre;
Til Helmeseale she toke the way,
  Thus deperted that lady and he.
Off such a woman wold I here,
  That couth telle me of such ferly.
Jhesu crowned with thorne so clere,
  Bryng us to thy halle on hye!

Explicit.

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[1] "Slayne."—Sloane MS.

VI.

The Adventures of Sir Gawen.

THE following tale is reprinted from an old chap-book in my possession, entitled, "The Singular Adventures of Sir Gawen, and the enchanted castle, a fairy tale," printed at Glasgow by J. and M. Robertson, and embellished with some hideous woodcuts, one of which represents the hero on horseback, dressed in the costume of the time of George I. Although this story is attributed to the period of Henry VIII., it is perhaps a ramification of one of the wonderful histories concerning Sir Gawayne, a celebrated knight of the Round Table, who is said to have flourished some centuries previously. The various romance-poems relating to this hero have been collected by Sir F. Madden, and published by the Bannatyne Club, 4to, Lond. 1839, where further particulars concerning him may be found.

Towards the latter end of the reign of Henry VIII., Sir Gawen, a man of some fortune and considerable curiosity, fond of enterprise, and insatiate of knowledge, travelled through the northern counties of England. The following singular adventure is

ing fibres. He trembled with horror. A cold wind brushed violently along the surface of the vault, and a ponderous iron door, slowly grating on its hinges, opened at one corner, and disclosed to the wandering eye of Sir Gawen a broken staircase, down whose steps a blue and faint light flashed by fits, like the lightning of a summer's eve.

Appalled by these dreadful prodigies, Sir Gawen felt, in spite of all his resolution, a cold and death-like chill pervade his frame, and kneeling down, he prayed fervently to that Power, without whose mandate no being is let loose upon another, and feeling himself more calm and resolved, he again began to search for his sword, when a moonbeam falling on the blade, at once restored it to its owner. Sir Gawen, having thus resumed his wonted fortitude and resolution, held a parley with himself, and perceiving no other way by which he could escape, boldly resolved to brave all the terrors of the staircase, and once more recommending himself to his Maker, began to ascend. The light still flashed, enabling him to climb those parts which were not broken or decayed.

He had proceeded in this manner a considerable way, mounting, as he supposed, to the summit of the keep, when suddenly a shrill and agonising shriek issued from the upper part of it, and something rudely brushing down, grasped him with tremendous strength; in a moment he became motionless, cold as ice, and felt himself hurried back by some irresistible being; but just as he had reached the vault, a spectre of so dreadful a shape stalked by within it, that straining every muscle he sprang from the deadly grasp; the iron door rushed in thunder upon its hinges, and a deep hollow groan resounded from beneath. No sooner had the door closed, than

yelling screams, and sounds which almost suspended the very pulse of life, issued from the vault, as if a troop of hellish furies, with their chains untied, were dashing them in writhing frenzy, and howling to the uproar. Sir Gawen stood petrified with horror. A stony fear ran to his very heart, and dismayed every sense about him. He stared wide with his long locks upstanding stiffly, and the throbbing of his heart oppressed him.

The tumult at length subsiding, Sir Gawen recovered some portion of strength, which he immediately made use of to convey himself as far as possible from the iron door, and presently reaching his former elevation on the staircase, which, after ascending a few more steps, terminated in a winding gallery. The light, which had hitherto flashed incessantly, now disappeared, and he was left in almost total darkness, except that now and then the moon threw a few cool rays through some broken loopholes, heightening the horror of the scene. He dreaded going forward, and fearfully looked back, lest some yelling fiend should again plunge him into the vault. He stood suspended with apprehension. A mournful wind howled through the apartments of the castle, and listening, he thought he heard the iron door grate upon its hinges. He started with terror, the sweat stood in big drops upon his forehead, his knees smote each other, and he rushed forward with desperate despair, till having suddenly turned a corner of the gallery, a taper, burning with a faint light, gleamed through a narrow dark passage.

Sir Gawen approached the light; it came from an extensive room, the folding-doors of which were wide open. He entered. A small taper in a massy silver candlestick stood upon a table in the middle of the room, but gave so inconsiderable an illumination, that

the one end was wrapped in palpable darkness, and the other scarcely broken in upon by a dim light that streamed through a large ramified window, covered with thick ivy. An arm-chair, shattered and damp with age, was placed near the table, and the remains of a recent fire were still visible in the grate. The wainscot of black oak had formerly been hung with tapestry, and several portions still clung to those parts which were near the fire. They possessed some vivacity of tint, and with much gilding, yet apparent on the chimney-piece, and several moulding reliques of costly frames and paintings, gave indisputable evidence of the ancient grandeur of the place. Sir Gawen closed the folding-doors, and taking the taper, was about to survey the room, when a deep hollow groan from the dark end of it smote cold upon his heart. At the same time the sound, as of something falling with a dead weight, echoed through the room.

Sir Gawen replaced the taper, the flame of which was agitated, now quivering, sunk, now streaming, flamed aloft, and as the last pale portion died away, the scarce distinguished form of some terrific being floated slowly by, and again another dreadful groan ran deepening through the gloom. Sir Gawen stood for some time incapable of motion. At length, summoning all his fortitude, he advanced with his sword extended to the darkest part of the room: instantly burst forth in fierce irradiations a blue sulphureous splendor, and the mangled body of a man, distorted with the agony of death, his very fibre racked with convulsion, his beard and hair stiff and matted with blood, his mouth open, and his eyes protruding from their marble sockets, rushed on the fixed and maddening senses of Sir Gawen, whose heart had beat no more, had not a hiss, as of ten thousand fiends, loud, horrible, roused him from the dreadful scene; he

started, uttering a wild shriek, his brain turned round, and running, he knew not whither, burst through the folding-doors.

Darkness again spread her sable pall over the unfortunate Sir Gawen, and he hurried along the narrow passage with a feeble and faltering step. His intellect shook, and overwhelmed with the late appalling objects, had not yet recovered any degree of recollection; and as he wandered in a dream, a confused train of horrible ideas passing unconnected through his mind. At length, however, memory resumed her function, resumed it but to daunt him with harrowing suggestions. The direful horrors of the room behind, and of the vault below, were still present to his eyes, and as a man whom hellish fiends had frightened, he stood trembling, pale, and staring wild.

All was now silent and dark, and he determined to wait in this spot the dawn of day; but a few minutes had scarce elapsed, when the iron door, screaming on its hinges, bellowed through the murmuring ruin. Sir Gawen nearly fainted at the sound, which, pausing for some time, again swelled upon the wind, and at last died away in shrill melancholy shrieks. Again all was silent, and again the same fearful noise struck terror to his soul. Whilst he was thus agitated with horror and apprehension, a dim light streaming from behind, accompanied with a soft, quick, and hollow tread, convinced Sir Gawen that something was pursuing him, and struck with wildering fear, he rushed unconscious down the steps; the vault received him, and its portal swinging to their close, sounded as the sentence of death. A dun fœtid smoke filled the place, in the centre of which arose a faint and bickering flame. Sir Gawen approached, and beheld a corse suspended over it by the neck, its fat dropped,

and the flame flashing through the vault, gleamed on a throng of hideous and ghastly features, that now came forward through the smoke.

Sir Gawen, with the desperate valour of a man who sees destruction before him, ran furious forward. An universal shriek burst forth. The corse dropped into the fire, which, rising with tenfold brilliance, placed full in view the dreadful form of his infernal guide, dilated into horror itself. Her face was pale as death, her eyes were wide open, dead, and fixed; a horrible grin sat upon her features; her lips black, and half putrid, were drawn back, disclosing a set of large blue teeth, and her hair, standing stiffly erect, was of a withered red.

Sir Gawen felt his blood freeze within him, his limbs forgot to move, the face, enlarging as it came, drew near, and swooning, he fell forward on the ground. Slow passed the vital fluid through the bosom of Sir Gawen, scarce did the heart vibrate to its impulse; on his pallid forehead sat a chilly sweat, and frequent spasms shook his limbs; but at length returning warmth gave some vigour to his frame, the energy of life became more suffused, a soothing languor stole upon him, and on opening his eyes, rushed neither the images of death or the rites of witchcraft, but the soft, the sweet and tranquil scenery of a summer's moonlight night.

Enraptured with this sudden and unexpected change Sir Gawen rose gently from off the ground; over his head towered a large and majestic oak, at whose foot, by some kind and compassionate being, he concluded he had been laid. Delight and gratitude dilated his heart, and advancing from beneath the tree, whose gigantic branches spread a large extent of shade, a vale, beautiful and romantic, through which ran a clear and deep stream, came full in view; he walked

to the edge of the water, the moon shone with mellow lustre on its surface, and its banks fringed with shrubs, breathed a perfume more delicate than the odours of the East. On one side, the ground, covered with a vivid, soft, and downy verdure, stretched for a considerable extent to the borders of a large forest, which, sweeping round, finally closed up the valley; on the other, it was broken into abrupt and rocky masses swarded with moss, and from whose clefts grew thick and spreading trees, the roots of which, washed by many a fall of water, hung bare and matted from their craggy beds. Sir Gawen forgot, in this delicious vale, all his former sufferings, and giving up his mind to the pleasing influence of curiosity and wonder, he determined to explore the place by tracing the windings of the stream. Scarce had he entered upon this plan when music of the most ravishing sweetness filled the air; sometimes it seemed to float along the valley, sometimes it stole along the surface of the water: now it died away among the woods, and now with deep and mellow symphony it swelled upon the gale.

Fixed in astonishment Sir Gawen scarce ventured to breathe; every sense, save that of hearing, seemed quite absorbed, and when the last faint warblings melted on his ear he started from the spot, solicitous to know from what being those more than human strains had parted, but nothing appeared in view. The moon, full and unclouded, shone with unusual lustre, the white rocks glittered in her beam, and filled with hope he again pursued the windings of the water, which conducting to the narrowest part of the valley, continued their course through the wood.

Sir Gawen entered by a path, smooth, but narrow and perplexed, where, although its branches were so numerous that no preference could be given, or any

direct route long persisted in, yet every turn presented something to amuse, something to sharpen the edge of research. The beauty of the trees through whose interstices the moon gleamed in the most picturesque manner; the glimpses of the water, and the notes of the nightingale, who now began to fill the valley with her song, were more than sufficient to take off the sense of fatigue, and he wandered on still eager to explore, still panting for further discovery.

The wood now became more thick and obscure, and at length almost dark, when the path taking suddenly an oblique direction, Sir Gawen found himself on the edge of a circular lawn, whose tint and softness were beyond compare, and which seemed to have been lightly brushed by fairy feet. A number of fine old trees, around whose boles crept the ivy and the woodbine, rose at irregular distances; here they mingled into groves, and there separate, and emulous of each other, they shook their airy summits in disdain. The water, which had been for some time concealed, now murmured through a thousand beds, and visiting each little flower, added vigour to its vegetation, and poignancy to its fragrance. Along the edges of the wood and beneath the shadows of the trees, an innumerable host of glowworms lighted their inocuous fires, lustrous as the gems of Golconda, and Sir Gawen, desirous yet longer to enjoy the scene, went forward with light footsteps on the lawn; all was calm, and except the breeze of night, that sighed soft and sweetly through the world of leaves, a perfect silence prevailed. Not many minutes, however, had elapsed before the same enchanting music, to which he had listened with so much rapture in the vale, again arrested his ear, and presently he discovered on the border of the lawn, just rising above the wood, and floating on the bosom of the air, a being of the most

delicate form; from his shoulders streamed a tunic of the tenderest blue, his wings and feet were clothed in downy silver, and in his grasp he had a wand, white as the mountain snow. He rose swiftly in the air, his brilliance became excessive from the lunar rays, his song echoed through the vault of night, but having quickly diminished to the size and appearance of the evening star, it died away, and the next moment he was lost in æther.

Sir Gawen still fixed his eye on that part of the heavens where the vision had disappeared, and shortly had the pleasure of again seeing the star-like radiance, which in an instant unfolded itself into the full and fine dimensions of the beauteous being, who having collected dew from the cold vales of Saturn, now descended rapidly towards the earth, and waving his wand, as he passed athwart the woods, a number of like form and garb flew round him, and alighting on the lawn separating at equal distances on its circumference, and then shaking their wings which spread a perfume through the air, burst into one general song. Sir Gawen, who apprehensive of being discovered, had retreated within the shadow of some mossy oaks, now waited with eager expectation the event of so singular a scene. In a few moments a bevy of elegant nymphs, dancing two by two, issued from the wood on the right, and an equal number of warlike knights, accompanied by a band of minstrels, from that of the left. The knights were clothed in green; on their bosoms shone a plate of burnished steel, and in their hands they grasped a golden targe and lance of beamy lustre. The nymphs, whose form and symmetry were beyond whatever poets dream, were dressed in robes of white, their zones were azure, dropt with diamonds, and their light brown hair decked with roses hung in ample ringlets. So quick, so light and airy, was their

motion, that the turf, the flowers, shrunk not to the gentle pressure, and each smiling on her favourite knight, he flung his brilliant arms aside and mingled in the dance.

Whilst thus they flew in rapid measures o'er the lawn, Sir Gawen, forgetting his situation, and impatient to salute the assembly, involuntarily stept forward, and instantaneously a shrill and hollow gust of wind murmured through the woods, the moon dipt into a cloud, and the knights, the dames and aërial spirits vanished from the view, leaving the amazed Sir Gawen to repent at leisure of his precipitate intrusion; scarce, however, had he time to determine what he should pursue, when a gleam of light flashed suddenly along the horizon, and the beauteous being, whom he first beheld in the air, stood before him; he waved his snowy wand, and pointing to the wood, which now appeared sparkling with a thousand fires, moved gently on. Sir Gawen felt an irresistible impulse which compelled him to follow, and having penetrated the wood, he perceived many bright rays of light, which, darting like the beams of the sun, through every part of it, most beautifully illuminated the shafts of the trees. As they advanced forwards, the radiance became more intense and converged towards the centre; and the fairy being turning quickly round, commanded Sir Gawen to kneel down, and having squeezed the juice of an herb into his eyes, bade him now proceed, but that no mortal eye, unless it powers of vision were increased, could endure the glory that would shortly burst upon them.

Scarce had he uttered these words, when they entered an amphitheatre. In its centre was a throne of ivory inlaid with sapphires, on which sat a female form of exquisite beauty; a plain coronet of gold obliquely crossed her flowing hair, and her robe of

white sattin hung negligent in ample folds. Around her stood five and twenty nymphs clothed in white and gold, and holding lighted tapers; beyond these were fifty of the aërial beings, their wings of downy silver stretched for flight, and each a burning taper in his hand: and lastly, on the circumference of the amphitheatre shone one hundred knights in mail of tempered steel; in one hand they shook aloft a large targe of massy diamond, and in the other flashed a taper. So excessive was the reflection, that the targes had the lustre of an hundred suns, and when shaken sent forth streams of vivid lightning; from the gold, the silver, and the sapphires, rushed a flood of tinted light, that, mingling, threw upon the eye a series of revolving hues.

Sir Gawen impressed with awe, with wonder and delight, fell prostrate on the ground, whilst the fairy spirit advancing knelt and presented to the queen a crystal vase. She rose, she waved her hand, and smiling, bade Sir Gawen to approach. "Gentle stranger," she exclaimed, "let not fear appal thine heart; for to him whom courage, truth and piety have distinguished, our friendship and our love is given. Spirits of the blest we are, our sweet employment is to befriend the wretched and the weary, to lull the torture of anguish, and the horror of despair. Ah! never shall the tear of innocence or the plaint of sorrow, the pang of injured merit or the sigh of hopeless love, implore our aid in vain. Upon the moonbeam do we float, and, light as air, pervade the habitations of men; and hearken, O favoured mortal! I tell thee spirits pure from vice are present to thy inmost thoughts; when terror and when madness, when spectres and when death surrounded thee, our influence put to flight the ministers of darkness; we placed thee in the moonlight vale, and now upon thy head I

pour the planetary dew, from Hecate's dread agents, it will free thee from wildering fear and gloomy superstition."

She ended, and Sir Gawen, impatient to express his gratitude, was about to speak, when suddenly the light turned pale and died away, the spirits fled, and music soft and sweet was heard remotely in the air. Sir Gawen started, and in place of the refulgent scene of magic, he beheld a public road, his horse cropping the grass which grew upon its edge, and a village at a little distance, on whose spire the rising sun had shed his earliest beams.

VII.

Huon of Bourdeaux.

SHAKESPEARE probably took the name of Oberon from this early French romance, which was translated into English about 1540 by Lord Berners, at the request of the Earl of Huntingdon. It is mentioned among Captain Cox's book's, Laneham's Letter, 1575, and in Markham's "health to the gentlemanly profession of Serving-men," 1598; but the earliest edition of the English translation now known to exist in a perfect state bears date in 1601, "being now the third time imprinted, and the rude English corrected and amended." From this edition the following extracts are made, which are curious as being probably the work in which Shakespeare had read of Oberon and fairy land, and reconciled him to transporting his native fairy creed so far towards the magic regions of the East.

CHAP. 20.—*How Huon of Bourdeaux departed from Brandis, and Garyn his uncle with him; and how he came to Jerusalem, and from thence into the deserts, whereas he found Gerames, and of their conference.*

When Huon and Garyn were entred into their

ship, they hoysed up their sailes, and sayled night and daye, so that at last they arrived safely at the port of Jaffe, where they tooke landing, and drew out their horses, and road foorth so the same day, that they came to Rames, and the next day to the citie of Jerusalem. That night they rested, and the next day they did their pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and there devoutly heard service, and offered according to their devotion.

When Huon came before the Holy Sepulchre, he kneeled downe upon his bare knees, and all weeping made his prayers to our Lord God, requiring him to ayd and comfort him in his voyage, so that he might returne againe into Fraunce, and to have peace with King Charlemaine. And when they all had made their prayers and offered, Huon and Garyn went into a little chapell upon the mount of Calverye, whereas nowe lyeth the bodies of Godfrey of Bullen, and Bauldwin his brother. There Huon called unto him all those that came with him out of France, and said, "Sirs, you that for the love of mee have left your fathers and mothers, wives and children, lands and signiories, for this courtesie that you have shewed mee I thanke you. Now you may returne into Fraunce againe, and humbly recommend mee to the kinges good grace, and unto all the other barons: and when you come to Bourdeaux, do my dutie to the Duchesse my mother, and to Gerard my brother, and unto the lords of my countrey." Then Guicard and all the other knights answeared Huon and said, "Sir, as yet we will not leave you, neither for death nor life, untill we have brought you unto the Red Sea."—"Why then," quoth Huon, "for the great service and curtesie that you offer mee I thanke you." Then Garyn called two of his servants, and commaunded them to returne unto his wife, and to desire her to be of good cheere,

and that shortly he would returne; the which thing they did, and returned and did their messuage.

When Huon understood that his uncle Garyn was disposed to abide with him, he sayd, "Faire uncle, you shall not neede to travaile so much; I would councell you to returne unto your wife and children." —"Sir," quoth Garyn, "and God will I shall not leave you no day untill you returne yourselfe."—"Uncle," quoth Huon, "I thanke you of your courtesie."

Then they went to their lodging and dyned, and after dinner tooke their horses, and so road by hils and dales, so that if I should recount all the adventures that they found in their way, it should be too long a processe to shew it: but as the true historie witnesseth, they suffered much paine and travaile, for they passed such deserts, whereas they found but small sustenance, whereof Huon was right sorrowfull for the love of them that were with him, and began to weepe, and to remember his owne countrey, saying, "Alas, noble king of Fraunce, great wrong and great sinne you have done me, thus to drive me out of my countrey, and to send mee into a strange land, to the entent to shorten my dayes: I pray God to pardon you therefore." Then Garyn and the other knights comforted him, and said, "Alas, Sir, dismay you not for us; God is puissant ynough to ayd us; hee never fayleth them that loveth him."

Thus they road forth in the desert so long, untill at last they saw a little cottage, before the which sat an old ancient man with a long white beard, and his heare hanging over his shoulders. When Huon perceived him, he drew thether, and saluted the olde man in the name of God and of the blessed Virgin Marie. Then the ancient man lifted up his eyes and beheld Huon, and had great marvaile, for of a long season before, he had seene no man that spake of God. Then

he beheld Huon in the face, and began sore to weepe, and stepping unto Huon, tooke him by the leg, and kissed it more than twentie times. "Freend," quoth Huon, "I desire you shew me why you make this sorrow." — "Sir," quoth he, "about thirtie yeares passed I came hether, and since that time, I never sawe man beleeving on the Christian faith, and now the regarding of your visage causeth me to remember a noble prince that I have seene in France, who was called Duke Sevin of Bourdeaux; therefore I require you shew me if ever you saw him; I pray you not hide it from me."—"Freend," quoth Huon, "I pray you shew me where you were borne, and of what lineage and countrey you be of."—"Nay, sir," quoth he, "that I will not doe; first you shal shew me what you be, and where you were borne, and why you come hether."—"Freend," quoth Huon, "seeing it pleaseth you to know, I shall shew you." Then Huon and all his companye alighted, and tyed theyr horses to trees.

When Huon was alighted, he sat downe by the old man, and said, "Freend, since you will needes know my businesse, I shall shew you: know for truth I was borne in the citie of Bourdeaux, and am son to Duke Sevin." And Huon shewed him all his whole case and enterprize, and of the death of Charlot, and how he discomfited Earle Amerie, and howe that Charlemaine hadde chaced him out of Fraunce, and of the messuage that he was charged to say unto the admirall Gaudise, affirming alle to be for certaintie. When the oulde man hadde well heard Huon, he began soore to weepe. "Sir," quoth Huon, "Since it pleaseth you to know of my sorrowe, Duke Sevin my father is dead seaven yeares past, my mother I trust be alive, and a brother of mine whome I have left with her. And nowe, sir, seeing you have heard of mine affaires, I require you give me your counsaile and advice, and also, if it

please you, to shew me what you be, and of what countrey, and how you came into these parts." "Sir," quoth the old man, "know for troth I was borne in Geronvill, and am brother to the good provost Guyer; and when I departed thence, I was a young knight and haunted the justes and tourneys, so that on a daie it fortuned at a tourney that was made at Poytiers, I slew a knight of a noble bloud, wherefore I was banished out of the realme of Fraunce. But my brother the provost made such a request to Duke Sevin your father, that by his meanes my peace was made with the king, and my land saved, upon condition that I should goe to the Holy Sepulchre to punish my bodie for the knight that I slew, and to forgive my faults. Thus I departed out of my countrey, and when I had done my voyage, I thought to have returned, but as I departed out of the citie of Jerusalem, to take the way to Acres, passing by a wood between Jerusalem and Naples, there came upon me ten Sarazins, who tooke me and brought me to the citie of Babilon, whereas I was in prison two yeares complet, whereas I suffered much povertie and miserie; but our Lord God, who never fayleth them that serveth him, and have in him full affiance, he sent me the grace, that by the meanes of a right noble ladie, I was brought out of prison in a night, and so I fled into this forrest, whereas I have beene this thirtie yeares, and in all this space I never saw nor heard man beleeving in Jesus Christ: thus have I shewed you all mine affaires."

When Huon had heard the knight's tale, he had great joy, and embraced him, and saide, "Howe often times he had seene Guyer his brother the Provost weepe for him, and when I departed from Bourdeaux," quoth he, "I delivered unto him all my lands to governe; wherefore I require you shew mee your name." "Sir," quoth he, "I am called Gerames, and

now I pray you, shew me your name." "Sir," quoth he, "I am named Huon, and my younger brother is called Gerard. But, sir, I pray you shew me how you have so long lived heere, and what sustenance you have had." "Sir," quoth Gerames, "I have eaten none other thing but rootes and fruites that I have found in the wood." Then Huon demaunded of him if he could speake the language Sarazin. "Yes, sir," quoth he, "as well or better than any Sarazin in the countrey, nor there is no way but that I know it."

When Huon had heard Gerames, then he demaunded further of him if he could goe to Babilon. "Yes, sir," quoth Gerames, "I can goe thether by two wayes; the most surest way is hence about fortie days' journey, and the other is but fifteene dayes' journey: but I councell you to take the longe way, for if you take the shorter way, you must passe thorow a wood about sixteene leagues of length, but the way is so full of the fayryes and strang things, that such as passe that way are lost, for in that wood abideth a king of the fayryes named Oberon; he is of height but of three foote, and crooked shouldered, but yet he hath an angell-like visage, so that there is no mortal man that seeth him, but that taketh great pleasure to behold his face; and you shall no sooner be entred into that wood, if you go that way, but he wil find the meanes to speake with you, and if you speake unto him, you are lost for ever, and you shall ever find him before you, so that it shall be in manner impossible that you can scape from him without speaking to him, for his words be so pleasant to heare, that there is no mortall man that can well scape without speaking unto him. And if he see that you will not speake a word unto him, then he will be sore displeased with you, and before you can get out of the wood, he will cause raine and wind,

ıyle and snowe, and will make marvelous tempests, ith thunder and lightenings, so that it shall seeme nto you that all the world should perish, and he will ıake to seeme before you a great running river blacke nd deepe, but you may passe it at your ease, and it hall not wet the feet of your horse, for all is but fanasie and enchauntments that the dwarfe shall make o the entent to have you with him, and if you can teepe yourselfe without speaking unto him, you may hen well escape. But, sir, to eschew all perils, I councell you to take the longer way, for I thinke you cannot escape from him, and then you be lost for ever."

When Huon had well heard Gerames, he had great marvaile, and he had great desire in himselfe to see that dwarfe king of the fayryes, and the strang adventures that were in that wood. Then he said unto Gerames that for feare of any death hee would not leave to passe that way, seeinge hee might come to Babilon in fifteene dayes, for in taking the longer way, hee might perchaunce find more adventures, and since he was advertised that with keeping his tongue from speaking he might abridge his journey he sayd that surely he would take that way whatsoever chaunce befell. "Sir," quoth Gerames, you shall doe your own pleasure, for which way soever you take, it shall not be without me, I shall bring you to Babilon to the Admirall Gaudise: I knowe him right well, and when you bee come thether, you shall see there a damsell, as I have heard say, the most fairest creature in all Inde, and the onely and most sweetest and most courteous that ever was borne, and it is shee that you seeke, for shee is daughter to the admirall Gaudise."

CHAP. 21.—*How Gerames went with Huon and his companie, and so came into the wood, whereas they found King Oberon, who conjured them to speake unto him.*

When Huon had well heard Gerames, how he was minded to goe along with him, hee was thereof right joyfull, and thanked him of his courtesy and service, and gave him a goodly horse, whereon he mounted, and so road foorth together so long that they came into the wood whereas king Oberon haunted most. Then Huon, who was wearie of travaile, and what for famine and for heate, the which he and his companie had endured two dayes without bread or meat, so that he was so feeble that he could ride no further, and then he began pityously to weepe, and complayned of the great wronge that kinge Charlemaine had done unto him; and then Garyn and Gerames comforted him, and had great pitie of him, and they knew well by the reason of his youth, hunger oppressed him more than it did to them of greater age. Then they alighted under a great oake, to the entent to search for some fruit to eate. They glad thereof, let their horses goe to pasture.

When they were thus alighted, the dwarfe of the fayry kinge Oberon came ryding by, and had on a gowne so rich that it were marvaile to recount the riches and fashion thereof, and it was so garnished with precious stones, that the clearnesse of them shined like the sonne. Also he had a goodlie bow in his hand, so rich that it could not be esteemed, and his arrowes after the same sort; and they were of such a nature or qualitie, that any beast in the world that he would wish for, the arrowe would arrest him. Also he had about his necke a rich horne hanging by two

laces of gold. The horne was so rich and faire that there never was seene any such. It was made by foure ladies of the fayries in the isle of Chafalons; one of them gave to the horne such a propertie, that whosoever heard the sound thereof, if he were in the greatest sickenesse in the world, he should incontinent be whole and sound: the ladie that gave this gift to the horne was named Glorianda. The second ladie was named Translyna; she gave to this horne another propertie, and that was, whosoever heard this horne, if he were in the greatest famine of the worlde, he should be satisfied as well as though he had eaten al that he woulde wishe for, and so likewise for drinke as well as though he had droonke his fil of the best wine in al the world. The third ladie named Margala gave to this horne yet a greater gift, and that was, whosoever heard this horne, though he were never so poore or feeble by sicknesse, he should have such joy in his heart that he should singe and daunce. The fourth ladie named Lempatrix gave to this horne such a gift that whosoever heard it, if he were an hundred dayes' journey of, he should come at the pleasure of him that blew it farre or neare.

Then king Oberon, who knew well and had seene the fourteene companions, he set his horne to his mouth, and blew so melodious a blast that the fourteene companions, being under the tree, had so perfit a joy at their hearts, that they al rose up and began to sing and daunce. "Ah, good Lord," quoth Huon, "what fortune is come unto us? Me thinke we be in Paradise; right now I could not sustaine myselfe for lacke of meat and drinke, and nowe I feele myselfe neither hungrie nor thirstie! From whence may this come?" "Sir," quoth Gerames, "knowe for troth this is done by the dwarfe of the fayrye, whome you shall soone see passe by you. But, sir, I require you

on jeopardie of loosing of your life, that you speake to him no word, without you purpose to abide ever with him." "Sir," quoth Huon, "have no doubt of me, seeing I know the jeopardie." Therewith the dwarfe began to crie aloude, and saide, "Yee fourteene men that passe by my wood, God keepe you all! and I desire you speake with mee, and I conjure you thereto by God Almightie, and by the Christendome that you have received, and by all that God hath made, answeare mee!"

CHAP. 22.—*How king Oberon was right sorrowfull and sore displeased, in that Huon would not speake: and of the great feare that he put Huon and his companie in.*

When that Huon and his companie heard the dwarfe speake, they mounted on their horses, and road away as fast as they might without speaking of any word; and the dwarfe seeing how that they road away and would not speake, hee was sorrowfull and angrie. Then hee set one of his fingers on his horne, out of the which yssued such a winde and tempest so horrible to heare, that it bare downe trees, and therewith came such a raine and hayle, that it seemed that heaven and the earth had fought together, and that the world should have ended; the beasts in the woods brayed and cryed, and the foules of the ayre fell down dead for the feare that they were in; and there was no creature but he would have been afrayd of that tempest. Then suddainly appeared before them a great river that ran swifter then the birds did flye, and the water was so blacke and so perilous, and made such a noyse that it might be heard ten leagues of. "Alas!" quoth Huon, "I see well now we be all lost; wee shall heere be oppressed without God have pitie

thanked God that the peace was made, and especially Duke Naymes was joyfull: then within a while, divers of the lords departed from the court. Then king Oberon called Huon unto him, and sayd, "Sir, I commaund you as dearely as you love mee that this same day foure yeare to come, that you come into my citie of Momur, for I will give you my realme and all my dignitie, the which I may lawfully do, for at my birth, it was given me that I might so doe, for it lyeth in mee to give it whereas I thinke best, and bicause I love you so entirely, I shall set the crowne upon your head, and you shalbe king of my realme. And also I will that you give unto Gerames all your landes and signiories in these parts, for he hath well deserved it, for with you and for your love, hee hath suffered many great travailes." "Sir," quoth Huon, "seeing this is your pleasure, I ought well to be pleased therewith, and I shall accomplish all your commandements." "Huon," quoth Oberon, "know for troth I shall not abide longe in this world, for so is the pleasure of God, it behoveth me to go into Paradice, whereas my place is appointed in the fayrie, I shall bide no longer, but beware as dearly as you love your life, that yee faile not to be with me at the daie that I have appointed. Beware that yee forget it not, for if yee faile, I shall cause you to die an ill death; and therefore remember it well." When Huon heard king Oberon, he was right joyfull, and stooped downe to have kissed his feet; but then Gloriant and Mallaborn tooke him up. Then said Huon, "Sir, for this great guift I thanke you."

him. Thus they road, devising of the little dwarfe, who had done them so much trouble.

CHAP. 23.—*How kinge Oberon, dwarfe of the fayry, pursued so much Huon that he constrained him to speake to him at last.*

When Gerames understood the companie, how they thought they were escaped from the dwarfe, he began to smile, and said, "Sirs, make no bragging that you be out of this danger, for I beleeve you shall soone see him againe." And as soone as Gerames had spoke the same words, they sawe before them a bridge the which they must passe, and they sawe the dwarfe on the other part. Huon saw him first and said, "I see that divell who hath done us so much trouble." Oberon heard him and saide, "Freend, thou doest me injurie without cause, for I was never divell nor ill creature: I am as other be; but I conjure thee by the divine puissance, to speake unto me." Then Gerames said, "Sirs, for God's sake let him alone, nor speake no word to him, for by his faire language he may deceive us all, as he hath done many other; it is a pity that he hath lived so long." Then they road forth a good pace, and left the dwarfe alone, sore displeased in that they would not speake to him. Then he tooke his horne, and set it to his mouth, and blew it. When Huon and his companie heard it they had no power to ride any further, but they began all to sing. Then Oberon the dwarfe said, "Yonder company are fooles and proud, that for any salutation that I can give them, they disdaine to answeare mee: but by the God that made me, before they escape me, the refusall of my words shalbe deere bought." Then he tooke againe his horne, and strooke it three times on his bowe, and cryed out aloud, and

said, "Yee, my men, come and appeare before me." Then there came to him aboute foure hundred men of armes, and demaunded of Oberon what was his pleasure, and who had displeased him. "Sirs," quoth Oberon, "I shall shew you: howbeit I am greeved to shewe it: heere in this woode there passed fourteene knights, who disdaine to speak unto me; but to the entent that they shall not mocke me, they shall deerely buy the refusing of their answeare; wherefore I will you goe after them, and slay them all: let none escape." Then one of his knights said, "Sir, for God's sake have pitie of them." "Certainly," quoth Oberon, "mine honour saved, I cannot spare them, since they disdaine to speak unto me." "Sir," quoth Glorianda, "for God's sake doe not as you say; but, Sir, worke by my counsaile, and after doe as it pleaseth you. Sir, I counsaile you yet once againe goe after them: then, if they do not speake, we shall slay them all; for surely, sir, if they see you returne again to them so shortly, they will be in great feare." "Freend," quoth Oberon, "I shall do as you have counsailed mee."

Thus Huon and his company road forth a great pace, and Huon said, "Sirs, we are now from the dwarfe about five leagues; and I never sawe in my life so faire a creature in the visage; I have great marvaile how he can speake of Almightie God, for I thinke he be a devill of hell; and since he speaketh of God, meethinkes we ought to speake to him, for I thinke such a creature can have no power to doe us any evill; I thinke hee be not past the age of five yeares." "Sir," quoth Gerames, "as little as he seemeth, and that you take him for a child, he was borne fortie yeares before the nativitie of our Lord Jesus Crist." "Surely," quoth Huon, "I care not what age he be of, but if he come againe, ill hap come to

councell I thanke you; but whatsoever fortune fall to me I will go to mine uncle, and if he be such a one as you say I shall make him to die an ill death, and if neede be I shall sound my horne, and I am sure at my neede you will ayd me." "Of that you may be sure," quoth Oberon, "but of one thing I forbid thee, be not so hardy to sound thy horne without thou bee hurt, for if thou doe the contrarie I shall so martir thee, that thy bodie shall not endure it." "Sir," quoth Huon, "bee assured your commaundement I will not breake." Then Huon tooke leave of King Oberon, who was sorie when Huon departed. "Sir," quoth Huon, "I have marvaile why you weepe. I pray you shew mee the cause why you doe it." "Huon," quoth Oberon, "the great love that I have to thee is that causeth me to doe it, for as yet hereafter thou shalt suffer so much ill and travaile that no human tongue can tell it." "Sir," quoth Huon, "ye shew me many things not greatly to my profite." "Sure," quoth Oberon, "and yet thou shalt suffer more than I have spoken of, and al by thine owne folly."

CHAP. 75.—*How King Oberon caused to be hanged the foure traytours, Gerard, Gybonars, and the two monkes, for their false witnesse, and of the peace made betweene Huon and Charlemaine: and how King Oberon gave unto Huon his realme of the fayrie.*

When king Oberon had heard Gerard confesse the treason done to his brother, and heard howe Gerard had offered to goe and fetch the beard and great teeth, and how he had denied him to goe, then he sayd, "I wish them here upon this table." He had no sooner made his wish but they were set on the

table, whereof all such as were there hadde great marvaile. "Sir," quoth Huon to King Oberon, "humbly I require you that of your grace you will pardon my brother Gerard all the ill that he hath done against me, for he did it by Gybovars; and as for me, heere, and before God, I pardon him; and, sir, if you will doe thus I shalbe content therewith; and to thentent that we may use our lives from henceforth in good peace and love, I will give him the halfe part of my lands and signiories; and, sir, in the honour of our Lord Jesus Christ have pity of him." When the lords that were there present understood Huon, they all for pity began to weepe, and sayd among themselves that Huon was a noble knight, and that it had been pity if the matter had framed otherwise. "Sir Huon," quoth Oberon, "it is not necessarie to request this, for all the gold that is in the world shall not respit their deaths. I wish by the puissance that I have in the fayrie, that here beneath in the meadow there be a paire of gallows, and all iiij. thereon hanged." Incontinent it was don, and all iiij. hanged. Thus, as ye have hard, the traitors were paid their deserts.

When king Charlemaine had seene the great marvailes that were done by King Oberon, he sayd to his lords, "Sirs, I beleeve this man be some God himselfe, for there is no mortall man can doe this that he hath done." When Oberon understood the emperour, he sayd, "Sir, know for truth I am no God, but I am a mortall man as you be, and was engendred on a woman, as you were, and my father was Julius Cæsar, who engendred me on the ladie of the secret isle, who had beene before lover to Florymont, sonne to the Duke of Albany. She bare me nine moneths in her wombe, and I was begotten by Julius Cesar; when he went into Thessaly after Pompey the great,

the day and houre; then, seeing that in his life time he had provided a king for his realme, he humbly thanked our Lord God of the graces that he had given him in this world. Then hee called before him Huon of Bourdeaux, and kinge Arthur, Gloriand, and Mallabron, and sayd, "Sirs, I advertise you that longe I shall not abide among you; therefore, Huon, for your bountie and noblenesse wherewith you have beene alwayes indued, I have chosen you among other to have the keeping and signiorie, and the ministration of all the fayrie, as well of the countrey of warre-wolves, as of other things secret reserved, and not to bee shewed to any mortall men; and also I have given you my dignitie and puissance, to doe therewith as I have done in my time; and because I have thus chosen you, therefore I will that when I depart out of this world that you doe make a newe abbey of monkes, the which I will bee set in the meadowe heere before this citie, because all my dayes I have loved this citie, and I will that in the church of the same abbey you doe burie my bodie as richly as you shall thinke convenient; and I recommend unto you all such as have well served me, and I will that you retaine them into your service." When king Oberon had sayd as much as pleased him, Huon answeared and sayd, "Deere sir, of the great goodnesse and honour that you have done unto me, I thanke you, and all that you have ordained or will do, by the grace of God it shall be done in such wise that my soule shall beare no charge for it at the day of judgement." When the lordes and ladies that were there assembled heard the words of king Oberon, and saw well that his last end approached neere, the cryes and clamours that were there made was great marvaile to heare, and especially there was such weepings and lamentations in the citie, that great

pittie it was to heare it, for they were advertized that kinge Oberon drewe neere unto his last end, who lay in his rich couch in the middest of his pallaice, making his prayers unto our Lord God, and holding Huon by the hand, and at the last hee sayd, "My right deere freend Huon, pray for mee." And then hee made the signe of the crosse, and recommending his soule unto God, the which incontinent was borne into Paradice by a great multitude of angels sent from God, who at their departing, made such shining and clearnesse in the pallaice, that there was never none such seene before, and therewith there was so sweet a smell, that everie man thought that they had been ravished into Paradice; whereby they knewe surely that kinge Oberon's soule was saved.

When king Huon, and king Arthur, and Queene Escleremond, Morgue le Fay, and Transeline, and king Carahew, Gloriand, and Mallabron, and all other knightes and ladies, knew that King Oberon was dead, there is no humane tong can tell the cries, weepings, and complaints that were made there for the death of king Oberon: then his bodie was taken, and borne to the place where his sepulcher was devised, the which king Huon caused to be made right richly, and founded there an abbey as Oberon had devised. After the buriall, they returned to the pallaice, whereas the tables were set, and there sat three crowned kinges, and two excellent queens, full of great beautie. At the upper end of the table sat king Huon, and next unto him king Arthur, and then king Carahew and the two queens; and the other ladies departed, and went and dyned in their chambers, and they were all served of everie thinge that was necessarie. And after dinner and grace sayd, king Arthur and king Carahew tooke their leave of king Huon, and of queene Escleremond, and so

his mother was constrayned (to avoyde the complaints) to take him with her to market, or wheresoever shee went or rid. But this helped little or nothing, for if hee rid before her, then would he make mouthes and ill-favoured faces at those hee met: if he rid behind her, then would hee clap his hand on his tayle; so that his mother was weary of the many complaints that came against him, yet knew she not how to beat him justly for it, because she never saw him doe that which was worthy blowes. The complaints were daily so renewed that his mother promised him a whipping. Robin did not like that cheere, and therefore, to avoyde it, hee ranne away, and left his mother a heavy woman for him.

How Robin Good-fellow dwelt with a taylor.

After that Robin Good-fellow had gone a great way from his mother's house hee began to be a-hungry, and going to a taylor's house, hee asked something for God's sake. The taylor gave him meate, and understanding that he was masterlesse, hee tooke him for his man, and Robin so plyed his worke that he got his master's love.

On a time his master had a gowne to make for a woman, and it was to bee done that night: they both sate up late so that they had done all but setting on the sleeves by twelve a clocke. This master then being sleepy sayd, "Robin, whip thou on the sleeves, and then come to bed: I will goe to bed before." "I will," sayd Robin. So soone as his master was gone, Robin hung up the gowne, and taking both sleeves in his handes, hee whipt and lashed them on the gowne. So stood he till the morning that his master came downe: his master seeing him stand in that fashion, asked him what he did. "Why," quoth

hee, "as you bid mee, whip on the sleeves." "Thou rogue," sayd his master, "I did meane that thou shouldst have set them on quickly and slightly." "I would you had sayd so," sayd Robin, "for then had I not lost all this sleepe." To bee shorte, his master was faine to do the worke, but ere hee had made an end of it, the woman came for it, and with a loud voyce chafed for her gowne. The taylor, thinking to please her, bid Robin fetch the remnants that they left yesterday (meaning thereby meate that was left); but Robin, to crosse his master the more, brought downe the remnants of the cloath that was left of the gowne. At the sight of this, his master looked pale, but the woman was glad, saying, "I like this breakfast so well, that I will give you a pint of wine to it." She sent Robin for the wine, but he never returned againe to his master.

What hapned to Robin Good-fellow after he went from the taylor.

After Robin had travailed a good dayes journy from his master's house hee sate downe, and beeing weary hee fell a sleepe. No soon had slumber tooken full possession of him, and closed his long opened eyelids, but he thought he saw many goodly proper personages in anticke meassures tripping about him, and withall hee heard such musicke, as he thought that Orpheus, that famous Greeke fidler (had hee beene alive), compared to one of these had beene as infamous as a Welch-harper that playes for cheese and onions. As delights commonly last not long, so did those end sooner then hee would willingly they should have done; and for very griefe he awaked, and found by him lying a scroule, wherein was written these lines following in golden letters.

Robin, my only sonne and heire,
How to live take thou no care:
By nature thou hast cunning shifts,
Which Ile increase with other gifts.
Wish what thou wilt, thou shall it have;
And for to fetch both foole and knave,
Thou hast the power to change thy shape,
To horse, to hog, to dog, to ape.
Transformed thus, by any meanes
Seen none thou harm'st but knaves and queanes;
But love thou those that honest be,
And helpe them in necessity.
Doe thus, and all the world shall know
The prankes of Robin Good-fellow;
For by that name thou cald shalt be
To ages last posterity.
If thou observe my just command.
One day thou shalt see Fayry Land!
This more I give: who tels thy prankes
From those that heare them shall have thankes.

Robin having read this, was very joyfull, yet longed he to know whether he had the power or not, and to try it hee wished for some meate: presently it was before him. Then wished hee for beere and wine: he straightway had it. This liked him well, and because he was weary, he wished himselfe a horse: no sooner was his wish ended, but he was transformed, and seemed a horse of twenty pound price, and leaped and curveted as nimble as if he had beene in stable at racke and manger a full moneth. Then wished he himselfe a dog, and was so: then a tree, and was so: so from one thing to another, till hee was certaine and well assured that hee could change himself to any thing whatsoever.

How Robin Good-fellow served a clownish fellow.

Robin Good-fellow going over a field met with a clownish fellow, to whom he spake in this manner:

"Friend," quoth he, "what is a clocke?" "A thing," answered the clowne, "that shewes the time of the day." "Why then," sayd Robin Good-fellow, "bee thou a clocke, and tell me what time of the day it is." "I owe thee not so much service," answered hee againe, "but because thou shalt thinke thyselfe beholding to mee, know that it is the same time of the day, as it was yesterday at this time."

These crosse answers vext Robin Good-fellow, so that in himselfe hee vowed to be revenged of him, which he did in this manner.

Robin Good-fellow turned himselfe into a bird, and followed this fellow who was going into a field a little from that place to catch a horse that was at grasse. The horse being wilde ran over dike and hedge, and the fellow after, but to little purpose, for the horse was too swift for him. Robin was glad of this occasion, for now or never was the time to put his revenge in action.

Presently Robin shaped himselfe like to the horse that the fellow followed, and so stood before the fellow: presently the fellow tooke hold of him and got on his backe, but long had he not rid, but with a stumble he hurld this churlish clowne to the ground, that he almost broke his necke; yet tooke he not this for a sufficient revenge for the crosse answers he had received, but stood still and let the fellow mount him once more.

In the way the fellow was to ride was a great plash of water of a good depth; thorow this must he of necessity ride. No sooner was hee in the middest of it, but Robin Good-fellow left him with nothing but a pack-saddle betwixt his leggs, and in the shape of a fish swomme to the shore, and ran away laughing, *ho, ho, hoh!* leaving the poore fellow almost drowned.

How Robin Good-fellow helped two lovers, and deceivd an old man.

Robin going by a woode heard two lovers make great lamentation, because they were hindred from injoying each other by a cruell old leacher, who would not suffer this loving couple to marry. Robin, pittying them, went to them and sayd: "I have heard your complaints, and do pitty you: be ruled by me, and I will see that you shall have both your hearts content, and that suddainly if you please." After some amazement the maiden sayd, "Alas! sir, how can that be? my uncle, because I will not grant to his lust, is so streight over me, and so oppresseth me with worke night and day, that I have not so much time as to drinke or speake with this young man, whom I love above all men living." "If your worke bee all that hindreth you," sayd Robin, "I will see that done: aske mee not how, nor make any doubt of the performance; I will doe it. Go you with your love: for twenty-four houres I will free you. In that time marry or doe what you will. If you refuse my proffered kindnesse never looke to enjoy your wished for happinesse. I love true lovers, honest men, good fellowes, good huswives, good meate, good drinke, and all things that good is, but nothing that is ill; for my name is Robin Good-fellow, and that you shall see that I have power to performe what I have undertooke, see what I can do." Presently he turned himselfe into a horse, and away he ran: at the sight of which they were both amazed, but better considering with themselves, they both determined to make good use of their time, and presently they went to an old fryer, who presently married them. They payd him, and went their way.

Where they supped and lay I know not, but surely they liked their lodging well the next day.

Robin, when that he came neare the old man's house, turned himselfe into the shape of the young maide, and entred the house, where, after much chiding, he fell to the worke that the mayde had to do, which hee did in halfe the time that another could do it in. The old man, seeing the speede he made, thought that she had some meeting that night, for he tooke Robin Good-fellow for his neece: therfore he gave him order for other worke, that was too much for any one to do in one night. Robin did that in a trise, and playd many mad prankes beside ere the day appeared.

In the morning hee went to the two lovers to their bedside and bid God give them joy, and told them all things went well, and that ere night he would bring them ten pounds of her uncles to beginne the world with. They both thanked him, which was all the requital that he looked for, and beeing therewith well contended, hee went his way laughing.

Home went he to the old man, who then was by, and marveiled how the worke was done so soone. Robin, seeing that, sayd: "Sir, I pray marvaile not, for a greater wonder then that this night hath happened to me." "Good neece, what is that?" sayd the old man. "This, Sir; but I shame to speake it, yet I will: weary with worke, I slept, and did dreame that I consented to that which you have so often desired of me, you know what it is I meane, and me thought you gave me as a reward ten pounds, with your consent to marry that young man that I have loved so long." "Diddest thou dreame so? thy dreame I will make good, for under my hand wrighting I give my free consent to marry him, or whom thou doest please to marry (and withall writ) and for the ten pounds,

goe but into the out barne, and I will bring it thee presently. How says thou (sayd the old leacher), wilt thou?" Robin with silence did seeme to grant, and went toward the barne. The old made haste, told out his money, and followed.

Being come thither, he hurled the money on the grounde, saying, "This is the most pleasing bargaine that ever I made;" and going to embrace Robin, Robin tooke him up in his armes and carried him foorth; first drew him thorow a pond to coole his hot blood, then did he carry him where the young married couple were, and said, "Here is your uncle's consent under his hand; then, here is the ten pounds he gave you, and there is your uncle; let him deny it if hee can."

The old man, for feare of worse usage, said all was true. "Then am I as good as my word," said Robin, and so went away laughing. The old man knew himselfe duly punished, and turned his hatred into love, and thought afterward as well of them, as if shee had beene his owne. The second part shall shew many incredible things done by Robin Good-fellow, or otherwise called Hob-goblin, and his companions, by turning himselfe into divers sundry shapes.

The Second Part.

How Robin Good-fellow helped a mayde to worke.

Robin Good-fellow oftentimes would in the night visite farmers' houses, and helpe the maydes to breake hempe, to bowlt, to dresse flaxe, and to spin and do other workes, for hee was excellent in every thing.

One night hee comes to a farmer's house, where there was a goode handsome mayde. This mayde having much worke to do, Robin one night did helpe her, and in sixe houres did bowlt more than she could have done in twelve houres. The mayde wondred the next day how her worke came, and to know the doer, she watched the next night that did follow. About twelve of the clocke in came Robin, and fell to breaking of hempe, and for to delight himselfe he sung this mad song.

And can the physitian make sicke men well,
And can the magician a fortune devine,
Without lilly, germander, and sops in wine?
With sweet-bryer
And bon-fire,
And straw-berry wyer,
And collumbine.

Within and out, in and out, round as a ball,
With hither and thither, as straight as a line,
With lilly, germander, and sops in wine.
With sweet-bryer,
And bon-fire,
And straw-berry wyer,
And collumbine.

When Saturne did live, there lived no poore,
The king and the beggar with rootes did dine,
With lilly, germander, and sops in wine.
With sweet-bryer,
And bon-fire,
And straw-berry wyer,
And collumbine.

The mayde seeing him bare in clothes, pittied him, and against the next night provided him a wast-coate. Robin comming the next night to worke, as he did before, espied the wast-coate, wherat he started and said:—

Because thou lay'st me himpen, hampen,[1]
I will neither bolt nor stampen:
'Tis not your garments new or old
That Robin loves: I feele no cold.
Had you left me milke or creame,
You should have had a pleasing dreame:
Because you left no drop or crum,
Robin never more will come.

So went he away laughing *ho, ho, hoh!* The mayde was much grieved and discontented at his anger: for ever after she was faine to do her worke herselfe without the helpe of Robin Good-fellow.

How Robin Good-fellow led a company of fellowes out of their way.

A company of young men having beene making merry with their sweet hearts, were at their comming home to come over a heath. Robin Good-fellow, knowing of it, met them, and to make some pastime, hee led them up and downe the heath a whole night, so that they could not get out of it; for hee went before them in the shape of a walking fire, which they all saw and followed till the day did appeare: then Robin left them, and at his departure spake these words:—

Get you home, you merry lads:
Tell your mammies and your dads,
And all those that newes desire,
How you saw a walking fire.
Wenches, that doe smile and lispe
Use to call me Willy Wispe.
If that you but weary be,
It is sport alone for me.

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[1] These words, and two very similar lines, are given in Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, as what Robin Good-fellow said if any one gave him clothes instead of milk or cream. Reginald Scot says that he would in that case "chafe exceedingly."

Away: unto your houses goe,
And I'le goe laughing *ho, ho, hah.*'

The fellowes were glad that he was gone, for they were all in a great feare that hee would have done them some mischiefe.

How Robin Good-fellow served a lecherous gallant.

Robin alwayes did helpe those that suffered wrong, and never would hurt any but those that did wrong to others. It was his chance one day to goe thorow a field where he heard one call for helpe: hee, going neere where he heard the cry, saw a lusty gallant that would have forced a young maiden to his lust; but the mayden in no wise would yeelde, which made her cry for helpe. Robin Good-fellow, seeing of this, turned himselfe into the shape of a hare, and so ranne betweene the lustful gallant's legges. This gallant, thinking to have taken him, hee presently turned himselfe into a horse, and so perforce carried away this gallant on his backe. The gentleman cryed out for helpe, for he thought that the devill had him come to fetch him for his wickednesse; but his crying was in vaine, for Robin did carry him into a thicke hedge, and there left him so pricht and scratched, that hee more desired a playster for his paine, then a wench for his pleasure. Thus the poore mayde was freed from this ruffin, and Robin Good-fellow, to see this gallant so tame, went away laughing, *ho, ho, hah.*'

How Robin Good-fellow turned a miserable usurer to a good house-keeper.

In this country of ours there was a rich man dwelled, who to get wealth together was so sparing that hee could not find in his heart to give his belly *ranke* enough. In the winter hee never would make so

much fire as would roast a blacke-pudding, for h found it more profitable to sit by other means. H apparell was of the fashion that none did weare; t it was such as did hang at a broker's stall, till it w as weather-beaten as an old signe. This man for l covetousnesse was so hated of all his neighbours, th there was not one that gave him a good word. Rob Good-fellow grieved to see a man of such a weal doe so little good, and therefore practised to bett him in this manner.

One night the usurer being in bed, Robin in t shape of a night-raven came to the window, and the did beate with his wings, and croaked in such mann that this old usurer thought hee should have presen dyed for feare. This was but a preparation to wh he did intend; for presently after hee appeared befo him at his bed's feete, in the shape of a ghost, with torch in his hand. At the sight of this the old usu would have risen out of his bed, and have leaped o of the window; but he was stayed by Robin Goo fellow, who spake to him thus:—

If thou dost stirre out of thy bed,
I doo vow to strike thee dead.
I doe come to doe thee good;
Recall thy wits and starkled blood.
The mony which thou up dost store
In soule and body makes thee poore.
Doe good with mony while you may;
Thou hast not long on earth to stay.
Doe good, I say, or day and night
I hourely thus will thee afright.
Thinke on my words and so farewell,
For being bad I live in hell.

Having said thus he vanished away and left t usurer in great terror of mind; and for feare of bei frighted againe with this ghost, hee turned very liber

and lived amongst his neighbours as an honest man should doe.

How Robin Good-fellow loved a weaver's wife, and how the weaver would have drowned him.

One day Robin Good-fellow walking thorow the streete found at a doore sitting a pretty woman: this woman was wife to the weaver, and was a winding of quils for her husband. Robin liked her so well, that for her sake he became servant to her husband, and did daily worke at the loome; but all the kindnesse that hee shewed was but lost, for his mistres would shew him no favour, which made him many times to exclame against the whole sex in satyricall songs; and one day being at worke he sung this, to the tune of *Rejoyce Bag-pipes.*

Why should my love now waxe
  Unconstant, wavering, fickle, unstayd?
With nought can she me taxe:
  I ne'er recanted what I once said.
I now doe see, as nature fades,
  And all her workes decay,
So women all, wives, widdowes, maydes,
  From bad to worse doe stray.

As hearbs, trees, rootes, and plants
  In strength and growth are daily lesse,
So all things have their wants:
  The heavenly signes moove and digresse.
And honesty in women's hearts
  Hath not her former being:
Their thoughts are ill, like other parts,
  Nought else in them's agreeing,

I sooner thought thunder
  Had powers o're the laurell wreath,
Then shee, women's wonder
  Such perjurd thoughts should live to breathe.
They all hyena-like will weepe,
  When that they would deceive:

Deceit in them doth lurke and sleepe,
  Which makes me thus to grieve.

Young man's delight, farewell;
  Wine, women, game, pleasure, adieu:
Content with me shall dwell;
  I'le nothing trust but what is true.
Though she were false, for her I'le pray;
  Her false-hood made me blest:
I will renew from this good day
  My life by sinne opprest.

Moved with this song and other complaints of his, shee at last did fancy him, so that the weaver did not like that Robin should bee so saucy with his wife, and therefore gave him warning to be gone, for hee would keepe him no longer. This grieved this loving couple to parte one from the other, which made them to make use of the time that they had. The weaver one day comming in, found them a-kissing: at this hee said [nothing], but vowed in himselfe to bee revenged of his man that night following. Night being come, the weaver went to Robin's bed, and tooke him out of it (as hee then thought) and ran apace to the river side to hurle Robin in; but the weaver was deceived, for Robin, instead of himselfe, had laid in his bed a sack full of yarne: it was that that the weaver carried to drowne. The weaver standing by the river side said:—"Now will I coole your hot blood, Master Robert, and if you cannot swimme the better, you shall sincke and drowne." With that he hurled the sack in, thinking that it had bin Robin Good-fellow. Robin, standing behind him, said:—

For this your kindnesse, master, I you thanke:
Go swimme yourselfe, I'le stay upon the banke!

With that Robin pushed him in, and went laughing away, *ho, ho, hoh!*

How Robin Good-fellow went in the shape of a fidler to a wedding, and of the sport that he had there.

On a time there was a great wedding, to which there went many young lusty lads and pretty lasses. Robin Good-fellow, longing not to be out of action, shaped himselfe like unto a fidler, and with his crowd under his arme went amongst them, and was a very welcome man. There played hee whilst they danced, and tooke as much delight in seeing them as they did in hearing him. At dinner he was desired to sing a song, which hee did, to the tune of *Watton Towne's End.*

The Song.

It was a country lad
  That fashions strange would see,
And he came to a valting schoole,
  Where tumblers use to be:
He lik't his sport so well,
  That from it he'd not part:
His doxey to him still did cry,
  Come, busse thine owne sweet heart.

They lik't his gold so well,
  That they were both content,
That he that night with his sweet heart
  Should passe in merry-ment.
To bed they then did goe,
  Full well he knew his part,
Where he with words, and eke with deedes,
  Did busse his owne sweet heart.

Long were they not in bed,
  But one knockt at the doore,
And said, Up, rise, and let me in:
  This vext both knave and whore.
He being sore perplext
  From bed did lightly start;
No longer then could he indure
  To busse his owne sweet heart.

With tender steps he trod,
  To see if he could spye
The man that did him so molest;
  Which he with heavy eye
Had soone beheld, and said,
  Alas! my owne sweet heart,
I now doe doubt, if e're we busse,
  It must be in a cart.

At last the bawd arose,
  And opened the doore,
And saw Discretion cloth'd in rug,
  Whose office hates a whore.
He mounted up the stayres,
  Being cunning in his arte:
With little search at last he found
  My youth and his sweete heart.

He having wit at will,
  Unto them both did say,
I will not heare them speake one word;
  Watchmen, with them away!
And cause they lov'd so well,
  'Tis pitty they should part.
Away with them to New Bride-well;
  There busse your own sweet heart.

His will it was fulfil'd,
  And there they had the law;
And whilst that they did nimbly spin,
  The hempe he needs must taw.
He grownd, he thump't, he grew,
  So cunning in his arte,
He learnt the trade of beating hempe
  By bussing his sweet heart.

But yet, he still would say,
  If I could get release,
To see strange fashions I'le give o're,
  And henceforth live in peace,
The towne where I was bred,
  And thinke by my desert,
To come no more into this place
  For bussing my sweet heart.

They all liked his song very well, and said that the young man had but ill lucke. Thus continued hee playing and singing songs till candle-light; then hee beganne to play his merry trickes in this manner. First, hee put out the candles, and then beeing darke, hee strucke the men good boxes on the eares: they, thinking it had beene those that did sit next them, fell a-fighting one with the other; so that there was not one of them but had either a broken head or a bloody nose. At this Robin laughed heartily. The women did not scape him, for the handsomest he kissed; the other he pinched, and made them scratch one the other, as if they had beene cats. Candles being lighted againe, they all were friends, and fell againe to dancing, and after to supper.

Supper beeing ended a great posset was brought forth: at this Robin Good-fellowes teeth did water, for it looked so lovely that hee could not keepe from it. To attaine to his wish he did turne himselfe into a beare: both men and women (seeing a beare amongst them) ranne away, and left the whole posset to Robin Good-fellow. He quickly made an end of it, and went away without his money, for the sport hee had was better to him than any money whatsoever. The feare that the guests were in did cause such a smell, that the bride-groome did call for perfumes, and instead of a posset, he was faine to make use of cold beere.

How Robin Good-fellow served a tapster for nicking his pots.

There was a tapster, that with his pots smalnesse, nd with frothing of his drinke, had got a good ımme of money together. This nicking of the pots e would never leave, yet divers times he had been

under the hand of authority, but what money soever hee had [to pay] for his abuses, hee would be sure (as they all doe) to get it out of the poore man's pot againe. Robin Good-fellow, hating such knavery, put a tricke upon him in this manner :—

Robin shaped himselfe like to the tapster's brewer, and came and demaunded twenty pounds which was due to him from the tapster. The tapster, thinking it had beene his brewer, payd him the money, which money Robin gave to the poore of that parish before the tapster's face. The tapster praysed his charity very much, and sayd that God would blesse him the better for such good deedes; so after they had drank one with the other, they parted.

Some foure days after the brewer himselfe came for his money: the tapster told him that it was payd, and that he had a quittance for him to shew. Hereat the brewer did wonder, and desired to see the quittance. The tapster fetched him a writing, which Robin Good-fellow had given him in stead of a quittance, wherein was written as followeth, which the brewer read to him.

> I, Robin Good-fellow, true man and honest man, doe acknowledge to have received of Nicke and Froth, the cheating tapster, the summe of twenty pound, which money I have bestowed (to the tapster's content) amongst the poore of the parish, out of whose pockets this aforesayd tapster had picked the aforesaid summe, not after the manner of foisting, but after his excellent skill of bombasting, or a pint for a peny.

If now thou wilt goe hang thy selfe,
  Then take thy apron-strings.
It doth me good when such foule birds
  Upon the gallowes sings.

Per me ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW.

At this the tapster swore Walsingham;[1] but for all his swearing, the brewer made him pay him his twenty pound.

How King Obreon called Robin Good-fellow to dance.

King Obreon, seeing Robin Good-fellow doe so many honest and merry trickes, called him one night out of his bed with these words, saying:

Robin, my sonne, come quickly rise:
First stretch, then yawne, and rub your eyes;
For thou must goe with me to night,
To see and taste of my delight.
Quickly come my wanton sonne;
Twere time our sports were now begunné.

Robin, hearing this, rose and went to him. There were with King Obreon a many fayries, all attyred in greene silke: all these, with King Obreon, did welcome Robin Good-fellow into their compay. Obreon tooke Robin by the hand and led him a dance: their musician was little Tom Thumb; for hee had an excellent bag-pipe made of a wren's quill, and the skin of a Greenland louse: this pipe was so shrill, and so sweete, that a Scottish pipe compared to it, it would no more come neere it, than a Jewes-trump doth to an Irish harpe. After they had danced, King Obreon spake to his sonne, Robin Good-fellow, in this manner:

When ere you heare my piper blow,
From thy bed see that thou goe;
For nightly you must with us dance,
When we in circles round doe prance.

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[1] The Shrine of the Virgin of Walsingham was formerly much frequented, and our Lady of Walsingham was thought a proper person to swear by. See Nares, in v.

I love thee, sonne, and by the hand
I carry thee to Fairy Land,
Where thou shalt see what no man knowes:
Such love thee King Obreon owes.

So marched they in good manner, with their pipes before, to the Fairy Land: there did King Obreon shew Robin Good-fellow many secrets, which hee never did open to the world.

How Robin Good-fellow was wont to walke in the night.

Robin Good-fellow would many times walke in the night with a broome on his shoulder, and cry chimney sweepe, but when any one did call him, then would he runne away laughing *ho, ho, hoh!* Somtime hee would counterfeit a beggar, begging very pitifully, but when they came to give him an almes, he would runne away, laughing as his manner was. Sometimes would hee knocke at men's doores, and when the servants came, he would blow out the candle, if they were men; but if they were women, hee would not onely put out their light, but kisse them full sweetly, and then go away as his fashion was, *ho, ho, hoh!* Oftentimes he would sing at a doore like a singing man, and wher they did come to give him his reward, he would turne his backe and laugh. In these humors of his hee had many pretty songs, which I will sing as perfect as I can. For his chimney-sweeper's humors he had these songs: the first is to the tune of, *I have beene a fiddler these fifteene yeeres.*

Blacke I am from head to foote,
And all doth come by chimney soote:
Then, maydens, come and cherrish him
That makes your chimnies neat and trim.

Hornes have I store, but all at my backe
My head no ornament doth lacke :
I give my hornes to other men,
And ne'er require them againe.

Then come away, you wanton wives,
That love your pleasures as your lives :
To each good woman Ile give two,
Or more, if she thinke them too few.

:n would he change his note and sing the follow-
the tune of *What care I how faire she be?*

Be she blacker than the stocke,
If that thou wilt make her faire,
Put her in a cambricke smocke,
Buy her painte and flaxen haire.

One your carrier brings to towne
Will put downe your city bred ;
Put her on a broker's gowne,
That will sell her mayden-head.

Comes your Spaniard, proud in minde,
Heele have the first cut, or else none :
The meeke Italian comes behind,
And your French-man pickes the bone.

Still she trades with Dutch and Scot,
Irish, and the Germaine tall,
Till she get the thing you wot ;
Then her ends an hospitall.

ɔng to the tune of the *The Spanish Pavin.*

When Vertue was a country maide,
And had no skill to set up trade,
She came up with a carrier's jade,
And lay at racke and manger.
She whift her pipe, she drunke her can,
The pot was nere out of her span ;
She married a tobacco man,
A stranger, a stranger.

They set up shop in Hunney lane,
And thither flies did swarme amaine,
Some from France, some from Spaine,
  Traind in by scurvy panders.
At last this hunney pot grew dry,
Then both were forced for to fly
  To Flanders, to Flanders.

Another to the tune of *The Coranto.*

I peeped in at the Wool-sacke,
O, what a goodly sight did I
Behold at mid-night chyme!
The wenches were drinking of muld sacke;
Each youth on his knee, that then did want
A yeere and a halfe of his time.
    They leaped and skipped,
    They kissed and they clipped,
    And yet it was counted no crime.

The grocer's chiefe servant brought sugar,
And out of his leather pocket he puld,
And kuld some pound and a halfe;
For which he was sufferd to smacke her
That was his sweet-heart, and would not depart,
But turn'd and lickt the calfe.
    He rung her, and he flung her,
    He kist her, and he swung her,
    And yet she did nothing but laugh.

Thus would he sing about cities and townes, and when any one called him, he would change his shape, and go laughing, *ho, ho, hoh!* For his humors of begging he used this song, to the tune of *The Jovial Tinker.*

Good people of this mansion,
  Unto the poore be pleased
To doe some good, and give some food,
  That hunger may be eased.
My limbes with fire are burned,
  My goods and lands defaced;
Of wife and child I am beguild,
  So much am I debased.

Oh, give the poore some bread, cheese, or butter,
  Bacon, hempe, or flaxe;
Some pudding bring or other thing
  My need doth make me aske.

I am no common begger,
  Nor am I skild in canting:
You nere shall see a wench with me,
  Such trickes in me are wanting.
I curse not if you give not,
  But still I pray and blesse you,
Still wishing joy, and that annoy
  May never more possesse you.
Oh, give the poore some bread, cheese or butter,
  Bacon, hempe or flaxe;
Some pudding bring, or other thing,
  My neede doth make me aske.

When any came to releeve him, then would he change himselfe into some other shape, and runne laughing, *ho, ho, hoh!* Then would hee shape himselfe like to a singing man; and at men's windowes and doores sing civil and vertuous songs, one of which I will sing to the tune of *Broome.*

If thou wilt lead a blest and happy life,
  I will describe the perfect way:
First must thou shun all cause of mortall strife,
  Against thy lusts continually to pray.
    Attend unto God's word:
    Great comfort 'twill afford;
    'Twill keepe thee from discord.
    Then trust in God, the Lord,
        for ever,
        for ever;
    And see in this thou persever.

So soone as day appeareth in the east
  Give thanks to him, and mercy crave;
So in this life thou shalt be surely blest,
  And mercy shalt thou find in grave.
    The conscience that is cleere,
    No horror doth it feare;

Sib and Tib, Licke and Lull,
  You all have trickes, too ;
Little Tom Thumb that pipes
  Shall goe betwixt you.
Tom, tickle up thy pipes
  Till they be weary :
I will laugh, *ho, ho, hoh!*
  And make me merry.
Make a ring on this grasse
  With your quicke measures :
Tom shall play, I will sing
  For all your pleasures.

The moone shines faire and bright,[1]
  And the owle hollows,
Mortals now take their rests
  Upon their pillows :
The bats abroad likewise,
  And the night raven,
Which doth use for to call
  Men to Death's haven.
Now the mice peepe abroad,
  And the cats take them,
Now doe young wenches sleepe,
  Till their dreames wake them.
Make a ring on the grasse
  With your quicke measures :
Tom shall play, I will sing
  For all your pleasures.

Thus danced they a good space : as last they left and sat downe upon the grasse ; and to requite Robin Good-fellowes kindnesse, they promised to tell him all the exploits that they were accustomed to doe: Robin thanked them and listned to them, and one begun to tell his trickes in this manner.

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[1] If this work is really anterior to the Midsummer Night's Dream, this perhaps suggested to Shakespeare the beautiful lines of Puck, commencing,

"How the hungry lion roars."

See further observations on the similarity in my Introduction to that play, p. 39.—*Halliwell.*

The trickes of the fayry called Pinch.

After that wee have danced in this manner as you have beheld, I, that am called Pinch, do goe about from house to house: sometimes I find the dores of the house open; that negligent servants had left them so, I doe so nip him or her, that with my pinches their bodyes are as many colors as a mackrels backe. Then take I them, and lay I them in the doore, naked or unnaked I care not whether: there they lye, many times till broad day, ere they waken; and many times, against their wills, they shew some parts about them, that they would not have openly seene.

Sometimes I find a slut sleeping in the chimney corner, when she should be washing of her dishes, or doing something else which she hath left undone: her I pinch about the armes, for not laying her armes to her labor. Some I find in their bed snorting and sleeping, and their houses lying as cleane as a nasty doggs kennell; in one corner bones, in another eg-shells, behind the doore a heap of dust, the dishes under feet, and the cat in the cubbord: all these sluttish trickes I doe reward with blue legges, and blue armes. I find some slovens too, as well as sluts: they pay for their beastlinesse too, as well as the women-kind; for if they uncase a sloven and not unty their points, I so pay their armes that they cannot sometimes untye them, if they would. Those that leave foule shooes, or goe into their beds with their stockings on, I use them as I did the former, and never leave them till they have left their beastlinesse.

But to the good I doe no harme,
But cover them, and keepe them warme:
Sluts and slovens I doe pinch,
And make them in their beds to winch.

This is my practice and my trade
Many have I cleanely made.

The trickes of the fayry called Pach.

About mid-night do I walke, and for the trickes I play they call me Pach. When I find a slut asleepe, I smuch her face if it be cleane; but if it be durty, I wash it in the next pissepot that I can finde: the balls I use to wash such sluts withal is a sows pancake, or a pilgrimes salve. Those that I find with their heads nitty and scabby, for want of combing, I am their barbers, and cut their hayre as close as an apes tayle; or else clap so much pitch on it, that they must cut it off themselves to their great shame. Slovens also that neglect their master's businesse, they doe not escape. Some I find that spoyle their master's horses for want of currying: those I doe daube with grease and soote, and they are faine to curry themselves ere they can get cleane. Others that for laysinesse will give the poor beasts no meate, I oftentimes so punish them with blowes, that they cannot feed themselves they are so sore.

Thus many trickes, I, Pach, can doe,
But to the good I ne'ere was foe:
The bad I hate and will doe ever,
Till they from ill themselves doe sever.
To help the good Ile run and goe,
The bad no good from me shall know.

The tricks of the fairy called Gull.

When mortals keep their beds I walke abroad, and for my prankes am called by the name of Gull. I with a fayned voyce doe often deceive many men, to their great amazement. Many times I get on men and women, and so lye on their stomackes, that I

cause their great paine, for which they call me by the name of Hagge, or Night-mare. Tis I that doe steale children, and in the place of them leave changelings. Sometime I also steale milke and creame, and then with my brothers, Patch, Pinch, and Grim, and sisters Sib, Tib, Licke and Lull, I feast with my stolne goods: our little piper hath his share in all our spoyles, but hee nor our women fayries doe ever put themselves in danger to doe any great exploit.

What Gull can doe, I have you showne;
I am inferior unto none.
Command me, Robin, thou shalt know,
That I for thee will ride or goe:
I can doe greater things than these
Upon the land, and on the seas.

The trickes of the fairy cald Grim.

I walke with the owle, and make many to cry as loud as she doth hollow. Sometimes I doe affright many simple people, for which some have termed me the Blacke Dog of New-gate. At the meetings of young men and maydes I many times am, and when they are in the midst of all their good cheare, I come in, in some feareful shape, and affright them, and then carry away their good cheare, and eate it with my fellow fayries. Tis I that do, like a skritch-owle, cry at sicke men's windowes, which makes the hearers so fearefull, that they say, that the sicke person cannot live. Many other wayes have I to fright the simple, but the understanding man I cannot moove to feare, because he knowes I have no power to do hurt.

My nightly businesse I have told,
To play these trickes I use of old;
When candles burne both blue and dim,
Old folkes will say, Here's fairy Grim.

The Gossips drank good store of sack
as then provided be.
And Robin was this infant call'd,
so named then was he;
What pranks he did, and how he liv'd,
I'll tell you certainly.

CHAPTER II.—*How Robin Good-fellow carried his nurse, and how he ran away from his mother.*

When Robin was a pretty bud,
some foure years of age,
He did much waggish tricks to men,
as they in him would rage.
Then his mother they complain'd,
which grieved her to heare,
And for these pranks she threatened him
he should have whipping cheare,

If thou he did not leave his tricks,
his jeering mocks and mowes:
Quoth she, "Thou vile untutor'd youth,
these pranks no breeding shewes:
I cannot to the market goe,
nor are I backe returne,
Thou scoldst my neighbours in such sort,
which makes my heart to mourne.

"But I will make you to repent
these things, ere I have done:
I will no favour have on thee,
although thou beest my sonne."
Robin was grief'd to heare these words
which she to him did say,
But to prevent his punishment,
from her he run away.

In time of old, when fayries us'd
  to wander in the night,
And through key-holes swiftly glide,
  now marke my story right,
Among these pretty fairy elves
  was Oberon, their king,
Who us'd to keepe them company
  still at their revelling.

And sundry houses they did use,
  but one, above the rest,
Wherein a comely lasse did dwell,
  that pleased King Oberon best.
This lovely damsell, neat and faire,
  so courteous, meek, and mild,
As sayes my booke, by Oberon
  she was begot with child.

She knew not who the father was,
  but thus to all would say—
In night time he to her still came,
  and went away ere day.
The midwife having better skill
  than had this new made mother,
Quoth she, "Surely some fairy 'twas,
  for it can be no other."

And so the old wife rightly judg'd,
  for it was so indeed.
This fairy shew'd himself most kind,
  and helpt his love at need;
For store of linnen he provides,
  and brings her for her baby;
With dainty cates and choised fare,
  he serv'd her like a lady.

The Christening time then being come,
  most merry they would be,

Begun to chide; quoth Robin then,
"I doe as I was bid."

His Master then the gowne did take,
and to his worke did fall:
By that time he had done the same,
the maid for it did call.
Quoth he to Robin, "Goe thy wayes
and fetch the remnants hither,
That yesterday we left," said he,
"wee'l breake our fasts together."

Then Robin hies him up the staires
and brings the remnants downe,
Which he did know his master sav'd
out of the woman's gowne.
The taylor he was vext at this;
he meant remnants of meat,
That this good woman, ere she went,
might there her breakfast eate.

Quoth she, "This is a breakfast good
I tell you, friend, indeed;
And to requite your love I will
send for some drinke with speed."
And Robin he must goe for it
with all the speed he may:
He takes the pot and money too,
and runnes from thence away.

When he had wandred all the day,
a good way from the towne,
Unto a forest then he came:
to sleepe he laid him downe.
Then Oberon came with all his elves,
and danced about his sonne,
With musick pleasing to the eare;
and, when that it was done,

King Oberon layes a scroule by him,
  that he might understand
Whose sonne he was, and how hee'd grant
  whate'er he did demand:
To any forme that he did please
  himselfe he would translate;
And how one day hee'd send for him
  to see his fairy state.

Then Robin longs to know the truth
  of this mysterious skill,
And turnes himselfe into what shape
  he thinks upon or will.
Sometimes a neighing horse was he,
  sometimes a gruntling hog,
Sometimes a bird, sometimes a crow,
  sometimes a snarling dog.

CHAPTER IV.—*How Robin Good-fellow was merry at the bridehouse.*

Now Robin having got this art,
  he oft would make good sport,[1]
And hearing of a wedding day,
  he makes him ready for't.
Most like a joviall fidler then
  he drest himselfe most gay,
And goes unto the wedding house,
  there on his crowd to play.

He welcome was unto this feast,
  and merry they were all;
He play'd and sung sweet songs all day,
  at night to sports did fall.

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[1] So in A Midsummer Night's Dream, act iii. sc. 2—
"I with the morning's love have *oft made sport.*"

He first did put the candles out,
  and being in the dark,
Some would he strike, and some would pin
  And then sing like a lark.

The candles being light againe,
  and things well and quiet,
A goodly posset was brought in
  to mend their former diet.
Then Robin for to have the same
  did turne him to a beare:
Straight at that sight the people all
  did run away for feare.

Then Robin did the posset eate,
  and having served them so,
Away goes Robin with all haste,
  then laughing hoe, hoe, hoe!

CHAPTER V.—*Declaring how Robin Good-fellow ser an old lecherous man.*

There was an old man had a neece,
  a very beauteous maid;
To wicked lust her unkle sought
  this faire one to perswade.

But she a young man lov'd too deare
  to give consent thereto;
'Twas Robin's chance upon a time
  to heare their grievous woe.
"Content your selfe," then Robin saies,
  "and I will ease your griefe,
I have found out an excellent way
  that will yeeld you reliefe."

He sends them to be married straight,
  and he, in her disguise,

Hies home with all the speed he may
  to blind her uncle's eyes:
And there he plyes his work amaine,
  doing more in one houre,
Such was his skill and workmanship,
  than she could doe in foure.

The old man wondred for to see
  the worke goe on so fast,
And there withall more worke doth he
  unto good Robin cast.
Then Robin said to his old man,
  "good uncle, if you please
To grant me but one ten pound,
  I'le yeeld your love-suit ease."

"Ten pounds," quoth he, "I will give thee,
  sweet Neece, with all my heart,
So thou wilt grant to me thy love,
  to ease my troubled heart."
"Then let me a writing have," quoth he,
  "from your owne hand with speed,
That I may marry my sweet-heart
  when I have done this deed."

The old man he did give consent
  that he these things should have,
Thinking that it had bin his neece
  that did this bargain crave;
And unto Robin then quoth he,
  "my gentle n[eece, behold,
Goe thou into [thy chamber soone,
  and I'le goe [bring the gold."

When he into [the chamber came,
  thinking in[deed to play,
Straight Robin [upon him doth fall,
  and carries h[im away

Into the chamb[er where the two
  faire lovers [did abide,
And gives to th[em their unkle old,
  I, and the g[old beside.

The old man [vainly Robin sought,
  so man[y shapes he tries;
Someti[mes he was a hare or hound,
  someti[mes like bird he flies.
The [more he strove the less he sped,
  th[e lovers all did see;
And [thus did Robin favour them
  full [kind and merrilie.

[Thus Robin lived a merry life
  as any could enjoy,
'Mongst country farms he did resort,
  and oft would folks annoy:]
But if the maids doe call to him,
  he still away will goe
In knavish sort, and to himselfe
  he'd laugh out hoe, hoe, hoe!

He oft would beg and crave an almes,
  but take nought that they'd give:
In severall shapes he'd gull the world,
  thus madly did he live.
Sometimes a cripple he would seeme,
  sometimes a souldier brave:
Sometimes a fox, sometimes a hare;
  brave pastimes would he have.

Sometimes an owle he'd seeme to be
  sometimes a skipping frog;
Sometimes a kirne, in Irish shape,
  to leape ore mire or bog;
Sometime he'd counterfeit a voyce,
  and travellers call astray,

Sometimes a walking fire he'd be,
  and lead them from their way.

Some call him Robin Good-fellow,
  Hob-goblin or mad Crisp,
And some againe doe tearme him oft
  by name of Will the Wispe;
But call him by what name you list,
  I have studied on my pillow,
I think the best name he deserves
  is Robin the Good Fellow.

At last upon a summer's night
  King Oberon found him out,
And with his elves in dancing wise
  straight circled him about.
The fairies danc't, and little Tom Thumb
  on his bag-pipe did play,
And thus they danc't their fairy round
  till almost break of day.

Then Phebus he most gloriously
  begins to grace the aire,
When Oberon with his fairy traine
  begins to make repaire,
With speed unto the fairy land,
  they swiftly tooke their way,
And I out of my dreame awak't,
  And so 'twas perfect day.

Thus having told my dreame at full
  I'le bid you all farewell.
If you applaud mad Robin's prankes,
  may be ere long I'le tell
Some other stories to your eares,
  which shall contentment give:
To gaine your favours I will seeke
  the longest day I live.

X.

Rowlands on Goblins.

FROM a curious tract by Rowlands, called "More Knaves yet? The Knaves of Spades and Diamonds," 4to. Lond. n.d. It has been reprinted entire by the Percy Society, under the care of Dr Rimbault. The following is entitled, "Of Ghoasts and Goblins."

In old wives daies, that in old time did live
(To whose odde tales much credit men did give)
Great store of goblins, fairies, bugs, night-mares,
Urchins, and elves, to many a house repaires.
Yea far more sprites hid haunt in divers places,
Then there be women now weare devils faces.
Amongst the rest was a Good Fellow devill,
So cal'd in kindnes, cause he did no evill,
Knowne by the name of Robin (as we heare),
And that his eyes as broad as sawcers were,
Who came a-nights, and would make kitchins cleane,
And in the bed bepinch a lazie queane.
Was much in mils about the grinding meale,
(And sure, I take it, taught the miller steale);

Amongst the creame-bowles and milke-pans would be,
And with the country wenches, who but he
To wash their dishes for some fresh cheese hire,
Or set their pots and kettles 'bout the fire.
'Twas a mad Robin that did divers pranckes,
For which with some good cheare they gave him thankes,
And that was all the kindnes he expected,
With gaine (it seemes) he was not much infected.
But as that times is past, that Robin's gone,
He and his night-mates are to us unknowne,
And in the stede of such good-fellow sprites
We meet with Robin Bad-Fellow a-nights,
That enters houses secret in the darke,
And only comes to pilfer, steale, and sharke,
And as the one made dishes cleane (they say),
The other takes them quite and cleane away,
What'ere it be that is within his reach,
The filching tricke he doth his fingers teach.
But as Good-Fellow Robin had reward
With milke and creame that friends for him prepar'd,
For being busie all the night in vaine,
(Though in the morning all things safe remaine),
Robin Bad-Fellow wanting such a supper,
Shall have his breakfast with a rope and butter,
To which let all his fellowes be invited,
That with such deeds of darknesse are delighted.

XI.

An Episode of Fairies.

[From the Maydes Metamorphosis, 4to, Lond. 1600, a Play attributed by Kirkman to Lilly.]

Enter the Fairies, singing and dancing.

BY the moon we sport and play,
With the night begins our day:[1]
As we dance the dew doth fall;
Trip it, little urchins all,
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two, and three by three,
And about go we, and about go we.[2]

Jo. What mawmets are these?

Fris. O, they be the fairies that haunt these woods.

---

[1] So Milton—

"Come, let us our rites begin;
'Tis only daylight that makes sin."

[2] This song is set to music in an old collection by Ravenscroft and others, and is quoted in Douce's Illustrations, vol. i. p. 11.

Mop. O, we shall be pinch'd most cruelly.

1 *Fay.* Will you have any music, sir?

2 *Fay.* Will you have any fine music?

3 *Fay.* Most dainty music?

Mop. (*aside.*) We must set a face on't now, there's o flying. No, sir, we are very merry, I thank you.

1 *Fay.* O, but you shall, sir.

Fris. No, I pray you save your labour.

2 *Fay.* O, sir, it shall not cost you a penny.

Jo. Where be your fiddles?

3 *Fay.* You shall have most dainty instruments, sir.

Mop. I pray you, what might I call you?

1 *Fay.* My name is Penny.

Mop. I am sorry I cannot purse you.

Fris. I pray you, sir, what might I call you?

1 *Fay.* My name is Cricket.

Mop. I would I were a chimney for your sake.[1]

Jo. I pray you, you pretty little fellow, what's your name?

3 *Fay.* My name is Little-little Prick.

Jo. Little-little Prick! O, you are a dangerous fairy, and fright all the little wenches in the country out of their beds. I care not whose hand I were in, so I were out of yours.

1 *Fay.* I do come about the cops,
Leaping upon flowers' tops.
Then I get upon a fly,
She carries me above the sky,
And trip and go.

2 *Fay.* When a dew-drop falleth down,
And doth light upon my crown,
Then I shake my head and skip,
And about I trip.

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[1] All this is so similar to The Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 1, that one must have been taken from the other.

3 *Fay.* When I feel a girl asleep,
Underneath her frock I peep,
There to sport, and there I play.
Then I bite her like a flea,
And about I skip.
Jo. Ay, I thought where I should have you.
1 *Fay.* Wilt please you dance, sir?
Jo. Indeed, sir, I cannot handle my legs.
2 *Fay.* O, you must needs dance and sing,
Which if you refuse to do,
We will pinch you black and blue,
And about we go.

They all dance in a ring, and sing as followeth.

Round about, round about, in a fine ring-a;
Thus we dance, thus we dance, and thus we sing-a.
Trip and go, to and fro, over this green-a,
All about, in and out, for our brave queen-a.

Round about, round about, in a fine ring-a;
Thus we dance, thus we dance, and thus we sing-a.
Trip and go, to and fro, over this green-a,
All about, in and out, for our brave queen-a.

We have danc'd round about in a fine ring-a;
We have danc'd lustily, and thus we sing-a,—
All about, in and out, over this green-a,
To and fro, trip and go, to our brave queen-a.

which subtletie shee purchast to herselfe great opinion of her skill, and many large summes of monie.

CHAP. 9.—*How two men came to know where a spoone was lost, and how they spared their monie.*

It happened, that a silver spoone being lost in a gentleman's house of good worship, and the butler, because it was through his negligence, was enjoyned to pay for it, hee called to one of his fellowes, and early in the morning, came to this woman's house, purposing for his better satisfaction to know a private theefe, and for his owne better justification, to give her ten groats, but to shew him the fellow or to helpe him to his spoone againe. And comming betimes in the morning, they found her scolding and clamouring with her neighbours, because some rude fellow had in knaverie plaid the beast just upon the threshold of the doore; and amongst other exclamations, quoth shee, "If I did but know, what man, woman, or child, had done me this wrong, I would bee severely revenged for so grosse an injurie." The butler, apprehending her wordes, "Come," saith he to his fellow, "wee will goe backe, and save this monie."—"Why?" quoth his fellow. "Because," saith hee, "if this wise woman cannot tell who hath plaid the beast upon the threshold of the doore, which is so neare her, how can shee tell who hath my spoone, which was stolne so far off?" and so returned the same way they came, without adding losse to losse, or shooting a second arrow after the first,[1] which they assuredly knew was lost.

[1] A kind of proverbial expression, which Shakespeare has amplified, and made so good use of in the "Merchant of Venice," act i. sc. 1.

dred not more straunge and ugly imperfect monsters in Egypt, then this age doth impostures in and about the citie of London: no cousonage is left unpractised, no cheat unattempted, no meanes to deceive unaffected, insomuch that the suburbs in some places may be compared to a schoole of cousonages, and a mart of unheard of abuses, of which every succeeding month begets sundrie of the newest and last edition, every one striving to exceed another in craft and subtlety.

What straine of invention stretcht to the highest key of subornation, what almost incredible forgerie, without bound, limit, or dimension, what degree of jugling, counterfetting, what fraud or fallacies have not beene practised in that height of cunning, able, as it were, to foole the simplicity of the former times, to gull the present ages, and to give precedents to the succeeding seasons, scarce to be equald or paraleld?

The innocency of the first world strived to excell in vertue, but the poyson of this infected age strives to exceed in vice. Happy was that man, that in the nonage of the golden world could leave behinde him any presedent worthy to imitate, but they hold themselves in this dotage of the iron age most remarkable, that can put upon these times any imputation which deservedly can undergoe the scandall of reproofe. Why should else such new impostures be continually hatcht, of which the first and most innocent seasons were not so much guilty as to know how to entitle them? To these new abuses we had therefore need of Callepine to devise new names, for as there is no Latine, Greeke, or Hebrew word for Tobacco, but Tobacco, the reason is, it was an herbe not knowne by our granfathers, nor that customary habit which the world hath lately entertained it: so I may speake of these cousonages now in use, which till now not knowne, I know not how to stile them by any name

bone, so that the gentleman was not able to goe or stand : shee then tooke upon her to play the surgeon, but she so ordered the matter, that in two tearmes hee was not able to pull on a boot, not stir from his lodging, till his monie was almost quite wasted.

CHAP. 12.—*How she cousoned another woman of many rings and jewels.*

There dwelt in one of the best parts of the citie a woman of no meane substance, if her wit had been answerable to her wealth, or her understanding to her yeares. This cousoner, meaning to lay a pit-fall to entrap her, inquires secretly what country woman shee was, how educated, what was the name of her first and second husband, where she had dwelt, how long in a place, how many children she had, how many were living, how many sonnes, how many daughters, with a particular of their names, and how they were bestowed ; how many suters she had then, and whom she best respected. All which she privatly learned of an old char-woman that frequented the house much, and whom she had corrupted to her purpose. This done, and many other instructions learned, she cunningly gets a letter to be drawne from a deere friend of this gentlewoman's in the country, whom she much respected, and attiring herselfe like a plaine countri-woman, inquires for such a gentlewoman, knocks at her dore, and with many a counterfeit courtesie, delivers it to her. Which when that gentlewoman had read, and understood the contents, she intreats her to sit downe, sends for wine, and desires her of further conference. For that letter contained a particular character of this counterfeit, that she was extra-ordinarily skilled in magick, could tell fortunes,

could tell where any treasure was hid, and obtaine it; besides could advise her in many other things that were for her future good, of which the letter said the gentleman her friend had made perfect and sound triall. After some discourse afar off, shee began to tell her shee was never in London till then, yet could she discours of many things that had privatly hapned to her, tel her what rooms she had in her house, and how they were furnisht, what chests, what rings, what stones in them and how fashioned, for al these things and more she had privatly learned before, which put the gentlewoman in an undoubted belief of her cunning. She next desired to see her hand, and at sight of it smilingly said she was born to many good fortunes, and much beloved of the king of fayries. Then she asked her if she was not borne in such a place, had not had so many husbandes, and had not so many children so bestowed. To which the simple gentlewoman answered yea, with great admiration how she that never saw her till then, and was never in the citie before, could make such a true relation. And now she begins in her heart to esteeme the care and love of her friend, and so to give way to this woman's purpose. Then she told her what suters she had, and smilingly said, and in sooth, and tell me true, doe you not love such a man best? She answered yes, still more and more amazed at her cunning. True saith she, your seller is vauted thus and thus, and there is such a corner in it, is there not? To all which she answered yea. Undoubtedly then, quoth she, but I must sweare you to secrecie, there is much gold and silver hid in that place, but unlesse you protest to keepe it close to yourselfe, and never to call my name in question, I will not undertake the taking of it up. Protestations past on both sides, the one for the undertaking, the other

but all this was no charges in regard it should be returned tenfold; therefore the more they bestowed, the more would be their gaines, in so much that their covetous simplicity so overswayed their understanding, that at several times this Circe had enchanted from them the sum of 40 pounds: and to encourage them the further, they brought him into a vault, where they shewed him two attired like the king and queene of fayries, and by them elves and goblings, and in the same place an infinite company of bags, and upon them written, "This is for Thomas Moore," "This is for his wife," but would not let him touch anything, which gave him some incouragement to his almost despairing hope; but still he received no profit.

Yet at last beginning to looke into his estate, and what impossibility there was, he began to doubt some imposture, and thought to acquaint these proceedings to some friend, to whom he might communicate the busines. He was as some think, and as by the sequel it appeared, stroke lame by her sorceries, after which she presently repaired to him, told him his purpose to blab the secrets of the fayries was come to the eares of Oberon, for which he inraged, had inflicted this punishment upon him, but at the intercession of the fayrie queene, and in hope of his future secresie, she had provided him an oile, with which being bathed, he should instantly recover; which accordingly hapned, and gave no greater strength to his limbs then it did grouth to his opinion. She therfore upon disbursing of more money, caused them to buy chests, trunks, nay sacks, halfe tubs and barrels, which she promised the faryies wold fill with treasure. But though they were carefully provided, yet they stood empty, and he almost as void of hope, as his vessels of mony, till at length she drue the maid into a dark celler, and by some strong illusion shewed two in strange habits,

he might see or speak with her. Why thus, quoth she, bring foure of the fairest silver and guilt peeces of plate in thy master's shop into such a close by S. Giles, and place them at the foure corners of the close, and they shal not onely be turned to perfect gold, but there thou shalt confer with the amorous queen of fayries. The young man the next morning got up early according to his houre, went to the close, and placed the plate at the foure corners, still expecting the queen of fayries, and then this Alice West had plast in a ditch foure of her consorts, who came forth, and with stones and brickbats so beat the poore prentise that he ran home, and forgot to take his plate with him. His corage was cold for meeting the Q. of fayries.

There remains many other that are not yet revealed, but at their next arainment, when they come to light, we will acquaint you with the projects which appeare to me as things necessary to be divulged, because that such as have not falne in these pitfals, may by this means avoid them, seeing such daily presedents before their eyes of lamentable repentance, wishing withall, that the ancient proverbe in the accedence, may in such hereafter be verifyed. *Happy are they whom other men's harmes do make to beware.*

she so farre perswaded with him, that hee constantly presumed to lay in her power to tell him which of them should die first. She humourd him so long, and with such cunning tricks and shifts deluded him, that at sundry times, upon his owne protestation, she had of him at least three score pound, putting him in hope that she should not outlive this day nor that: but he being urgent to know what to trust to, because he had alreadie bespoke his second wife, she assured him she should die as the last Christmas Eve, yet upon Christmas day she was able to sup as hote plumbe pottage, and eat as hard brawne as the youngest wife betweene East and West Cheap.

CHAP. 4.—*How she made a maid in the Strand sit all a cold night in a garden naked, with a pot of earth in her lap, promising her it should be turned to gold in the morning.*

Another simple maid, whom she knew had hourded the best part of seven yeares wages of her good huswivery togither upon promise of the greatest part she had, she perswaded to sit naked in a garden a whole cold frostie winters night, with a pot of earth in her lap, promising that ere morning the queene of fayries should turne it into gold: and in the meane time that this poore maid sate there, this cunning queane ranne away with he money and her cloathes; and others she had cousend in the like kinde.

CHAP. 5.—*How a young man came to her to know when his master should die.*

A young man came to this cunning woman to know when his master should die, for he had more than a monthes minde to marry with his mistresse. Shee

Another sort there be, that will
Be talking of the Fairies still,
Nor never[1] can they have their fill,
  As they were wedded to them:
No tales of them their thirst can slake,
So much delight in them they take,
And some strange thing they fain would make,
  Knew they the way to do them!

Then since no muse hath been so bold,
Or of the later, or the old,
Those elvish secrets to unfold,
  Which lie from others' reading;
My active muse to light shall bring
The court of that proud Fairy King,
And tell there of the revelling:
  Jove prosper my proceeding!

And thou, Nymphidia, gentle fay,
Which meeting me upon the way,
These secrets didst to me bewray,
  Which now I am in telling:
My pretty, light, fantastic maid,
I here invoke thee to my aid,
That I may speak what thou hast said,
  In numbers smoothly swelling.

This palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placed there,
That it no tempests needs to fear,
  Which way soe'er it blow it:
And somewhat southward tow'rd the noon,

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[1] Ritson alters this to *ever*. I prefer the ancient duplication of the negative, although of course not grammatically correct. Other instances occur in the course of the poem.

and misers, as finely as they fetch off young heires that are newly come to their lands. As for example.

CHAP. 7.—*How she cousened a gentlewoman of much gold and silver.*

A gentlewoman ancient of great fortunes, and therefore should be wise, but assuredly wealthy, and therefore commonly covetous, to her shee brings a smooth compacted tale from the queene of fayries, who went to bestow on her a large quantity of coyne, which to the gentlewoman appearing at first little better then ridiculous, shee told her shee would for her better satisfaction shew her apparently that there was no impossibilitie in anything that she had before suggested, and for instance, quoth she, lend me from you a faire white diaper napkin, and two new shillings, and you shall see what, by the help of the fayrie queene, I can make of them. The gentlewoman did so. She presently making her beleeve she had tyed the two shillings in the corners of the napkin, by a cunning jugling slight conveighed into their places two twentie shilling peeces, unknowne to the gentlewoman, who took them to be no other then those shillings she had before delivered her: she perswades her to locke them safe in a chest, of which shee herselfe would keepe the key, confirming to her that within sixe dayes, or there abouts, by the power of the fayrie queene, they should turn to double soveraignes. The sixe dayes expired, and according as shee had promised, when they came to open the diaper napkin, they found instead of two King James his shillings, two faire Elizabeth soveraignes.

This put the gentlewoman in some hope, and three or foure times after the same fashion shee

The house for cleanly sweeping:
And in their courses make that round,
In meadows and in marshes found,
Of them so call'd the fairy-ground,
Of which they have the keeping.

These, when a child haps to be got,
Which after proves an idiot,
When folks perceive it thriveth not,
The fault therein to smother,
Some silly doating brainless calf,
That understands things by the half,
Says that the Faëry left this aulf,[1]
And took away the other.

But listen, and I shall you tell,
A chance in Faëry that befell,
Which, certainly, may please you well,
In love and arms delighting,
Of Oberon, that jealous grew
Of one of his own fairy crew:
Too well (he fear'd) his queen that knew,
His love but ill requiting.

Pigwiggen was this fairy knight:
One wond'rous gracious in the sight
Of fair queen Mab, which day and night
He amorously observed:
Which made king Oberon suspect
His service took too good effect,
His sauciness and often check'd,
And could have wish'd him starved.

Pigwiggen gladly would commend
Some token to queen Mab to send,

[1] [Elf.]

If sea or land him aught could lend
  Were worthy of her wearing.
At length this lover doth devise
A bracelet made of emmets' eyes,
A thing he thought that she would prize,
  No whit her state impairing.

And to the queen a letter writes,
Which he most curiously indites,
Conjuring her by all the rites
  Of love, she would be pleased
To meet him, her true servant, where
They might without suspect or fear
Themselves to one another clear,
  And have their poor hearts eased.

At midnight, the appointed hour,
And for the queen a fitting bow'r
(Quoth he) is that fair cowslip-flow'r,
  On Hipcut Hill that groweth;
In all your train there's not a fay,
That ever went to gather may,
But she hath made it in her way,
  The tallest there that groweth.

When by Tom Thumb, a fairy page,
He sent it, and doth him engage,
By promise of a mighty wage,
  It secretly to carry.
Which done the queen her maids doth call,
And bids them to be ready all,
She would go see her summer-hall,
  She could no longer tarry.

Her chariot ready straight is made;
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stay'd,

For nought must her be letting:
For coaches gaits the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamer,
Fly Cobbon, her charioteer,
Upon the moon-lock pearing.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excell;
The fair queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limming:
The same the soft wool of the bee,
The cover galantly to see,
The wing of a fly's butterfly:
I now 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels compos'd of crickets' bone
And finely made for the bounce;
For fear of jarring on the stones,
With thistle-down they shod it:
For all her maidens much did fear,
If Oberon had chanc'd to hear,
That Mab his queen should have been
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice,
Until her maids, that were so nice,
To wait on her were fitted,
But ran herself away alone;
Which when they heard, there was not
But hasted after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted.

Hop, and Mop, and Drop so clear,
Pip, and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab their sovereign ever dear,

Her special maids of honour;
Fib and Tib, and Pinck, and Pin,
Tick and Quick, and Jil, and Jin,
Tit and Nit, and Wap, and Win:
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
And, what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
But after her they hie them.
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow,
Themselves they wisely could bestow,
Lest any should espy them.

But let us leave queen Mab a while,
Through many a gate, o'er many a stile,
That now had gotten by this while,
Here dear Pigwiggen kissing;
And tell how Oberon doth fare,
Who grew as mad as any hare,
When he had sought each place with care,
And found his queen was missing.

By grisly Pluto he doth swear:
He rent his clothes and tore his hair:
And as he runneth here and there,
An acorn cup he greeteth;
Which soon he taketh by the stalk,
About his head he lets it walk,
Nor doth he any creature baulk,
But lays on all he meeteth.

The Tuscan poet doth advance
The frantic Paladine of France,
And those more ancient do enhance

Alcides in his fury;
And others Ajax Telamon;
But to this time there hath been none
So bedlam as our Oberon,
Of which I dare assure ye.

And first encount'ring with a wasp,
He in his arms the fly doth clasp,
As tho' his breath he forth would grasp,
Him for Pigwiggen taking.
"Where is my wife, thou rogue?" (quoth he
"Pigwiggen, she is come to thee;
Restore her, or thou dy'st by me!"
Whereat the poor wasp quaking,

Cries, "Oberon, great fairy king,
Content thee, I am no such thing;
I am a wasp, behold my sting!"
At which the fairy started.
When soon away the wasp doth go,
Poor wretch was never frighted so,
He thought his wings were much too slow,
O'erjoy'd they were so parted.

He next upon a glow-worm light,
(You must suppose it now was night)
Which for her hinder part was bright,
He took to be a devil;
And furiously doth her assail
For carrying fire in her tail;
He thrash'd her rough coat with his flail,
The mad king fear'd no evil.

"O!" quoth the glow-worm, "hold thy ha
Thou puissant king of Fairy-land,
Thy mighty strokes who may withstand?

Hold, or of life despair I."
Together then herself doth roll,
And tumbling down into a hole,
She seem'd as black as any coal,
Which vext away the fairy.

From thence he ran into a hive,
Amongst the bees he letteth drive,
And down their combs begins to rive,
All likely to have spoiled:
Which with their wax his face besmear'd,
And with their honey daub'd his beard;
It would have made a man afeard,
To see how he was moiled.

A new adventure him betides:
He met an ant, which he bestrides,
And post thereon away he rides,
Which with his haste doth stumble,
And came full over on her snout;
Her heels so threw the dirt about,
For she by no means could get out,
But over him doth tumble.

And being in this piteous case,
And all beslurried head and face,
On runs he in this wild-goose chase,
As here and there he rambles,
Half blind, against a mole-hill hit.
And for a mountain taking it,
For all he was out of his wit,
Yet to the top he scrambles.

And being gotten to the top,
Yet there himself he could not stop.
But down on th'other side doth chop,

To let her sovereign Mab to know
  What peril was approaching.

The queen, bound with loves pow'rful'st charm,
Sat with Pigwiggen arm in arm;
Her merry maids, that thought no harm,
  About the room were skipping:
A humble-bee, their minstrel, play'd
Upon his hobby; ev'ry maid
Fit for this revel was array'd,
  The hornpipe neatly tripping.

In comes Nymphidia, and doth cry,
"My sovereign, for your safety fly,
For there is danger but too nigh,
  I posted to forewarn you:
The king hath sent Hob-goblin out,
To seek you all the fields about,
And of your safety you may doubt,
  If he but once discern you."

When, like an uproar in the town,
Before them every thing went down;
Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,
  'Gainst one another justling.
They flew about like chaff i' th' wind;
For haste some left their masks behind,
Some could not stay their gloves to find;
  There never was such bustling!

Forth ran they, by a secret way,
Into a brake, that near them lay,
Yet much they doubted there to stay,
  Lest Hob should hap to find them:
He had a sharp and piercing sight,

All one to him the day and night,
And therefore were resolv'd by flight
  To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanc'd to find a nut,
In th'end of which a hole was cut,
Which lay upon a hazel root,
  There scatter'd by a squirrel,
Which out the kernel gotten had :
When quoth this fay, "Dear queen, be glad,
Let Oberon be ne'er so mad,
  I'll set you safe from peril."

"Come all into this nut," quoth she,
"Come closely in, be rul'd by me ;
Each one may here a chooser be,
  For room ye need not wrestle,
Nor need ye be together heapt."
So one by one therein they creept,
And (lying down) they soundly slept,
  As safe as in a castle.

Nymphidia, that this while doth watch,
Perceiv'd, if Puck the queen should catch,
That he would be her over-match,
  Of which she well bethought her ;
Found it must be some pow'rful charm,
The queen against him that must arm,
Or surely he would do her harm,
  For throughly he had sought her.

And list'ning if she aught could hear,
What her might hinder or might fear ;
But finding still the coast was clear,
  Nor creature had descri'd her :

Each circumstance and having scann'd,
She came thereby to understand.
Puck would be with them out of hand.
When to her arms she hi'd her.

And first her fern-seed doth bestow,
The kernel of the mistletoe:
And here and there as Puck should go,
With terror to affright him,
She night-shade straws to work him ill,
Therewith her vervain and her dill,
That hind'reth witches of their will,
Of purpose to despite him.

Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,
That groweth underneath the yew,
With nine drops of the midnight dew
From lunary distilling;
The molewarp's brain mixt therewithal,
And with the same the pismire's gall:
For she in nothing short would fall,
The fairy was so willing.

Then thrice under a briar doth creep,
Which at both ends was rooted deep,
And over it three times she leap,
Her magic much availing:
Then on Proserpina doth call,
And so upon her spell doth fall,
Which here to you repeat I shall,
Not in one tittle failing.

"By the croaking of the frog,
By the howling of the dog,
By the crying of the hog

Against the storm arising;
By the evening curfew-bell,
By the doleful dying knell,
O! let this my direfull spell,
Hob, hinder thy surprising!

"By the mandrake's dreadful groans,
By the lubrican's sad moans,
By the noise of dead men's bones
In charnel-houses rattling;
By the hissing of the snake,
The rustling of the fire-drake,
I charge thee this place forsake,
Nor of Queen Mab be prattling!

"By the whirlwind's hollow sound,
By the thunder's dreadful stound,
Yells of spirits under ground,
I charge thee not to fear us:
By the screech-owl's dismal note,
By the black night-raven's throat,
I charge thee, Hob, to tear thy coat
With thorns, if thou come near us!"

Her spell thus spoke, she stept aside,
And in a chink herself doth hide,
To see thereof what would betide,
For she doth only mind him:
When presently she Puck espies,
And well she markt his gloating eyes,
How under every leaf he prys,
In seeking still to find them.

But once the circle got within,
The charms to work do straight begin,
And he was caught as in a gin:

For as he thus was busy,
A pain he in his head-piece feels,
Against a stubbed tree he reels,
And up went poor Hob-goblin's heels:
Alas! his brain was dizzy!

At length upon his feet he gets,
Hob-goblin fumes, Hob-goblin frets,
And as again he forward sets,
And through the bushes scrambles,
A stump doth trip him in his pace,
Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
And lamentably tore his case,
Amongst the briars and brambles.

"A plague upon queen Mab," quoth he,
"And all her maids, where'er they be;
I think the devil guided me,
To seek her, so provoked!"
When stumbling at a piece of wood,
He fell into a ditch of mud,
Where to the very chin he stood,
In danger to be choked.

Now worse than e'er he was before,
Poor Puck doth yell, poor Puck doth roar,
That wak'd queen Mab, who [1] doubted sore
Some treason had been wrought her:
Until Nymphidia told the queen,
What she had done, what she had seen,
Who then had well-near crack'd her spleen
With very extreme laughter.

But leave we Hob to clamber out,
Queen Mab, and all her fairy rout,
And come again to have a bout

[1] [Old copy, *what.*]

With Oberon yet madding:
And with Pigwiggen now distraught,
Who was much troubled in his thought,
That he so long the queen had sought,
And through the fields was gadding.

And, as he runs, he still doth cry,
"King Oberon, I thee defy,
And dare thee here in arms to try,
For my dear lady's honour:
For that she is a queen right good,
In whose defence I'll shed my blood,
And that thou in this jealous mood
Hast laid this slander on her."

And quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
Yet could it not be pierced;
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well near of two inches long:
The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,
Whose sharpness nought reversed.

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish's scale,
That, when his foe should him assail,
No point should be prevailing:
His rapier was a hornet's sting;
It was a very dangerous thing,
For if he chanced to hurt the king,
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,

Yet did it well become him:
And, for a plume, a horse's hair
Which, being tossed with the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an ear-wig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
Ere he himself could settle:
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with Tomalin,
One that a valiant knight had been,
And to King Oberon of kin:
Quoth he, "You manly fairy,
Tell Oberon I come prepar'd,
Then bid him stand upon his guard;
This hand his baseness shall reward,
Let him be ne'er so wary.

"Say to him thus: that I defy
His slanders and his infamy,
And as a mortal enemy
Do publicly proclaim him:
Withal, that if I had mine own,
He should not wear the fairy crown,
But with a vengeance should come down;
Nor we a king should name him!"

This Tomalin could not abide,
To hear his sovereign vilifi'd,
But to the fairy court him hi'd:

Full furiously he posted,
With everything Pigwiggen said,
How title to the crown he laid,
And in what arms he was array'd
As how himself he boasted.

'Twixt head and foot, from point to point,
He told the arming of each joint,
In every piece how neat and quaint;
For Tomalin could do it:
How fair he sat, how sure he rid,
As of the courser he bestrid,
How manag'd, and how well he did.
The king, which listen'd to it,

Quoth he, "Go, Tomalin, with speed,
Provide me arms, provide my steed,
And every thing that I shall need,
By thee I will be guided:
To straight account call thou thy wit,
See there be wanting not a whit,
In every thing see thou me fit,
Just as my foe's provided."

Soon flew this news through fairy-land,
Which gave queen Mab to understand
The combat that was then at hand
Betwixt those men so mighty:
Which greatly she began to rue,
Perceiving that all Faëry knew
The first occasion from her grew
Of these affairs so weighty.

Wherefore, attended with her maids,
Through fogs and mists, and damps, she wades,
To Proserpine the queen of shades,

To treat, that it would please her
The cause into her hands to take,
For ancient love and friendship's sake,
And soon thereof an end to make,
Which of much care would ease her.

A while there let we Mab alone,
And come we to King Oberon
Who, arm'd to meet his foe is gone,
For proud Pigwiggen crying!
Who sought the fairy king as fast,
And had so well his journies cast,
That he arrived at the last,
His puissant foe espying.

Stout Tomalin came with the king,
Tom Thumb doth on Pigwiggen bring,
That perfect were in every thing
To single fights belonging:
And therefore they themselves engage,
To see them exercise their rage
With fair and comely equipage,
Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms these champions were,
As they had been a very pair,
So that a man would almost swear
That either had been either:
Their furious steeds began to neigh,
That they were heard a mighty way:
Their staves upon their rests they lay;
Yet, ere they flew together,

Their seconds minister an oath,
Which was indifferent to them both,
That on their knightly faith and troth

No magic them supplied;
And sought them that they had no charms,
Wherewith to work each others' harms,
But came with simple open arms
To have their causes tried.

Together furiously they ran,
That to the ground came horse and man;
The blood out of their helmets span,
So sharp were their encounters.
And though they to the earth were thrown,
Yet quickly they regain'd their own;
Such nimbleness was never shown,
They were two gallant mounters.

When in a second course again,
They forward came with might and main,
Yet which had better of the twain,
The seconds could not judge yet:
Their shields were into pieces cleft,
Their helmets from their heads were reft,
And to defend them nothing left,
These champions would not budge yet.

Away from them their staves they threw,
Their cruel swords they quickly drew,
And freshly they the fight renew,
That every stroke redoubled;
Which made Proserpina take heed,
And make to them the greater speed,
For fear lest they too much should bleed,
Which wond'rously her troubled.

When to th' infernal Styx she goes,
She takes the fogs from thence that rose,
And in a bag doth them enclose,

When well she had them blended:
She hies her then to Lethe spring,
A bottle and thereof doth bring,
Wherewith she meant to work the thing
Which only she intended.

Now Proserpine with Mab is gone
Unto the place, where Oberon
And proud Pigwiggen, one to one
Both to be slain were likely:
And there themselves they closely hide,
Because they would not be espi'd;
For Proserpine meant to decide
The matter very quickly.

And suddenly unties the poke,
Which out of it sent such a smoke,[1]
As ready was them all to choke.
So grievous was the pother:
So that the knights each other lost,
And stood as still as any post,
Tom Thumb nor Tomalin could boast
Themselves of any other.

But, when the mist 'gan somewhat cease,
Proserpina commandeth peace,
And that a while they should release
Each other of their peril:
"Which here," quoth she, "I do proclaim
To all, in dreadful Pluto's name,

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[1] With this may be compared the artifice of Oberon to hinder Lysander and Demetrius from fighting—

> Thou seest these lovers seek a place to fight;
> Hie, therefore, Robin! overcast the night;
> The starry welkin cover thou anon
> With drooping fog as black as Acheron;
> And lead these testy rivals so astray,
> As one come not within another's way.

That, as ye will eschew his blame,
  You let me hear the quarrel.

"But here yourselves you must engage
Somewhat to cool your spleenish rage,
Your grievous thirst and to asswage,
  That first you drink this liquor;
Which shall your understandings clear,
As plainly shall to you appear,
Those things from me that you shall hear,
  Conceiving much the quicker.

"This Lethe water, you must know,
The memory destroyeth so,
That of our weal, or of our woe,
  It all remembrance blotted."[1]
Of it nor can you ever think:
For they no sooner took this drink,
But nought into their brains could sink,
  Of what had them besotted.

King Oberon forgotten had
That he for jealousy ran mad;
But of his queen was wond'rous glad,
  And ask'd how they came thither.[2]
Pigwiggen, likewise, doth forget
That he Queen Mab had ever met,
Or that they were so hard beset,
  When they were found together.

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[1] A similar artifice, though not so fully explained, occurs in A Midsummer Night's Dream—

> And think no more of this night's accidents,
> But as the fierce vexation of a dream.

[2] So Lysander, after his fairy adventures—

> I cannot truly say how I came here.

Nor neither of them both had thought,
That e'er they had each other sought,
Much less that they a combat fought,
  But such a dream were loathing;
Tom Thumb had got a little sup,
And Tomalin scarce kiss'd the cup,
Yet had their brains so sure lock'd up,
  That they remember'd nothing.

Queen Mab and her light maids the while
Amongst themselves do closely smile,
To see the king caught with this wile,
  With one another jesting:
And to the fairy-court they went,
With mickle joy and merriment,
Which thing was done with good intent,
  And thus I left them feasting.

XIV.

A Fairy Wedding.

THIS is another piece by the same author, and is not so generally known as the "Nymphidia." It is the eighth nymphal of "The Muses Elizium, lately discovered by a new way over Parnassus, &c., by Michael Drayton, Esquire," 1630, pp. 67-74. The speakers are Mertilla, Claia, and Cloris.

> "A nymph is married to a Fay
> Great preparations for the day;
> All rites of nuptials they recite you,
> To the bridal and invite you."

Mert. But will our Tita wed this fay?
Claia. Yea, and to-morrow is the day.
Mert. But why should she bestow herself
Upon this dwarfish fairy elf?
Claia. Why, by her smallness you may find
That she is of the fairy kind,

Like as the sunne darts forth his ruddy beames,
  Unable longer to hold up his head,
Glaunceinge his gloateinge eye upon the streames,
  Such was the lustre that this mixture bredd,
    So light it was that one might plainely see,
    What was donne under that rich canopy.

The floore whereon they trode, it was of jett
  And mother of pearle, pollished and cutt,
Chequerd, and in most decent order sett,
  A table dyamond was theire table, butt
    To see th'reflection from the roofe to the table,
    'Twas choyce, meethought, and showed admirable.

Like to a heaven directly was that table,
  And these bright wormes they doe resemble starres,
That precious carbunckle soe invaluable,
  Lookt like a meteor with his ominous barres
    Hung out in heaven by th' allseeinge eye,
    Bidd us expect to heare a tragedye.

Soe this great light appeard amongst the rest.
  But now it grew towards suppertyme apace,
And for to furnish out this suddaine feast,
  The servitours, who knew each one his place,
    Disperse themselves immediately, and
    Some find the choycest daynes on the land.

Others dive downe to th'bottome of the deepe,
  Another mounts up to the lofty skye,
To fetch downe hony dew of mowntaynes steepe—
  In every corner doe they serch and pry,
    Who can the best accepted present bringe,
    To please theire soe much honoured queene and kinge.

ne gathers grapes ripe from the lusty vine,
And with his little hands hee squeazeth out
he juice, and then presents it up for wine;
And straight theire presses in among the rowt
Another loaden with an eare of wheate,
The whitest and the fairest hee cann gett.

XVII.

Conjurations for Fairies.

—o—

FROM MS. Ashmole 1406, written about the year 1600. One of these has been printed by Dr Percy. The impiety of the originals has been omitted; but it runs through all the old charms and conjurations, and affords a curious picture of the times. The three last are given from a MS. in my own possession.

An excellent way to gett a fayrie, but for myselfe I call Margarett Barrance, but this will obteine any one that is not allready bownd.

First, gett a broad square cristall or Venus glasse, in length and breadth three inches. Than lay that glasse or christall in the bloud of a white henne three Wednesdayes, or three Fridayes; then take it out and wash it with holy *aqua*, and fumigate it. Then take three hazle stickes or wands of an yeare groth, pill them fayre and white, and make soe longe as you write the spiritts name, or fayries name, which you call three times, on every sticke being made flatt

one one side. Then bury them under some hill, whereas you suppose fayries haunt, the Wednesday before you call her, and the Friday followinge take them uppe, and call her at eight or three or ten of the clocke, which be good plannetts and howres for that turne. But when you call, be in cleane life, and turne thy face towardes the East; and when you have her, bind her to that stone ore glasse.

An unguent to annoynt under the eyelids, and upon the eylidds, ev[e]ninge and morninge; but especially when you call, or finde your sight not perfect.

Take one pint [of] sallet oyle, and put it into a viall glasse, but first wash it with rose-water, and marygold flower water, the flowers be gathered towards the East. Wash it till the oyle come white; then put it into the glasse, *ut supra,* and then put thereto the budds of holyocke, the flowers of marygold, the flowers or toppes of wilde time, the budds of younge hazle, and the time must be gathered neare the side of a hill where fayries use to be, and the grasse of a fayrie throne there. All these put into the oyle into the glasse, and sett it to dissolve three dayes in the sonne, and then keepe it for thy use, *ut supra.*

To call Elabigathan, a fayrie.

I, E. A., call the Elaby-Gathen, in the name &c., And I adjure the, Elaby-Gathen, conjure, and straightly charge and command thee by Tetragrammaton, Emanuell, Messias, Sether, Panton, Cratons, Alpha et Omega, and by all other high and reverent names &c., I adjure and commande thee, Elaby, by all the powers and grace and vertues of all the holy meritorious virginnes and patriarckes, and I con-

thee, Elaby-Gathen, by these holy names, Saday, Eloy, Iskyros, Adonay, Sabaoth, that thou appeare presently meekely and myldly in this glasse without doing hurt or daunger unto me, or any other livinge creature, and to this I binde thee by the whole power and vertue &c. of Adonay, Adonatos, Eloy, Elohim, Suda, Ege, Jeth, and Heban, that is to say, Lord of vertue and king of Israell, dwellinge upon the whole face of the earth, whose seate is in heaven, and his power in earth, and by Him, and by these glorious and powerfull names, I binde thee to give and doe thy true, humble, and obedient servise unto me, E. A., and never to depart without my consent and lawfull authoritie, in the name &c. And I command thee, Elaby-Gathen, by all &c., that thou doest come and appeare presently to me, E. A., in this cristall or glasse meekely and myldlye, to my true and perfect sight, and truly without fraud, dissymilation, or deceite, resolve and satisfie me in and of all manner of such questions and commands, and demandes, as I shall either aske, require, desire, or demande of thee; and that thou, Elaby-Gathen, be true and obedient unto me, both now and ever hereafter, at all time and times, howers, dayes, nightes, mynittes, and in and at all places wheresoever, either in field, howse, or in any other place whatsoever and wheresoever I shall call upon thee; and that thou, Elaby-Gathen, doe not start, depart, or desire to goe or departe from me, neyther by arte or call of any other artist of any degree or learninge whatsoever, but that thou in the humblyest manner that thou mayest be commaunded to attend and give thy true obedience unto me, E. A., and that even as thou wilt, answer it as thou wilt, answer it unto and before &c. And to this, I, E. A., sweare thee, Elaby-Gathen, and binde thee by the whole power &c., to be true and faithfull unto thee in all

reverente humility. Let be done quickly! quickly! quickly! come! come! come! fiat! fiat! fiat! amen! amen! amen! &c.

A call to call any fayrie.

In nomine &c., Amen, I, E. A., with a true and stedfast faith &c., call thee &c. by the power &c., and commaund thee &c., that thou doest come and appeare before me in the christall stone or glasse, humblye, meekly, and mildly, and that in the lowliest, humbliest shape and manner that thou canst, to the true and perfecte sight of me, the said E. A., without prejudice, feare, harme, or danger of me, my body or soule, or any other member unto my body belonginge. I, E. A., doe therefore call thee, &c., by all the strength, power, and vertue &c., I commaund thee &c., and I conjure thee &c., I call thee &c., to appeare in this christall stone or glasse, by all the most high, excellent and reverent names, &c., and by these most holy names, Tetragrammaton, Sother, Panton, Craton, Alpha et Omega, and by the whole powers, dominion, rule, and command of, &c., I adjure, conjure, and straightly commaund thee, &c., to attend me, and come and appeare unto me as aforesayed in this cristall, and with all thy power, skill, and best experience that thou hast, or by thy superiors and rulers thou canst or may any kinde of way get and obtayne, that thou doest presently, and at all time and times, both now and ever hereafter, reveale unto me the same, and fully resolve, absolve, and fulfill all and every one of my questions, requestes, commaundes, and desires, truly, sensibly, and faithfully, without any manner of deceipt, delution, dissimulation or fraude, and that as thou doest feare the heavy wrath and judgment &c. Therefore and to this end I adjure thee by the power of all thy superiors who

hath any power over thee, and whome thou art subject unto, that thou doest by the power &c., and by these holy names, Tagla, Agla, Tetragrammaton, Sabaoth, Adonay, Athanatos, Ely, Eloy; and also I adjure, conjure, and command the to appeare mildely and firmely to my sight in this christall as aforesaid, at all times, dayes, nights and houres when and wheresoever I shall call upon the, by the power &c., I commaund the, &c., to come quickly as aforesayed at all times, dayes, nightes, and houres and in all places either one land or water, howse or field, sittinge or lying, standinge or walkinge, in valleyes, dales, woods or pastures, where and whensoever by the vertues &c. I binde thee, &c., and compell thee truly and reverently to attend and obey me from this time forth and evermore, and to this end by the power, strength, and vertue of all these, I sweare thee, &c., to give thy true allegeance, attendance onely one me, and one noe other person livinge, And sweare, adjure, conjure, commaund, compell, constrayne, and charge thee, &c., by the high name Horlon, by the greate name Gorthenthion, by the excellent name Jebar, by the fearefull name Gosgamer, and by the holy name Heloy, marvelous and honorable, and by the seale wherewith you or many of you were sealed, and by the ball and glasse wherein you or many of you were included, and by all other vertues and powers of heaven whatsoever, that thou never be dissloyall, but ever true and faithfull unto me. To this I bind thee, &c., and sweare thee by the whole power &c., make noe delay nor tarriance, but come by the power of all the celestiall company, quickly! quickly! quickly! fiat! fiat! fiat! Amen.

To goe invisible.

Take water, and powre it upon an antt-hill, and

looke imediatly after, and you shall finde a stone of divers colours sente from the faerie. This beare in thy righte hande, and you shall goe invisible.

A conjuration for a fairy.

I conjure thee, I exsorsize thee, I compell, command, constraine and bind thee, spirit N., by the power of Tetragrammaton and Athanatos and Aglay, and by the vertue of the great Tetragrammaton, that thou appeare to mine owne person visible to the sight of mine owne eyes, so that I may see and deserne thee, and that thou shew me the truth of all thinges that I shall demand of thee, without decept, fraud, or guile; nether shalt thou hurt or crack this stone, nor mee, nor any other creatur, in mind, soule or body; nether shalt thou by cavell or deceat leave mee, nor depart from my presence or commandment, untill thou have made me true answere; and to shew mee true signes to all questions and demands. This I abjure, conjure, and command thee &c. Amen.

A discharge of the fairies, or other spirits or elphes, from ony place or ground wher treasher is hid or laid.

First shall the master say in the name &c., Amen! and then say as followeth:—I conjure you, speritts or elphes, which bee seven sisters, and have these names, Lilia, Restila, Tetar, Afryta, Julia, Nevula, I conjure and charge you &c., and by all the apostles, marters, confessors, and all virgins, and all the elect, that from henceforth nether you nor any other for you have power or rule upon this ground, nether within nor without, nor upon this servant, nether by day nor night, but the &c. be allwayes upon him or her. Amen! Amen!

XVIII.

Randolph's Amyntas.

THE following scenes are taken from a play by Randolph, entitled "Amyntas, or the Impossible Dowry," 4°, Oxford, 1638. They are extremely amusing, and detail a laughable imposition, which will probably remind the reader of Mistress Quickly and her elves in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Here we have for the first time fairy Latin, and it does no discredit whatever to the order.

Thestylis, Mopsus, Jocastus.

Mop. Jocastus, I love Thestylis abominably! The mouth of my affection waters at her.

Joc. Be wary, Mopsus, learne of me to scorn the mortalls. Choose a better match: Go, love some fairy lady! Princely Oberon shall stand thy friend, and beauteous Mab, his queen, give thee a Maid of Honour.

Mop. How, Jocastus? Marry a puppet? Wed a mote i' th' sunne? Go looke a wife in nutshells?

Wooe a gnat that's nothing but a voice? No, no, Jocastus, I must have flesh and bloud, and will have Thestylis. A fig for fairies!

Thes. 'Tis my sweet-heart Mopsus and his wise brother. O, the twins of folly! These doe I entertaine only to season the poore Amyntas madnesse.

Mop. Sacred red and white, how fares thy reverend beauty?

Thes. Very ill, since you were absent, Mopsus! Where have you been all this live-long houre?

Mop. I have been discoursing with the birds.

Thes. Why, can birds speak?

Joc. In Fairy Land they can: I have heard 'em chirp very good Greek and Latin.

Mop. And our birds talk better farre than they: A new-laid egge of Sicily shall out-talk the bravest parrot in Oberon's Utopia.

Thes. But what languages doe they speak, servant?

Mop. Severall languages, as Cawation, Chirpation, Hootation, Whistleation, Crowation, Cackleation, Shreekation, Hissation.

Thes. And Foolation?

Mop. No, that's our language. We ourselves speak that, that are the learned augurs.

Thes. What successe does your art promise?

Mop. Very good.

Thes. What birds met you then first?

Mop. A woodcock and a goose.

Thes. Well met.

Mop. I told'm so.

Thes. And what might this portend?

Mop. Why thus—and first the Woodcock. Wood and Cock—both very good signes. For first the wood doth signify the fire of our love shall never goe out, because it has more fuell: wood doth signifie more fuell.

Thes. What the Cock?

Mop. Better than the Cockatrice: that I shall crow to those that are my equals, and meet myselfe with them.

Thes. But now the goose?

Mop. O, the goose! That likes me best of all. Thou hast heard our gray-beard shepheards talke of Rome, and what the geese did there. The goose doth signifie that I shall keep thy Capitoll.

Thes. Good prudent!

Joc. It cannot choose but strangely please his highnesse.

Thes. What are you studying of, Jocastus, ha?

Joc. A rare device, a masque to entertaine his grace of Fairy with.

Thes. A masque? what is't?

Joc. An anti-masque of ideas, which I have taught to dance minuets on a spider's thread.

Mop. An anti-masque of ideas! Brother, methinks a masque of birds were better, that could dance the morice in the ayre, wrens and robbin-red brests, linnets, and finches.

Joc. So! and why not rather your geese and woodcocks? Mopsus, hold thy tongue; thou dost not know the mystery.

Thes. Tis true, he tells you. Mopsus, leave your anger: follow his counsell, and be wise.

Mop. Be wise! I skorn the motion! Follow his counsell and be wise! That's a fine trick, i'faith! Is this an age for to be wise in?

Thes. Then you mean, I see, t'expound the oracle.

Mop. I doe mean to be th' interpreter.

Joc. And then a jig of pismires is excellent.

Mop. What, to interpret oracles? A foole must be th' interpreter.

Thes. Then no doubt but you will have honour.

Mop. Nay I hope I am as faire for't as another man, if I should now grow wise against my will, and catch this wisdome!

Thes. Never feare it, Mopsus.

Mop. Twere dangerous vent'ring. Now I think on't too, pray Heaven this ayre be wholesome! Is there not an antidote against it? What doe you think of garlick every morning?

Thes. Fye upon't, 'twill spoyle our kissing! and besides I tell you garlick's a dangerous dish; eating of garlick may breed the sicknesse, for as I remember 'tis the philosophers' diet.

Mop. Certainly I am infected, now the fit's upon me! Tis some thing like an ague; sure I caught it with talking with a schollar next my heart.

Thes. How sad a life live I bewixt your folly and Amyntas madnesse! For Mopsus, Ile prescribe you such a diet as shall secure you.

Mop. Excellent she-doctor! Your women are the best physitians, and have the better practice.

Thes. First, my Mopsus, take heed of fasting, for your hungry meales nurse wisdome.

Mop. True! O, what a stomack have I to be her patient!

Thes. Besides, take speciall care you weare not thredbare clothes: 'twill breed at least suspition you are wise.

Joc. I, marry will it.

Thes. And walk not much alone; or if you walk with company, be sure you walke with fooles, none of the wise.

Mop. No, no, I warrant you, Ile walk with nobody but my brother here, or you, or mad Amyntas.

Thes. By all meanes take heed of travell; your beyond-sea wit is to be fear'd.

Mop. If ere I travell, hang me!

Joc. Not to the Fairy Land?

Thes. Thither he may. But above all things weare no beard; long beards are signes the brains are full, because the excrements[1] come out so plentifully.

Joc. Rather emptie; because they have sent so much out, as if their brains were sunk into their beards. King Oberon has ne're a beard, yet for his wit I am sure he might have beene a gyant. Who comes here?

Enter Dorylas.

Dor. All haile unto the fam'd interpreter of fowles and Oracles!

Mop. Thankes, good Dorylas.

Dor. How fares the winged cattell? Are the woodcocks, the jayes, the dawes, the cuckoes, and the owles in health?

Mop. I thanke the gratious starres they are.

Dor. Like health unto the president of the jigs! I hope King Oberon and his royall Mab are well.

Joc. They are; I never saw their Graces eate such a meale before.

Dor. E'ne much good do 't 'em!

Joc. They're rid a hunting.

Dor. Hare or deere, my Lord?

Joc. Neither; a brace of snailes of the first head.

Thes. But, Dorylas, ther's a mighty quarrell here, and you are chosen umpire.

Dor. About what?

Thes. The exposition of the Oracle. Which of these two you think the verier foole?

Dor. It is a difficult cause. First, let me pose'em; you, Mopsus, cause you are a learned augur, how many are the seven liberall sciences?

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[1] The same phrase is used by Shakespeare in Love's Labour's Lost, act v. sc. 1, and Merchant of Venice, act. iii. sc. 2.

Mop. Why, much about a dozen.

Dor. You, Jocastus—when Oberon shav'd himselfe, who was his barber?

Joc. I knew him well, a little dapper youth: they call him Perriwinckle.

Dor. Thestilis, a weighty cause, and askes a longer time.

Thes. Wee'l in the while to comfort sad Amyntas.

[*Exeunt.*

. . . . . .

Dorylas, Mopsus, Jocastus, Thestylis, Amyntas.

Joc. Ist not a brave sight, Dorylas? Can the mortalls caper so nimbly?

Dor. Verily they cannot!

Joc. Does not King Oberon beare a stately presence? Mab is a beauteous empresse.

Dor. Yet you kissed her with admirable courtship.

Joc. I doe think there will be of Jocastus brood in Fairy.

Mop. You cuckold-maker, I will tell King Oberon you lye with Mab his wife.

Joc. Doe not, good brother, and I'le wooe Thestylis for thee.

Mop. Doe so then.

Joc. Canst thou love Mopsus, mortall?

Thes. Why suppose I can, sir, what of that?

Joc. Why then be wise, and love him quickly.

Mop. Wise! then I'le have none of her. That's the way to get wise children! Troth, and I had rather they should be bastards.

Amy. No, the children may be like the father.

Joc. True, distracted mortall. Thestylis, I say, love him, he's a fool.

Dor. But we will make him rich, then 'tis no matter.

Thes. But what estate shall he assure upon me?
Joc. A royall joynture, all in Fairy land.
Amy. Such will I make Urania.
Joc. Dorylas knowes it a curious parke.
Dor. Pal'd round about with pick-teeth.
Joc. Besides a house made all of mother of pearle; an ivory tenis-court.
Dor. A nut-meg parlour.
Joc. A saphyre dairy-roome.
Dor. A ginger-hall.
Joc. Chambers of agate.
Dor. Kitchins all of cristall.
Amy. O admirable! This is it for certain.
Joc. The jacks are gold.
Dor. The spits are Spanish needles.
Joc. Then there be walks—
Dor. Of amber.
Joc. Curious orchards—
Dor. That beare as well in winter as in summer.
Joc. 'Bove all the fish-ponds! Every pond is full—
Dor. Of Nectar! Will this please you? Every grove stor'd with delightfull birds!
Mop. But be there any lady-birds there?
Joc. Abundance.
Mop. And cuckoes too, to presage constancy?
Dor. Yes.
Thes. Nay then, let's in to seale the writings.
Amy. There boy, so ho, ho, ho! [*Exeunt.*
Dor. What pretty things are these both, to be born to lands and livings! We poore witty knaves have no inheritance but brains. Who's this?

. . . . . .

Dor. So, so, this hony with the very thought
Has made my mouth so liquorish, that I must
Have something to appease the appetite.
Have at Jocastus orchard! Dainty apples,

Bro. This 'tis to have a coxcombe to on's master.
Joc. Still mutter'st thou?

[*Exit Bromius.*

Dorylas from the tree. Jocastus falls on his knees.

Dor. And rise up, Sir Jocastus, our deare knight.
Now hang the hallowed bell about his neck,
We call it a mellisonant Tingle-Tangle—
(Indeed a sheep-bell stol'n from's own fat weather)—

[*Aside.*

The ensigne of his knight-hood. Sir Jocastus,
We call to minde we promis'd you long since
The president of our dances place; we are now
Pleas'd to confirme it on you. Give him there
His staffe of dignitie.

Joc. Your grace is pleas'd to honour your poore liegeman.

Dor. Now begone.

Joc. Farewell unto your Grace, and eke to you, Tititatie. My noble lords, farewell.

Dor. Tititatie, my noble foole, farewell! Now, my nobilitie and honoured Lords, our Grace is pleas'd for to part stakes. Here, Jocalo, these are your share; these his, and these our graces. Have we not gull'd him bravely? See, you rascalls, these are the fruits of witty knaverie.

Mopsus enters barking.

Dor. Heaven shield Prince Oberon and his honoured lords! We are betraid.

Mop. Bow, wow, wow. Nay, nay, since you have made a sheep of my brother, Ile be a dogge to keep him.

Dor. O good Mopsus!

Mop. Does not your grace, most low and mighty Dorylas, feare whipping now?

Though the moonshine mostly keep us,
Oft in orchards frisk and peep us.

Stolen sweets are always sweeter;
Stolen kisses much completer:
Stolen looks are nice in chapels;
Stolen, stolen be your apples!

When to bed the world are bobbing,
Then's the time for orchard robbing!
Yet the fruit were scarce worth pealing,
Were it not for stealing, stealing.]

Jocastus, Bromius.

Joc. What divine noyse fraught with immortall harmony salutes mine eare?

Bro. Why, this immortall harmony rather salutes your orchard! These young rascalls, these pescod-shelers do so cheat my master; we cannot have an apple in the orchard, but streight some fairy longs for't. Well, if I might have my will, a whip again should jerk 'hem into their old mortality.

Joc. Dar'st thou, screetch-owle, with thy rude croaking interrupt their musique, whose melody hath made the spheares to lay their heavenly lutes aside, only to listen to their more charming notes?

Bro. Say what you will. I say a cudgell now were excellent musique!

Elves. Oberon, descende citus,
Ne cogaris hinc invitus;
Canes audio latrantes,
Et mortales vigilantes.

[Fairy king, from that tree skip,
Ere angry mortals make thee trip;
Busy men surround and mark,
Watchful dogs and mastiffs bark.]

Joc. Prince Oberon? I heard his Grace's name.

Bro. O ho: I spye his Grace! Most noble Prince, come down, or I will pelt your Grace with stones, that I believe your Grace was ne're so pelted since 'twas a Grace.

Dor. Bold mortall, hold thy hand!

Bro. Immortall thiefe, come downe, or I will fetch you! Methinks it should impaire his Grace's honour to steale poore mortalls apples. Now, have at you!

Dor. Jocastus, we are Oberon, and we thought that one so neare to us as you in favour, would not have suffered this prophane rude groome thus to impaire our royalty.

Joc. Gracious Prince, the fellow is a foole, and not yet purged from his mortality.

Dor. Did we out of love
And our entire affection, of all orchards
Choose yours to make it happy by our dances,
Light ayry measures, and fantasticke rings,
And you, ingratefull mortall, thus requite us
All for one apple?

Joc. Villaine, th'ast undone me! His Grace is much incens'd.

Dor. You know, Jocastus, our Grace have orchards of our own more precious then mortals can have any, and we sent you a present of them t'other day.

Joc. Tis right; your Grace's humble servant must acknowledge it.

Bro. Some of his owne I am sure.

Dor. I must confesse, their out-side look'd something like yours indeed, but then the taste more relish'd of eternity, the same with nectar.

Joc. Your good Grace is welcome to any things I have. Nay, gentlemen, pray doe not you spare neither.

Elves. Ti-ti-ta-ti.

Joc. What say these mightly peeres, great Oberon?

Thy azure cheek and christall chin,
Thy rainbow brow, with many a rose,
Thy saphyre eares, and rubie nose,
All wound my soule! O, gentle be,
Or, lady, you will ruin me!

Joc. Bromius, what shall I doe? I am no woman! If gelding of me will preserve your grace. with all my heart.

Bro. No, master, let him rather steale away all your orchard apples.

Joc. I, and shall! Beauteous Queen Mab may lose her longing else.

Dor. How's this? are you no woman then?
Can such bright beauty live with men?

Joc. An't please your grace, I am your knight Jocastus.

Dor. Indeed, I thought no man but he
Could of such perfect beauty be.

Joc. Cannot your Grace distill me to a woman.

Dor. I have an hearb they moly call,
Can change thy shape, my sweet, and shall.
To taste this moly but agree,
And thou shalt perfect woman be.

Joc. With all my heart, ne'er let me move
But I am up to the eares in love.
But what if I doe marry thee?

Dor. My Queen Jocasta thou shalt be.

Joc. Sweet Moly! pray let Bromius have some Moly too,
Hee'l make a very pretty waiting maid.

Brom. No, indeed, forsooth, you have ladies enough already.

Dor. Halfe your estate then give to me,
Else, you being gon, there none will be
Whose orchard I dare here frequent.

Joc. Sweet Oberon, I am content.

Dor. The other halfe let Mopsus take.
Joc. And Thestylis a joynture make.
Bro. Why, master, are you mad?
Joc. Your mistresse, sirrah.
Our Grace has said it, and it shall be so.
Bro. What, will you give away all your estate?
Joc. We have enough beside in Fairy Land. You, Thestylis, shall be our maid of honour.
Thes. I humbly thank your Grace.
Joc. Come, princely Oberon, I long to tast this Moly. Pray bestow the Knighthood of the Mellisonant Tingle Tangle upon our brother Mopsus; we will raise all of our house to honours.
Mop. Gracious sister!
Joc. I alwayes thought I was borne to be a queene.
Dor. Come let us walke, majestique queene,
Of fairy mortalls to be seen.
In chaires of pearle thou plac't shalt be,
And empresses shall envie thee,
When they behold upon our throne
Jocasta with her Dorylas.
All. Ha, ha, ha!
Joc. Am I deceiv'd and cheated, guld and foold?
Mop. Alas, sir, you were borne to be a queene.
Joc. My lands, my livings, and my orchard gone?
Dor. Your grace hath said it, and it must be so.
Bro. You have enough beside in Fairy-land.
Thes. What would your Grace command your maid of honour?
Dor. Well, I restore your lands: only the orchard I will reserve for feare queen Mab should long.
Mop. Part I'le restore unto my liberall sister in liew of my great knighthood.
Thes. Part give I.
Joc. I am beholding to your liberality.

Bro. I'le something give as well as doe the rest;
Take my fooles coat, for you deserve it best.

Joc. I shall grow wiser.

Dor. Oberon will be glad on't.

Thes. I must goe call Urania that she may come vow virginity.

XIX.

Herrick's Fairy Poetry.

FROM the "Hesperides, or the Works both humane and divine of Robert Herrick," 8vo, Lond. 1648. Several of these pieces are very common in contemporary manuscripts, and are also inserted in a few printed collections.

Oberon's Feast.

A little mushroome table spred,
After short prayers they set on bread,
A moon-parcht grain of purest wheat,
With some small glit'ring gritt, to eate
His choice bitts with; then in a trice
They make a feast lesse great then nice,
But all this while his eye is serv'd,
We must not thinke his eare was sterv'd;
But that there was in place to stir
His spleen, the chirring grashopper,
The merry cricket, puling flie,
The piping gnat for minstralcy.[1]

[1] The following two lines are here inserted in a copy in Poole's

And now, we must imagine first,
The elves present to quench his thirst,
A pure seed-pearle of infant dew,
Brought and besweetned in a blew
And pregnant violet; which done,
His kitling eyes begin to runne
Quite through the table, where he spies
The hornes of paperie butterflies.
Of which he eates; and tastes a little
Of what we call the cuckoes spittle;
A little fuz-ball pudding stands
By, yet not blessed by his hands,
That was too coorse; but then forthwith
He ventures boldly on the pith
Of sugred rush, and eates the sagge
And well bestrutted bees sweet bagge;
Gladding his pallat with some store
Of emits eggs; what wo'd he more?
But beards of mice, a newt's stew'd thigh.
A bloated earewig, and a flie;
With the red-capt worme, that's shut
With the concave of a nut,
Browne as his tooth. A little moth,
Late fatned in a piece of cloth;
With withered cherries, mandrakes eares,
Moles eyes; to these the slain stag's teares;
The unctuous dewlaps of a snaile,
The broke-heart of a nightingale
Ore-come in musicke; with a wine
Ne're ravisht from the flattering vine,
But gently prest from the soft side
Of the most sweet and dainty bride,

Parnassus, which contains many variations, generally for worse :—

The humming dor, the dying swan,
And each a chief musician.

Brought in a dainty daizie, which
He fully quaffs up to bewitch
His blood to height; this done, commended
Grace by his priest; the feast is ended:

Oberon's Palace.

Full as a bee with thyme, and red
As cherry harvest, now high fed
For lust and action; on he'l go
To lye with Mab, though all say no.
Lust has no eares; he's sharpe as thorn,
And fretfull, carries hay in's horne,
And lightning in his eyes; and flings
Among the elves, if mov'd, the stings
Of peltish wasps; we'l know his guard;
Kings, though th'are hated, will be fear'd.
Wine lead[s] him on. Thus to a grove,
Sometimes devoted unto love,
Tinseld with twilight, he and they
Lead by the shine of snails, a way
Beat with their num'rous feet, which by
Many a neat perplexity,
Many a turn and man' a crosse-
Track, they redeem a bank of mosse
Spungie and swelling, and farre more
Soft then the finest Lemster ore;
Mildly disparkling, like those fiers
Which break from the injeweld tyres
Of curious brides; or like those mites
Of candi'd dew in moony nights.
Upon this convex, all the flowers
Nature begets by th'sun and showers,
Are to a wilde digestion brought,
As if loves sampler here was wrought,
Or Citherea's ceston, which
All with temptation doth bewitch.

Sweet aires move here, and more divine
Made by the breath of great ey'd kine,
Who, as they lowe, empearl with milk
The foure-leav'd grasse, or mosse-like silk.
The breath of munkies, met to mix
With musk-flies, are th'aromaticks
Which cense this arch; and here and there,
And farther off, and every where
Throughout that brave Mosaick yard,
Those picks or diamonds in the card;
With peeps of harts, of club and spade,
Are here most neatly interlaid.
Many a counter, many a die,
Half-rotten, and without an eye,
Lies here abouts; and for to pave
The excellency of this cave,
Squirrils and children's teeth late shed,
Are neatly here enchequered
With brownest toadstones and the gum
That shines upon the blewer plum.
The nails faln off by whit-flawes; Art's
Wise hand enchasing here those warts,
Which we to others (from our selves)
Sell, and brought hither by the elves.
The tempting mole, stoln from the neck
Of the shie virgin, seems to deck
The holy entrance; where within
The roome is hung with the blew skin
Of shifted snake; enfreez'd throughout
With eyes of peacocks' trains, and trout-
Flies curious wings; and these among
Those silver-pence, that cut the tongue
Of the red infant, neatly hung.
The glow-wormes eyes the shining scales
Of silv'rie fish, wheat-strawes, the snailes

Soft candle-light, the kitling's eyne,
Corrupted wood, serve here for shine
No glaring light of bold-fac't day,
Or other over-radiant ray,
Ransacks this roome! but what weak beams
Can make reflected from these jems,
And multiply; such is the light,
But ever doubtfull, day or night.
By this quaint taper-light, he winds
His errours up; and now he finds
His moon-tann'd Mab, as somewhat sick,
And, love knowes, tender as a chick,
Upon six plump dandillions, high
Rear'd, lies her elvish majestie,
Whose woollie-bubbles seem to drown
Hir Mab-ship in obedient downe;
For either sheet was spread the caule
That doth the infant's face enthrall,
When it is born, by some enstyl'd
The luckie omen of the child;
And next to these, two blankets ore-
Cast of the finest gossamore;
And then a rug of carded wooll,
Which, sponge-like, drinking in the dull
Light of the moon, seem'd to comply,
Cloud-like, the daintie deitie.
Thus soft she lies; and over-head
A spinner's circle is bespread
With cob-web curtains; from the roof
So neatly sunck, as that no proof
Of any tackling can declare
What gives it hanging in the aire.
The fringe about this, are those threds
Broke at the losse of maiden-heads;
And all behung with these pure pearls,
Dropt from the eyes of ravisht girles,

Or writhing brides, when, panting, they
Give unto love the straiter way.
For musick now, he has the cries
Of fained lost virginities;
The which the elves make to excite
A more unconquer'd appetite.
The king's undrest; and now upon
The gnat's watch-word the elves are gone.
And now the bed, and Mab possest
Of this great little kingly guest;
We'll nobly think, what's to be done
He'll do no doubt: this flax is spun.

The Fairie Temple.

A way enchac't with glasse and beads
There is, that to the chappel leads;
Whose structure, for his holy rest,
Is here the halcion's curious nest;
Into the which who looks, shall see
His temple of idolatry;
Where he of god-heads has such store,
As Rome's Pantheon had not more.
His house of Rimmon this he calls,
Girt with small bones, instead of walls.
First, in a neech, more black than jet,
His idol-cricket there is set;
Then in a polisht ovall by,
There stands his idol beetle flie;
Next, in an arch, akin to this,
His idol canker seated is;
Then in a round, is plac't by these
His golden god, Cantharides.
So that where ere ye look, ye see
No capitoll, no cornish free,
Or freeze from this fine fripperie.

Bleach'd by the whitenesse of the snow,
As the stormy windes did blow
It in the vast and freezing aire;
No shirt halfe so fine, so faire.
  A rich wastcoat they did bring,
Made of the trout-flies gilded wing;
At that his elveship 'gan to fret,
Swearing it would make him sweat,
Even with its weight, and needs would wear
His wastcoat wove of downy haire,
New shaven from an eunuch's chin;
That pleas'd him well, 'twas wondrous thin.
  The outside of his doubtlet was
Made of the four leav'd true-love grasse,
On which was set so fine a glosse,
By the oyle of crispy mosse;
That through a mist, and starry light,
It made a rainbow every night.
On every seam, there was a lace
Drawn by the unctuous snailes slow trace;
To it, the purest silver thread
Compar'd, did look like dull pale lead.
  Each button was a sparkling eye
Ta'ne from the speckled adders frye,
Which in a gloomy night, and dark,
Twinckled like a fiery spark:
And, for coolnesse, next his skin,
'Twas with white poppy lin'd within.
  His breeches of that fleece were wrought,
Which from Colchos Jason brought;
Spun into so fine a yarne,
That mortals might it not discerne;
Wove by Arachne, in her loom,
Just before she had her doom;
Dy'd crimson with a maiden's blush,
And lyn'd with dandelyon push.

Which boys and bruckel'd children call
(Playing for points and pins) cockall.
Whose linnen-drapery is a thin,
Subtile, and ductile codlin's skin;
Which o're the board is smoothly spred
With little seale-work damasked.
The fringe that circumbinds it, too,
Is spangle-work of trembling dew,
Which, gently gleaming, makes a show,
Like frost-work glitt'ring on the snow;
Upon this fetuous board doth stand
Something for shew-bread, and at hand
(Just in the middle of the altar)
Upon an end, the fairie-psalter,
Grac't with the trout-flies curious wings,
Which serve for watched ribbanings.
Now, we must know, the elves are led
Right by the rubrick, which they read:
And if report of them be true,
They have their text for what they doo,
I, and their book of canons too.
And, as Sir Thomas Parson tells,
They have their book of articles;
And if that fairie knight not lies,
They have their book of homilies;
And other scriptures, that designe
A short, but righteous discipline.
The bason stands the board upon
To take the free oblation:
A little pin-dust, which they hold
More precious then we prize our gold
Which charity they give to many
Poore of the parish, if there's any.
Upon the ends of these neat railes,
Hatcht with the silver-light of snails,
The elves, in formall manner, fix
Two pure and holy candlesticks,

In either which a small tall bent
Burns for the altar's ornament.
For sanctity, they have to these
Their curious copes and surplices
Of cleanest cob-web, hanging by
In their religious vesterie.
They have their ash-pans and their brooms
To purge the chappel and the rooms;
Their many mumbling masse-priests here,
And many a dapper chorister.
Their ush'ring vergers here likewise;
Their canons and their chaunteries;
Of cloyster-monks they have enow,
I, and their abby-lubbers too.
And if their legend doe not lye,
They much affect the papacie;
And since the last is dead, there's hope
Elve Boniface shall next be pope.
They have their cups and chalices,
Their pardons and indulgences,
Their beads of nits, bels, books, and wax
Candles, forsooth, and other knacks;
Their holy oyle, their fasting spittle,
Their sacred salt here, not a little.
Dry chips, old shooes, rags, grease, and bones,
Beside their fumigations,
To drive the devill from the cod-piece
Of the fryar, of work an odde-piece.
Many a trifle, too, and trinket,
And for what use, scarce man wo'd think it.
Next then, upon the chanter's side
An apples-core is hung up dry'd,
With ratling kirnils, which is rung
To call to morn and even-song.
The saint, to which the most he prayes,
And offers incense nights and dayes,

The lady of the lobster is,
Whose foot-pace he doth stroak and kisse,
And humbly chives of saffron brings,
For his most cheerfull offerings.
When after these h'as paid his vows,
He lowly to the altar bows;
And then he dons the silk-worms shed,
Like a Turks turbant on his head,
And reverently departeth thence,
Hid in a cloud of frankincense;
And by the glow-worms light wel guided,
Goes to the feast that's now provided.

The Beggar to Mab, the Fairie Queen.

Please your grace, from out your store
Give an almes to one that's poore,
That your mickle may have more.
Black I'm grown for want of meat,
Give me then an ant to eate,
Or the cleft eare of a mouse
Over-sowr'd in drinke of souce;
Or, sweet lady, reach to me
The abdomen of a bee;
Or commend a cricket's hip,
Or his huckson, to my scrip,
Give for bread a little bit
Of a pease that 'gins to chit,
And my full thanks take for it.
Floure of fuz-balls, that's too good
For a man in needy-hood;
But the meal of mill-dust can
Well content a craving man;
Any orts the elves refuse
Well will serve the beggar's use.
But if this may seem too much
For an almes, then give me such

Little bits that nestle there
In the pris'ner's panier.
So a blessing light upon
You and mighty Oberon;
That your plenty last till when
I return your almes agen.

The night-piece, to Julia.

Her eyes the glow-worme lend thee,
The shooting-starres attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow,
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'th'-Wispe mis-light thee,
Nor snake or slow-worme bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost ther's none to affright thee.

The Fairies.

If ye will with Mab find grace,
Set each platter in his place:
Rake the fier up, and get
Water in, ere sun be set.
Wash your pailes, and clense your dairies,
Sluts are loathsome to the fairies!
Sweep your house; Who doth not so,
Mab will pinch her by the toe.

XX.

The Holly Bush.

FROM "Mem-Mirables with other Poemes," 12mo, Lond. 1648, where it is entitled the "Song at the Holly-Bush Gaud." The chorus is here omitted. It is also found in some editions of the "Academy of Complements."

Cleare the eyes of the watch,
Lazy sleepe we dispatch
From hence as fiere as Dedford;
For the flocke-bed and feather
We expose to the weather,
And hang all sheetes in the bed-cord.

The gobilins and the jigge
We regard not a figge;
Our phansies they cannot vary:
We nere pity girles that doe
Finde no treasure in their shooe,
But are nipt by the tyrannous fairy.

List! the noise of the chaires
Wakes the wench to her pray'rs,

Queene Mab comes worse then a witch in,
Backe and sides she entailes
To the print of her nailes,
Shee'le teach her to snort in the kitchen.

Some the night-mare hath prest,
With that weight on their breast,
No returnes of their breath can passe;
But to us the tale is addle,
We can take off her saddle,
And turne out the night-mare to grasse.

Now no more will we harke
To the charmes of the larke,
Or the tunes of the early thrush;
All the woods shall retire,
And submit to the quire
Of the birds in the holly-bush.

While the country lasse
With her dairy doth passe,
Our joys no tongue can utter;
For we centinells stand,
And exact by command
The excise of her lips and butter.

In corners of old houses least frequented,
Or beneath stacks of wood: and these convented,
Make fearful noise in butteries and in dairies;
Robin Good-fellowes some, some call them fairies.
In solitary rooms these uproars keep
And beat at doors to keep men from their sleep.
Seeming to force locks, be they ne're so strong
And keeping Christmas gambols all night long.
Pots, glasses, trenchers, dishes, pans and kettles
They will make dance about the shelves and settles,
As if about the kitchen tost and cast,
Yet in the morning nothing found misplas't.
Others such houses to their use have fitted
In which base murthers have been once committed:
Some have fearful habitations taken
In desolate houses, ruin'd and forsaken.

XXII.

A Fairy Guide.

A Description of the King and Queene of Fayries, their Habit, Fare, their Abode, Pompe, and State. Beeing very delightfull to the sense, and full of mirth. London: printed for Richard Harper, and are to be sold at his shop at the Hospitall Gate, 1635. sm. 12mo.

THIS curious little volume, consisting of eleven leaves only, which is plentifully embellished with rude woodcuts, commences with the following address "to the reader:"—

"Courteous Reader,—I present thee here with the description of the king of the Fayries, of his attendants, apparel, gesture, and victuals, which, though comprehended in the brevity of so short a volume, yet as the proverbe truely averres, it hath as mellifluous and pleasing discourse, as that whose amplitude containes the fulnesse of a bigger composition: yet not so much presuming on the contentment that it will bring to thee, as partly relying upon thy connivence

of her service, and being as light of love as he was of care he resolved to visit her no more. The troubles and commotions in the upper world had wrought his thoughts another way, and in a serious humour one night he resolved to goe abroad, to observe the new courses and alterations of the world.

The first place he came at was Windsor, where he found a good part of the army newly come from Redding, he heard them talke as confident of victory as if they had killed the Cavaliers already, he much admired the understanding and resolution of their Generall, and daring not to stay there any longer for feare he should be taken for a malignant and be whipt, he made a swift dispatch for Oxford; yet not farre from Windsor he met at the townes end many sentinells and incountered some Courts of Guard, though they were men of warre he heard them much to desire peace, and freezing in the cold, Robin could not chuse but laugh, to hear them comfort one another by boasting in what hot service they had been.

When he came to Oxford, the first place he ventured into was St. Maries Church, where indeed he found a convocation of many reverend heads, some whereof had lately departed from London for their consciences sake, and esteemed the freedome of their minds of a greater consequence then their revenues: they much lamented the iniquity of the times, and wisht indeed (if he could be found) that abler and more learned men might supply their deserted places. Robbin wondred at the gravity of the men, who with great wisdome and moderation were discoursing amongst themselves from whence the first cause of these distempers did arise, and some imputing it to this, and some to that, Robin departed from them

three times, sneezed out aloud, *Bishop*, *Bishop*, *Bishop*.

From thence he come to Christchurch where he found a pack of cunning heads assembled together; these were men of another temper, and indeed they were the ottachousticons of the King's, who whispered into his sacred eares all the ill counsells that they had contrived. Those were they that possessed him with impossible things, and induced him to believe them. They would tell him of great battels which were never fought, wherein he had the victory, and some conquests were told him to be atchieved by the Parliament wherein he received no losse at all. A band or two of men have passed for a whole army, and a liter on the Thames for a whole fleet at sea. Robbin much wondred that they being so neare unto him the influence of so sacred a Majesty could work no better impression in their soules; and drawing neare unto the bed chamber he found his Majesty though in these distracted times yet full of native constancy, and tranquillity of mind, and secured better by his innocence then his guard. With much joy and renowne he departed thence, and observing as he went (for it was past midnight) many a loose wench in the armes of many of the Cavaliers, he gave every wench as he passed by a blue and a secret nip on the arm without awakening her. He heard among the sentinells, as he was departing from Oxford, of a great victory obtained by one Sir Ralph Hopton against a part of the Parliament's forces, wherein the earle of Stamford's regiments were said to be quite routed, many of his souldiers slaine, many taken prisoners and great store of armes, and ammunition with them, amongst which a great brasse piece, on which the Crown and the Rose were stampt, was most remarkable. Robbin had a great desire to

thither himself, and to justifie the truth of so absolute a victory. He had not gone as far as Ensham, but he espied the nine muses in a vintener's porch crouching close together, and defending themselves as well as they could from the cold visitation of the winter's night. They were extream poore, and (which is most strange) in so short an absence and distance from Oxford they were grown extreamly ignorant, for they took him for their Apollo, and craved his power and protection to support them. Robbin told them they were much mistaken in him, for though he was not mortal he was but of middle birth no more than they, they being the daughters of Memorie, and he the son of Mirth, but he bade them take comfort for that now in Oxford there was sure news of peace and a speedy hope of their return to their discontinued habitations: at this they seemed with much joy to rouse up themselves, and did assure him that if what he reported did prove true, they would sing his praises throughout all generations. The elf, proud proud of such a favour, in the name of Oberon did thank them, and did conjure them to perform it, and in the twinkling of an eye he conveyed himself to Salt-ash in Cornwall, where Sir R. Hopton's forces were quartered. He found the defeat given to the earl of Stanford nothing so great as fame in Oxford confirmed it to be. Collonell Ruthen's regiment indeed was sorely shaken, and some of his men slain, and many taken prisoners. With a curious eye he observed what arms and ammunition were taken, and above all he had a labouring desire to see the brasse piece with the Crowne and the Rose on it, which so much dignified his conquest; he searched up and down the army, and in and about the magazine, but he could not find it. At length despairing

of what he looked for, the ventrous elf came into Sir Ralph's chamber, and finding him asleepe, and safe as wine and innocence, he dived into his pocket, and the first thing he took out, hee found to beare the impression of the Rose and Crowne, and it was a brave piece indeed, for it was a farthing token which was all peradventure that was in it. Robbin ashamed to see himself so deluded could not at the first but smile at the conceit, and putting it into its magazine repenting himself of his journey, he did sweare that he would never trust fame, nor pamphlet more, though printed in a thousand universities.

From thence with much indignation, and more speed he flung away, and in a moment placed himselfe at Bristoll, where he found the face of things just like the aire of an April morning, it smiled and it rained both at once, some were greedy of peace, and some againe were as eager of war; here some stood for the King, there others for the Parliament, the greater number was for the one side, but the better for the other. The husband was divided against the wife, the sister against the brother, and the son lifting forbidden hands against the father. Robin beholding so strange a division amongst people so neer in blood, wished himselfe againe in Fairy Land; for, said he, we have no such dinne, no such tumults, nor unnaturall quarrels, but all silence and oblivion and a perpetuall peace. And quickly abandoning the place, he in an instant came into Glocestershire, to a towne called Tedbury, where the more to increase his misery he met with the spirit of faction and distempered zeale. This was the spirit that was accustomed to make a great hubbub in the churches, to teare off the surplice from the minister's shoulders, and when the children were to be signed with the signe of the Crosse (like a divell dispossessed) to teare himself for fury, and with

great noyse and foaming to runne out of the Temple. This spirit would faine have persuaded Robin to turne Roundhead, and told him that they were the best sort of Christians: I, replyed Robin, that is even as true as God is in Glocestershire. As he was proceeding in his discourse, he was intercepted by a great noyse and tumult of people, who cried out flye, flye, flye. Amazed at the suddennesse of the cry, and the multitudes of the people that came thronging by; he looked about him to understand what the businesse was, he found it a company of people, whom flying from Cirencester, the ignorant fury of the sword had spared. Prince Rupert had newly entred the towne, and having thrice summoned it, and they refused to yeeld it into his hands, he seized on it by violence, and on his first entrance he burned a great part of the towne, the shot from the windowes by the muskets of the towne did wonderfully among his men, and he found no better meanes to prevent that mischiefe but by setting fire on the houses, there was a great overthrow, and Colonell Carre, and Colonell Massey, two chiefe commanders for the Parliament, were either slaine, or desperately wounded. Robin found this Prince to be a gentleman of himselfe of a civill and serious disposition, a man few in words, and very little beholding to fame for the many strange reports he had delivered of him; affrighted at the thunder of his armes, Robin dispatched himselfe from him with as much speed as the bullets flew from the mouth of his angry canons, and on the first summons of the cocke he came to Newarke, where either through feare of some new designe upon them, or through some great cold they had taken, he found every man of the earl of Newcastle's garrison souldiers to be sicke of a palsey: loath to continue amongst those crasie people, with an invitive dispatch hee came to Pontefract, where he found

the earle of Newcastle, with the greatest part of his armie gone towards Yorke, not so much through feare as it was suggested, but for complement rather, and to entertaine the Queene of England, who was expected to be either at Newcastle or Yorke. He found the army of the recusants, though in many combats shaken and scattered, yet not to receive so great an overthrow as many tongues too credulously have voiced it.

Neither did he find in York masse to be said in every Church, it being crosse to the method of the close and subtill generation of the Papists to make a publick profession of their religion before they had fully perfected their intentions and by the strength of authority made both the ends of their designes to meet together. Howsoever it being discovered that the warre which was pretended for the maintaining of the King's prerogative, tended now indeed to the innovation of Religion, and to make the Papists appeare the King's best subjects, it hath turned many hearts and armed many hands against them. The newes of the Queen's landing made Robbin so brisk, and so overcharged him with newes, that being as unable to contain it, as he was so greedy to receive it, he could not take a full survay of Yorke, nor had the leisure to go unto Newcastle to discover what good service those foure ships have done to hinder any malignant vessells that come either from Holland or from Denmark, from landing at Newcastle; a mad vagary tooke him to come up to London, which the vagabond elfe performed with such a suddennesse that could he be discovered in his way, he would have proved rather the object of the memory then of the eye. The first place hee came into, it was a conventicle of the family of love, it was then much about two of the clock in the morning, and the candles being put out, they were going from one exercise unto another. Robbin pre-

sented himself before them all, and seemed lusty as the spirit of youth when it is newly awakened from the morning's sleep: the women were well contented to stay, but the men cryed out a Satyre, a Satyre, a Satyre, and thrusting them before them all tumbling headlong, down the staires together, they left him laughing to himself alone.

XXVI.

Bovet on Fairies.

THE following narratives are taken from a curious little volume by Richard Bovet, entitled, "Pandæmonium, or the Devil's Cloyster, being a further blow to modern Sadduceism, proving the existence of witches and spirits," 12mo. London, 1684.

A remarkable passage of one named the Fairy-boy of Leith in Scotland, given me by my worthy friend Captain George Burton, and attested under his own hand.

About fifteen years since, having business that detained me for some time at Leith, which is near Edenborough in the kingdom of Scotland, I often met some of my acquaintance at a certain house there, where we used to drink a glass of wine for our refection. The woman which kept the house was of honest reputation among the neighbours, which made me give the more attention to what she told me one day about a fairy-boy, as they called him, who lived about

that town. She had given me so strange an account of him, that I desired her I might see him the first opportunity, which she promised; and not long after, passing that way, she told me there was the fairy-boy. But a little before I came by, and casting her eye into the street, said, "Look you, sir, yonder he is at play with those other boys;" and designing him to me, I went, and by smooth words and a piece of money got him to come into the house with me; where, in the presence of divers people, I demanded of him several astrological questions, which he answered with great subtility; and through all his discourse carryed it with a cunning much above his years, which seemed not to exceed ten or eleven.

He seemed to make a motion like drumming upon the table with his fingers, upon which I ask'd him whether he could beat a drum. To which he replied, "Yes, sir, as well as any man in Scotland, for every Thursday night I beat all points to a sort of people that use to meet under yonder hill," pointing to the great hill between Edenborough and Leith. "How, boy," quoth I, "what company have you there?" "There are, sir," said he, "a great company both of men and women, and they are entertained with many sorts of musick besides my drum; they have, besides, plenty of variety of meats and wine, and many times we are carried into France or Holland in a night, and return again; and whilst we are there, we enjoy all the pleasures the country doth afford." I demanded of him how they got under that hill. To which he replied that there were a great pair of gates that opened to them, though they were invisible to others, and that within there were brave large rooms as well accommodated as most in Scotland. I then asked him how I should know what he said to be true. Upon which he told me he would read my fortune,

saying I should have two wives, and that he saw the forms of them sitting on my shoulders, that both would be very handsom women. As he was thus speaking, a woman of the neighbourhood, coming into the room, demanded of him what her fortune should be? He told her that she had had two bastards before she was married; which put her in such a rage, that she desired not to hear the rest.

The woman of the house told me that all the people in Scotland could not keep him from the rendesvous on Thursday night; upon which, by promising him some more money, I got a promise of him to meet me at the same place in the afternoon the Thursday following, and so dismist him at that time. The boy came again at the place and time appointed, and I had prevailed with some friends to continue with me, if possible, to prevent his moving that night. He was placed between us, and answered many questions without offering to go from us, until about eleven of the clock he was got away unperceived of the company, but I suddenly missing him hasted to the door, and took hold of him, and so returned him into the same room. We all watched him, and on a sudden he was again got out of the doors; I follow'd him close, and he made a noise in the street as if he had been set upon; but from that time I could never see him.

GEORGE BURTON.

Advertisement. This gentleman is so well known to many worthy persons, merchants and others, upon the exchange in London, that there can be no need of my justifying for the integrity of the relation. I will only say thus much, that I have heard him very solemnly affirm the truth of what is here related; neither do I find anything in it more then hath been reported by very unquestionable pens to the same

purpose. What this manner of transvection was, which the boy spoke of, whether it were corporal or in a dream only, I shall not dispute, but I think there be some relations of this kind that prove it may be either way, and therefore that I leave to the reader to determine. But the Captain hath told me that at that time he had a virtuous and a handsome wife, who being dead, he thinks himself in election of another such. That too of the womans having had two children happened to be very true, though hardly any of the neighbours knew it in that place. His getting away in that manner was somewhat strange, considering how they had planted him, and that besides he had the temptation of wine and mony to have detained him, arguments very powerful with lads of his age and fortune.

A relation of the apparition of fayries, their seeming to keep a fair, and what happened to a certain man that endeavoured to put himself in amongst them.

Reading once the eighteenth of Mr Glanvil's Relations, p. 203, concerning an Irshman that had like to have been carried away by spirits, and of the banquet they had spread before them in the fields &c., it called to mind a passage I had often heard of fairies or spirits, so called by the country people, which shewed themselves in great companies at divers times; at sometimes they would seem to dance, at other times to keep a great fair or market. I made it my business to inquire amongst the neighbours what credit might be given to that which was reported of them; and by many of the neighbouring inhabitants, I had this account confirmed.

The place near which they most ordinarily shewed themselves was on the side of a hill named Blackdown, between the parishes of Pittminster and Chestonford,

not many miles from Tanton. Those that have had occasion to travel that way, have frequently seen them there, appearing like men and women of a stature generally near the smaller size of men; their habits used to be of red, blew, or green, according to the old way of country garb, with high-crown'd hats. One time about fifty years since, a person living at Comb St. Nicholas, a parish lying on one side of that hill, near Chard, was riding towards his home that way, and saw just before him, on the side of the hill, a great company of people, that seemed to him like country folks, assembled, as at a fair; there was all sorts of commodities to his appearance, as at our ordinary fairs, pewterers, shoe-makers, pedlars, with all kind of trinkets, fruit, and drinking booths; he could not remember any thing which he had usually seen at fairs, but what he saw there. It was once in his thought that it might be some fair for Chestonford, there being a considerable one at some time of the year; but then again he considered that was not the season for it. He was under very great surprize, and admired what the meaning of what he saw should be. At length it came into his mind what he heard concerning the fairies on the side of that hill; and it being near the road he was to take, he resolved to ride in amongst them, and see what they were. Accordingly, he put on his horse that way, and though he saw them perfectly all along as he came, yet when he was upon the place where all this had appeared to him, he could discern nothing at all, only seemed to be crouded and thrust, as when one passes through a throng of people. All the rest became invisible to him, until he came at a little distance, and then it appeared to him again as at first. He found himself in pain, and so hastened home; where being arrived, a lameness seized him all on one side, which

continued on him as long as he lived, which was many years; for he was living in Comb, and gave an account to any that inquired of this accident for more than twenty years afterward: and this relation I had from a person of known honour, who had it from the man himself.

There were some, whose names I have now forgot, but they then lived at a gentleman's house named Comb Farm, near the place before specified. Both the man, his wife, and divers of the neighbours assured me that they had at many times seen this fair-keeping in the summer time, as they came from Tanton market: but that they durst not venture in amongst them, for that every one that had done so had received great damage by it.

Any person that is incredulous of what is here related, may, upon inquiry of the neighbour inhabitants, receive ample satisfaction, not only as to what is here related, but abundantly more, which I have heard solemnly confirmed by many of them.

XXVII.

Puck's Pranks on Twelfth Day.

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[From "Mercurius Fumigosus, or the Smoking Nocturnall," No. 32, Jan. 3-10, 1655.]

LAST Twelfth Day, a mad merry company being mett together to chuse King and Queen, the Cake being no sooner cutt, but Robbin Good-fellow came amongst them, and pulling one of them by the nose, he imagining it had been his fellow that sate next him, gave him a good cuff on the ear, and so falling to boxes, a woman catching up a great pot of apples and ale, thinking to save it from spilling, the merry Puck, that could not be seen, giving her a good nipp by the buttocks, made her so madd, that she flung all her pott of lambs-wooll in the faces of the combatants, which so blinded them with the roasted apples that came in their eyes, that without fear or witt they laid about them like two mad men, striking any that came neer them; in which scuffle, there was given two black-eyes, one crack'd crown, and a bloody nose.

XXVIII.

The Irish Fairies.

THE following curious narrative is printed entire from a copy of the pamphlet in the British Museum. It is a very interesting document in the history of Fairy Mythology.

Strange and Wonderful News from the county of Wicklow in Ireland, or a Full and True Relation of what happened to one Dr Moore (late Schoolmaster in London). How he was taken invisibly from his Friends, what happened to him in his absence, and how and by what means he was found, and brought back to the same Place. (With Allowance) London, printed for T. K., 1678.

Dr Moore having lately purchased an estate in the County of Wicklow, did (together with Mr Richard Uniack, and one Mr Laughlin Moore) about three weeks since go down to view his concerns there: And being come to their Inne, at a place called Dromgreagh, near Baltinglass, where they intended to lodge

that night, the Doctor began a discourse of several things that happened to him in his childhood near that place, and that it was about thirty-four years since he had been in that country: That he had been often told by his mother, and several others of his relations, of spirits which they call'd Fairies, who used frequently to carry him away, and continue him with them for some time, without doing him the least prejudice: but his mother being very much frighted and concern'd thereat, did, as often as he was missing, send to a certain old woman, her neighbour in the country, who by repeating some spells or exorcisms, would suddenly cause his return. Mr Uniack used several arguments to disswade the doctor from the belief of so idle and improbable a story, but notwithstanding what was said to the contrary the Doctor did positively affirm the truth thereof. And during the dispute, the Doctor on a sudden starting up, told them he must leave their company, for he was called away. Mr Uniack perceiving him to be raised off from the ground, catches fast hold of his arm with one hand, and intwined his arm within the doctor's arm, and with his other hand grasped the Doctor's shoulder; Laughlin Moore likewise held him on the other side; but the Doctor (maugre their strength) was lifted off the ground. Laughlin Moore's fear caused him presently to let go, but Mr Uniack continued his hold, and was carried above a yard from the ground, and then by some extraordinary unperceived force was compelled to quit. The Doctor was hurried immediately out of the room, but whether conveyed through the window, or out at the door, they being so affrighted, none of them could declare.

The two gentlemen being greatly surprised at the strangeness of the accident, and troubled for the loss of their friend, call'd for the innkeeper, to whom they

in a kinde of enchantment, they no sooner perceave him but they surround him on all sides, and what betwixt feare and amazement, he fell down scarcely knowing what he did; and thereupon these little creatures pinch'd him all over, and made a sorte of quick humming noyse all the time; but at length they left him, and when the sun rose, he found himself exactly in the midst of one of these faiery dances. This relation I had from him myselfe, a few days after he was so tormented; but when I and my bedfellow Stump (?) wente soon afterwards at night time to the dances on the downes, we sawe none of the elves or fairies. But indeede it is saide they seldom appeare to any persons who go to seeke for them.

As to these circles, I presume they are generated from the breathing out of a fertile subteraneous vapour, which comes from a kinde of conical concave, and endeavours to get out at a narrow passage at the top, which forces it to make another cone inversely situated to the other, the top of which is the green circle. Every tobacco-taker knowes that 'tis no strange thing for a circle of smoake to be whifft out of the bowle of the pipe, but 'tis donne by chance. If you digge under the turfe of this circle, you will find at the rootes of the grasse a hoare or mouldinesse. But as there are fertile streames, so contrary-wise there are noxious ones which proceed from some mineralls, iron, &c., which also, as the others, *cæteris paribus*, appear in a circular forme. *Mem.* that pidgeon's dung and nitre, steeped in water, will make the fayry circles; it draws to it the nitre of the aire, and will never weare out.

Let me not omitt a tradition which I had many yeares since, when I was a boy, from my great uncles and my father's bayly, who were then old men; that in the harvest time, in one of the great fields at

d dancing, together with a variety of meats and
uors, to the eating and drinking whereof he should
very much importuned, but promised she would
event his doing either. And from that fort he was
be carried twenty miles farther, where there would
ewise be great merriment, and then to the *Seven*
hurches; and towards daybreak should be returned
fe to the company of his friends, without any damage
mischief whatsoever: and so took leave of Mr
niack and Mr Moore.

About six o'clock the next morning Dr Moore
ocked at the door, and being let in desired meat
d drink might be provided for him, for that he
s both hungry and thirsty, having been hurried
m place to place all that night: and after having
reshed himself discours'd of the manner of his
ing taken away; that it seem'd to him there came
o the room about twenty men, some mounted on
rseback, others on foot, and laid hold on him;
at he was sensible of Mr Uniack's and Mr Moore's
deavours to have kept him, and of the force they
ed, but it was all to no purpose, for had there been
rty more they would have signified nothing; that
m the house he was carried to a wood about a mile
stant, where was a fine horse prepared, and as he
s about to mount a glass of wine was given him
d a crust of bread, but when he offered to eat and
ink they were both struck out of his hand. That
m thence he went in the same company that had
ken him away to a Danes Fort, about seven miles
m the wood; that he imagined himself to be
unted on a white horse, whose motion was exceed-
g swift, and when they came to the fort their com-
ny multiplied to about three hundred large and
ll-proportioned men and women; he who seem'd
be chief was mounted on a sorrel horse; that they

Whence, by a brute of pouder that
should blow to heaven or hell
The protestants, I hither came
where all I found too well:
And in the catholick maine cause,
small hope or rather none;
No sooner, therefore was I come,
but that I wisht me gone,
Was then a merry world with us,
when Mary wore the crowne,
And holy-water-sprinkle was
beleevd to put us downe.
Ho, ho, ho, ho, needs must I laugh,
such fooleries to name:
And at my crummed mess of milke,
each night, from maid or dame
To do their chares, as they supposd,
when in their deadest sleepe
I puld them out their beds, and made
themselves their houses sweepe.
How clatterd I amongst their pots
and pans, as dreamed they!
My *hempen hampen* sentence,[1] when
some tender foole would lay
Me shirt or slop, them greeved, for
I then would go away.

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[1] "Indeed," says Reginald Scott, "your grandam's maides were woont to set a boll of milke before him [*Incubus*] and his cousine Robin Good-fellow, for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight: and you have also heard that he would chafe exceedingly, if the maid or the good-wife of the house, having compassion on his nakednes, laid anie clothes for him beesides his messe of white bread and milke, which was his standing fee. For in that case he saith, what we here?

Hemton hamten,
Here will I never more tread nor stampen."

Discoverie of witchcraft, p. 8.

XXIX.

The Cornish Fairies.

[From Morgan's "Phænix Britannicus," 4to, Lond. 1732, p. 546, as abridged in Ritson's "Fairy Tales."]

ANNE JEFFERIES (for that was her maiden name) of whom the following strange things are related, was born in the parish of St Teath, in the county of Cornwall, in December 1626, and she is still living, 1696, being now in the 70th year of her age. She is married to one William Warren, formerly hind to the late eminent physician Dr Richard Lower deceased, and now lives as hind to Sir Andrew Slanning of Devon, Bart.

It is the custom in our county of Cornwall for the most substantial people of each parish to take apprentices the poor's children, and to breed them up till they attain to twenty-one years of age, and, for their service, to give them meat, drink, and clothes. This Anne Jefferies, being a poor man's child of the parish,

TALE V.

HUTIN.

In these times a certain malignant spirit, in the house of Hildesheim, for a long time, appeared visibly to many, in a rustic habit, his head covered with a hood whence, also, vulgarly the peasants [illegible] him hodeh, that is, *an Hodeche*, in the Saxon tongue. This spirit, Hutin, did many marvels, and delighted to be with men, speaking, questioning, and answering familiarly to all, appearing, sometimes visibly, sometimes invisibly. He hurt no man, not being before hurt; but mindful of injury or derision, he bestowed, in his turn, shame to those bestowing it on himself. When Bernard count of Luc had been killed by count Herman of Winsenburg, and the county of Winsenburg seemed exposed to robbery, the aforesaid spirit, coming to Bernard bishop of Hildesheim, sleeping in his bed, waked him, saying: "Rise, o thou bald fellow, convoke thy army, because the county of Winsenburg, being vacant and desolate on account of homicide, thou wilt easily obtain the government." The bishop, rising, warned his knights, invaded, and obtained, the county, which to the church of Hildesheim, with the consent of the emperor, united in perpetuity. The same spirit, likewise, without being asked, oftentimes used to advise him in many dangers. Frequently appearing in the court of the same bishop, he used to serve the cooks for the most part with sufficient diligence, and to mingle frequent discourses with them: whence, when now, from custom, made familiar, he was feared by no man, a certain boy serving in the kitchen, began to despise, laugh to scorn, and "assail" him with bitter taunts, and, as often as he could, poured upon him

Now one of those ministering beholding a man standing at the door, offered to him the cup: which he, having accepted, would not, discreetly, drink of; but, pouring out the contents, and retaining the cup, hastily departed; and a tumult being made in the feast, for the taking away of the vessel, and the guests pursuing him, he escaped by the fleetness of the horse on which he was carried, and betook himself into his village with his notable booty. Finally, this vessel, of unknown material, and unusual form, was offered to Henry king of the English for a great reward, and, afterward being delivered to the queen's brother, David, that is, king of the Scots, was preserved for a great many years in the treasury of Scotland; and before some years (as we know from veracious relation) was resigned by William king of the Scots to Henry the second, who desired to see it.[1]

TALE III.

THE ANTIPODES.

In Great Britain is a castle situate among certain mountains to which the people have given the name of *Bech.* Its wall is hardly assailable, and in the mountain the cavern of a hole, which as a pipe of the winds, most powerfully belches for the time. Whence so great a wind proceeds, people are astonished; and among a great many things, which are carried about there with admiration, I received from the most religious man, Robert prior of Renildewlt, thence sprung, that when a certain noble man William Peverell, possessed the aforesaid castle,

[1] W. of Newbury, *Historia rerum Anglicarum*, edit. Hearne, p. 95. See *Tam o' Shanter*, in Burns's *Poems.*

with the adjacent barony, a man, truly, brave and powerful, and abounding in divers animals: upon a certain day his swineherd, as he was negligent about the service committed to him, lost a pregnant sow, of the kind of those which bring forth pigs, rather fruitful. Fearing, therefore, by reason of the loss the bitter words of the lord's vicar, he thought within himself, if, perchance, by any accident that sow had entered the famous hole of Bech, but until those times inscrutable. He questioned, in his mind, how he should make himself the thorough-searcher of the secret place. He entered the cavern in a time then tranquil from all wind, and when he had proceeded a long way, at length he came by chance from darkness into a lucid place, opening into a spacious plain of fields. Having entered the land widely cultivated, he found persons collecting mature fruits, and, among the standing corn, he recognized the sow, which had multiplied from herself sucking pigs. Then the swineherd, being astonished, and rejoicing at his "recovered" loss, received the sow, and dismissed with joy, led her to the herd of swine.[1]

TALE IV.

THE CUP-BEARER.

THERE was in the county of Gloucester a hunting forest plentiful in boars, harts, and all venison according to the manner of the English. In this woody forest was a hillock, rising into a top to the stature of a man, into which knights and other hun-

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[1] Gervase of Tilbury, *Otia imperialia, apud Scriptores rerum Brunsvicensium*, à Leibnitz, I. 975.

ters were accustomed to ascend, when, fatigued with heat and thirst they sought some remedy of their urgency. But some one, alone, his companions, from the condition of the place and business, being left at a distance, ascended: and when alone, as if speaking to another, he said, I thirst; immediately, on the sudden, by his side, stood a cup-bearer, with a cheerful countenance, and a stretched-out hand, bearing a great horn, adorned with gold and precious stones, as the manner is among the most ancient English, instead of a cup, wherein was presented nectar of an unknown but most sweet taste: which being drunk, all the heat and lassitude of his "parched" body fled, so that he would not believe that he was fatigued, but willed to take fatigue. But, also, the nectar being taken, the attendant held out a very clean towel in order to dry his lips: and, his service being accomplished he disappeared, nor waited a reward for his kindness, or conversation for enquiry. This, in many revolutions of ancient time, was talked of among the oldest, as a thing famous and familiar. Finally, a certain hunter, a knight, for the sake of hunting came to the said place, and drink being requested, and the horn taken, he did not (as it was of custom and urbanity) restore it to the cup-bearer, but retained it to his own use. But the illustrious lord, and earl of Gloucester,[1] the truth of the matter being discovered, condemned the robber, and gave the horn to the elder Henry king of the English, that he might not be reputed to have been the favourer of so great a crime, if he had deposited, in his treasury, another's rapine of domestic property.[2]

[1] Robert, that is, the natural son of Henry I.
[2] Gervase of Tilbury, D. 3.

working in her garden, that, casting aside her eyes on some fair flower or tree, she saw, as she thought, a little gentleman, yet one that shewed great nobility by his clothing, come riding toward her from behind a bed of flowers; thus surprised how any body should come into her garden, but much more at the stature of the person, who, as he was on horseback, exceeded not a foot's length in height, she had reason to suspect that her eyes deceived her. But the gallant, spurring his horse up the garden made it not long, though his horse was little, before he came to see her: then greeting the lady in a most decent manner, after some compliments passed, he acquaints her with the cause of his bold arrival; that, forasmuch as he was a prince amongst the fairies, and did intend to celebrate his marriage on such a day, he desired she would work points for him and his princess against the time he appointed. The lady consented to his demands, and he took his leave; but whether the multitude of business caused the lady to forget her promise, or the strangeness of the thing made her neglect the work, thinking her sight to have been deceived, I know not; yet so it fell out, that, when the appointed time came, the work was not ready. The hour wherein she had promised the fairy-prince some fruits of her needle, happened to be one day as she was at dinner with many noble persons, having quite forgot her promise; when on a sudden, casting her eye to the door, she saw an infinite train of fairies come in: so that fixing her eyes on them, and remembering how she [had] neglected her promise, she sate as one amazed, and astonished the whole company. But at last, the train had mounted upon the table, and, as they were prancing on their horses round the brims of a large dish of white-broth, an officer that seemed

As he twixt sleepe and waking lay,
  against a greene bank's side,
A round of Fairie-elves, and Larrs
  of other kind, he spide:
Who, in their dancing, him so charm'd,
  that though he wakt he slept,
Now pincht they him, antickt about,
  and on, and off him lept.
Mongst them, of bigger bulke and voyce,
  a bare-breecht goblin was,
That at their gamboles laughed, like
  the braying of an asse.
At once of shepherd's bagpipe (for
  they also used it)
Was husht, and round about him they,
  as if in councell, sit.
Upon whose face the breechlesse Larr
  Did set his buttocks bare,
Bespeaking thus his beau-compeers,
  Like Caiphas in his chaire.
Poore Robin Good-fellow, sweet elfs,
  much thanks you for this glee,
Since last I came into this land,
  a raritie to see:
When nunnes, monks, friers, and votaries,
  were here of every sort,
We were accustomed, ye wot,
  to this and merrier sport.
Wo worth (may our great Pan, and we
  his puples say) that frier,
That by revealing Christ obscur'd
  to Christ did soules retire.
For since great Pan's great vicar on
  the earth was disobaid
In England, I, beyond the seas,
  A mal-content have staid.

TALE X.

THE CHANGELING.

[illegible] put out her child to nurse [illegible] when she came to take it home, [illegible] so much altered that she scarce [illegible] knew what time might [illegible] But when, after some [illegible] speak more go, the poor woman [illegible] much trouble, in her [illegible] a poor man coming to the door, [illegible] mistress, and your poor child, [illegible] a poor man. Ah! [illegible] is the cause of all my sorrow; [illegible] happened, adding, moreover, [illegible] changed, and none of her [illegible] years had rendered more [illegible] her that to find out the [illegible] fire, sweep the hearth [illegible] sit in his chair, that [illegible] then break a dozen eggs, [illegible] twenty half-shells before it: [illegible] door, for if the child [illegible] changeling: and then she [illegible] on the dunghill to [illegible] she heard its voice no [illegible] all things accordingly as those words heard the child say. Seven years [illegible] came to the nurse, and four [illegible] and never saw so many [illegible] before. So the woman took it up, and [illegible] dunghill to cry, and not to be [illegible] she thought the voice went up

into the air; and, coming out, found, there in the stead, her own natural and well-favoured child.[1]

TALE XI.

THE WHITE POWDER.

THERE was a poor illiterate man in Germany, who, being apprehended for suspicion of witchcraft, and examined by a judge, told him, That one night, before day was gone, as he was going home from his labour, being very sad and full of heavy thoughts, not knowing how to get meat and drink for his wife and children, he met a fair woman, in fine clothes, who asked him why he was so sad, and he told her that it was by reason of his poverty, to which she said, that, if he would follow her counsel, she would help him to that which would serve to get him a good living; to which he said he would consent with all his heart, so it were not by unlawful ways: she told him that it should not be by any such ways, but by doing of good, and curing of sick people; and so, warning him, strictly, to meet her there, the next night, at the same time, she departed from him, and he went home. The next night, at the time appointed, he duly waited, and she (according to promise) came and told him it was well that he came so duly, otherwise he had missed of that benefit that she intended to do unto him, and so bade him follow her, and not be afraid. Thereupon she led him to a little hill, and came to a fair hall, wherein was a queen sitting in great state, and many people about her, and the gentlewoman that brought him presented him to the

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[1] *Ibid.* p. 62.

queen, and she said, he was welcome, and bid the gentlewoman give him some of the white powder, and teach him how to use it; which she did, and gave him a little wood-box full of the white powder, and bad him give two or three grains of it to any that were sick, and it would heal them, and so she brought him forth of the hill, and so they parted. Being asked by the judge, whether the place within the hill, which he called a hall, were light or dark, he answered, "Indifferent, as it is with us in the twilight;" and, being asked how he got more powder, he said, "When he wanted he went to that hill and knocked three times, and said every time, I am coming, I am coming;" whereupon it opened, and he, going in, was conducted by the aforesaid woman to the queen, and so had more powder given him.[1]

TALE XII.

THE MAUTHE DOOG.

THE Manks say, that an apparition, called in their language, the *Mauthe doog*, in the shape of a large spaniel, with curled shaggy hair, was used to haunt Peel-castle; and has been frequently seen in every room, but particularly in the guard-chamber, where, as soon as candles were lighted, it came and lay down before the fire, in the presence of all the soldiers, who, at length, by being so much accustomed to the sight of it, lost great part of the terror they were seized with at its first appearance. They still, however, retained a certain awe, as believing it was an evil spirit, which

[1] Hotham's epistle to the *Mysterium magnum* of Jacob Behmen, upon *Genesis*, as quoted in Webster's *Displaying of supposed witchcraft:* London, 1677, fo. p. 300.

only awaited permission to do them hurt, and, for that reason, forbore swearing and all prophane discourse while in its company. But though they endured the shock of such a guest when al together in a body, none cared to be left alone with it; it being the custom, therefore, for one of the soldiers to lock the gates of the castle, at a certain hour, and carry them to the captain, to whose apartment the way led through a church; they agreed among themselves, that whoever was to succeed the ensuing night, his fellow in this errand should accompany him that went first, and, by this means, no man would be exposed singly to the danger: for the *Mauthe Doog*, was always seen to come from that passage at the close of the day, and return to it again as soon as the morning dawned, which made them look to this place as its peculiar residence.

One night a fellow, being drunk, and by the strength of the liquor, rendered more daring than ordinary, laughed at the simplicity of his companions, and though it was not his turn to go with the keys, would needs take that office upon him to testify his courage. All the soldiers endeavoured to dissuade him, but the more they said, the more resolute he seemed, and swore that he desired nothing more than that [the] *Mauthe doog* would follow him as it had done the others, for he would try if it were dog or devil. After having talked in a very reprobate manner for some time, he snatched up the keys, and went out of the guard-room. In some time after his departure a great noise was heard, but nobody had the boldness to see what occasioned it, till the adventurer returning, they demanded the knowledge of him; but as loud and noisy as he had been at leaving them, he was now become sober and silent enough; and though all the time he lived, which was three

days, he was entreated by all who came near him, either to speak, or, if he could not do that, to make some signs, by which they might understand what had happened to him, yet nothing intelligible could be got from him, only, that, by the distortion of his limbs and features, it might be guessed that he died in agonies more than is common to a natural death.

The *Mauthe Doog* was, however, never seen after in the castle, nor would any one attempt to go through that passage, for which reason it was closed up, and another way made. This accident happened about threescore years since, and I HEARD IT ATTESTED by several, but especially, BY AN OLD SOLDIER, who assured me, HE HAD SEEN IT OFTENER THAN HE HAD THEN HAIRS ON HIS HEAD.[1]

TALE XIII.

A FAIRY FEAST.

A MANKS-MAN, who had been led by invisible musicians for several miles together; and, not being able to resist the harmony, followed till it conducted him to a large common, where was a great number of little people sitting round a table, and eating and drinking in a very jovial manner. Among them were some faces which he thought he had formerly seen, but forbore taking any notice [of them] or they of him, till the little people offered him drink, one of them, whose features seemed not unknown to him, plucked him by the coat, and forbad him, whatever he did, to taste anything he saw before him; for, if

[1] Waldron's *History of the Isle of Man.* 2d edition: London, 1744, 8vo, p. 23.

you do, added he, you will be as I am, and return no more to your family. The poor man was much affrighted, but resolved to obey the injunction: accordingly a large silver cup, filled with some sort of liquor, being put into his hand, he found an opportunity to throw what it contained on the ground. Soon after, the music ceasing, all the company disappeared, leaving the cup in his hand; and he returned home, though much wearied and fatigued. He went the next day, and communicated to the minister of the parish all that had happened, and asked his advice how he should dispose of the cup; to which the parson replied he could not do better than to devote it to the service of the church; and this very cup, they say, is that which is now used for the consecrated wine in Kirk-Merlugh.[1]

TALE XIV.

THE UNFORTUNATE FIDDLER.

A FIDDLER, in the Isle of Man, having agreed with a person, who was a stranger, for so much money, to play to some company he should bring him to, all the twelve days of Christmas, and received earnest for it, saw his new master vanish into the earth the moment he had made the bargain. Nothing could be more terrified than was the poor fiddler; he found he had entered into the devil's service, and looked on himself as already damned; but, having recourse to a clergyman, he received some hope: he ordered him, however, as he had taken earnest, to go when he should be called; but that, whatever tunes should be

[1] Waldron, *as before*, p. 54. This tale, however, seems no other than a slight alteration of *The silver cup*, already inserted.

called for, to play none but psalms. On the day appointed, the same person appeared, with whom he went, though with what inward reluctance 'tis easy to guess; but, punctually obeying the minister's directions, the company to whom he played were so angry, that they all vanished at once, leaving him at the top of a high hill, and so bruised and hurt, though he was not sensible when, or from what hand, he received the blows, that he got not home without the utmost difficulty.[1]

TALE XV.

THE FAIRY-ELF.

I WAS prevailed upon, says Waldron, to go and see a child, who, they told me, was one of these changelings, and, indeed, must own, was not a little surprised, as well as shocked, at the sight: nothing under heaven could have a more beautiful face; but, though between five and six years old, and seeming healthy, he was so far from being able to walk or stand, that he could not so much as move one joint; his limbs were vastly long for his age, but smaller than an infant's of six months; his complexion was perfectly delicate, and he had the finest hair in the world; he never spoke or cried; eat scarce any thing; and was very seldom seen to smile; but, if any one called him *a fairy-elf*, he would frown, and fix his eyes so earnestly on those who said it, as if he would look them through. His mother, or, at least, his supposed mother, being very poor, frequently went out a charing, and left him a whole day together: the neighbours, out of curiosity, have often looked in at the window, to see how he behaved when alone;

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[1] Waldron *as before*, p. 56.

which whenever they did, they were sure to find him laughing, and in the utmost delight. This made them judge that he was not without company more pleasing to him than any mortals could be; and what made this conjecture seem the more reasonable, was, that, if he were left ever so dirty, the woman, at her return, saw him with a clean face, and his hair combed with the utmost exactness and nicety.[1]

TALE XVI.

THE KIDNAPPERS.

A SECOND account of this nature, he says, I had from a woman to whose offspring the fairies seemed to have taken a particular fancy. The fourth or fifth night after she was delivered of her first child, the family was alarmed with a most terrible cry of fire; on which, every body ran out of the house to see whence it proceeded, not excepting the nurse, who, being as much frighted as the others, made one of the number. The poor woman lay trembling in her bed, alone, unable to help herself, and her back being turned to the infant, saw not that it was taken away by an invisible hand. Those who had left her, having inquired in the neighbourhood, and finding there was no cause for the outcry they had heard, laughed at each other for the mistake; but, as they were going to reenter the house, the poor babe lay on the threshold, and by its cries preserved itself from being trod upon. This exceedingly amazed all that saw it; and, the mother being still in bed, they could ascribe no reason for finding it there; but having been removed by fairies, who by

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[1] Idem, *ut supra*, p. 57.

their sudden return, had been prevented from carrying it any farther.[1]

About a year after, he says, the same woman was brought to bed of a second child, which had not been born many nights, before a great noise was heard in the house where they kept their cattle. Every body that was stirring ran to see what was the matter, believing that the cows had got loose: the nurse was as ready as the rest; but finding all safe, and the barn-door close, immediately returned, but not so suddenly but that the new-born babe was taken out of the bed, as the former had been, and dropped, on their coming, in the middle of the entry. This was enough to prove the fairies had made a second attempt; and the parents, sending for a minister, joined with him in thanksgiving to god, who had twice delivered their children from being taken from them.[2]

But, in the time of her third delivery, every body seemed to have forgot what had happened in the first and second, and on a noise in the cattle-house, ran out to know what had occasioned it. The nurse was the only person, excepting the woman in the straw, who stayed in the house, nor was she detained through care, or want of curiosity, but by the bonds of sleep, having drunk a little too plentifully the preceding day. The mother, who was broad awake, saw her child lifted out of the bed, and carried out of the chamber, though she could not see any person touch it; on which she cried out as loud as she could, Nurse! nurse! my child! my child is taken away! but the old woman was too fast [asleep] to be awakened by the noise she made, and the infant was irretrievably gone. When her husband, and those who had accompanied him, returned, they found her wringing

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[1] Idem. *u. s.* p. 58. [2] Idem, *u. s.* p. 59.

her hands, and uttering the most piteous lamentations for the loss of her child; on which, said the husband, looking into the bed, The woman is mad; do not you see the child lies by you? On which she turned, and saw, indeed, something like a child, but far different from her own, which was a very beautiful, fat, well-featured babe; whereas, what was now in the room of it was a poor, lean, withered, deformed creature. It lay quite naked, but the clothes belonging to the child that was exchanged for it lay wrapt up altogether on the bed.

This creature lived with them near the space of nine years, in all which time it eat nothing except a few herbs, nor was ever seen to void any other excrement than water: it neither spoke, nor could stand or go, but seemed enervate in every joint; and in all its actions showed itself to be of the same nature.[1]

TALE XVII.

THE LUCK OF EDEN-HALL.

In Eden-hall, in Cumberland, the mansion of the knightly family of Musgrave for many generations, is carefully preserved, in a leathern case, an old painted drinking-glass, which, according to the tradition of the neighbourhood, was long ago left by fairies near a well not far from the house, with an inscription along with it to this effect:

> If this glass do break or fall,
> Farewell the luck of Eden-hall.

From this friendly caution the glass obtained the

[1] Idem, *u. s.* p. 60.

[illegible] ballad, [illegible] the duke of [illegible] place. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] of this ancient house [illegible] like him- [illegible] in the success [illegible] of the warlike owner and [illegible] and here most [illegible] *The lack of Elen-* [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] had not [illegible] [illegible]

TALE [illegible]

THE MOTHER, THE NURSE, AND THE FAIRY.

Give me a son. The blessing sent
Were ever parents more content?
How partial are their doating eyes!
No child is half so fair and wise.
  Wak'd to the morning's pleasing care,
The mother rose, and sought her heir.
She saw the nurse, like one possess'd,
With wringing hands, and sobbing breast.
  Sure some disaster has befel:
Speak, nurse; I hope the boy is well.
  Dear madam, think me not to blame;
Invisible the fairy came:
Your precious babe is hence convey'd
And in the place a changeling laid.

Where are the father's mouth and nose?
The mother's eyes, as black as sloes?
See here, a shocking awkward creature,
That speaks a fool in every feature.
  The woman's blind, the mother cries;
I see wit sparkle in his eyes.
Lord! madam, what a squinting leer!
No doubt the fairy hath been here.
  Just as she spoke, a pigmy sprite
Pops through the key-hole swift as light;
Perch'd on the cradle's top he stands,
And thus her folly reprimands.
  Whence sprung the vain, conceited lie,
That we the world with fools supply?
What! give our sprightly race away,
For the dull helpless sons of clay!
Besides, by partial fondness shown,
Like you we doat upon our own.
Where yet was ever found a mother,
Who'd give her booby for another?
And should we change with human breed,
Well might we pass for fools indeed.[1]

TALE XIX.

THE WHIPPING OF THE LITTLE GIRL.

A GIRL, about ten years old, daughter of a woman who lived about two miles from Ballasalli, in the Isle of Man, being sent over the fields to the town, for a pennyworth of tobacco for her father, was, on the top of a mountain, surrounded by a great number of little men, who would not suffer her to pass any farther.

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[1] Gay's *Fables.*

Some of them said she should go with them, and accordingly laid hold of her; but one, seeming more pitiful, desired they would let her alone; which they refusing, there ensued a quarrel, and the person who took her part fought bravely in her defence. This so incensed the others, that, to be revenged on her, for being the cause, two or three of them seized her, and, pulling up her clothes, whipped her heartily; after which, it seems, they had no further power over her, and she ran home directly, telling what had befallen her, and showing prints of several small hands. Several of the towns-people went with her to the mountain, and, she conducting them to the spot, the little antagonists had gone, but had left behind them proofs (as the good woman said) that what the girl had informed them was true; for there was a great deal of blood to be seen on the stones.[1]

TALE XX.

THE CHRISTENING.

ANOTHER woman, equally superstitious and fanciful as the former, told the author that, being great with child, and expecting every moment the good hour, as she lay awake one night in her bed, she saw seven or eight little women come into her chamber, one of whom had an infant in her arms: they were followed by a man of the same size with themselves, but in the habit of a minister. One of them went to the pail, and finding no water in it, cried out to the others, What must they do to christen the child? On which they replied, it should be done in beer. With that,

[1] Waldron, *u. s.* p. 62.

seeming parson took the child in his arms and ›rmed the ceremony of baptism, dipping his l in a great tub of strong-beer, which the woman brewed the day before, to be ready for her lying- She told me, that they baptized the infant by name of Joan, which made her know she was nant of a girl, as it proved a few days after, when was delivered. She added also, that it was com- for the fairies to make a mock-christening when person was near her time, and that, according to child, male or female, they brought, such should voman bring into the world.[1]

TALE XXI.

THE HORN.

›UNG sailor, coming off a long voyage, though it late at night, chose to land rather than lie another : in the vessel : being permitted to do so, he was ›n shore at Duglas. It happened to be a fine n-light night, and very dry, being a small frost; herefore, forebore going into any house to refresh elf, but made the best of his way to the house of ter he had at Kirk-Merlugh. As he was going a pretty high mountain, he heard the noise of ›s, the halloo of a huntsman, and the finest horn ıe world. He was a little surprised that any pursued those kind of sports in the night, but ıd not time for much reflection before they all ›d by him, so near, that he was able to count number there was of them, which, he said, was ›en, and that they were all dressed in green, and

1 Idem, *u. s.* p. 63.

gallantly mounted. He was so well pleased with the sight, that he would gladly have followed, could he have kept pace with them; he crossed the foot-way, however, that he might see them again, which he did more than once, and lost not the sound of the horn for some miles. At length, being arrived at his sister's, he tells her the story, who, presently, clapped her hands for joy that he was come home safe; For, said she, those you saw were fairies, and 'tis well they did not take you away with them.[1]

TALE XXII.

THE SCHOOL-BOYS.

At my first coming into the island of Man, says Waldron, and hearing this sort of stories, I imputed the giving credit to them merely to the simplicity of the poor creatures who related them; but was strangely surprised, when I heard other narratives of this kind, and altogether as absurd, attested by men who passed for persons of sound judgement. Among this number, was a gentleman, my near neighbour, who affirmed, with the most solemn asseverations, that, being of my opinion, and entirely averse to the belief that any such beings were permitted to wander for the purposes related of them, he had been at last convinced by the appearance of several little figures, playing and leaping over some stones in a field, whom, a few yards distance, he imagined were school-boys, and intended when he came near enough, to reprimand, for being absent from their exercises at that time of the day; it being then, he said, between three

[1] Idem. *u. s.* p. 64.

and four of the clock: but, when he approached as near as he could guess, within twenty paces, they all immediately disappeared, though he had never taken his eye off them from the first moment he beheld them; nor was there any place they could so suddenly retreat, it being an open field, without hedge or bush, and, as is said before, broad day.[1]

TALE XXIII.

THE BARGAIN.

ANOTHER instance, which might serve to strengthen the credit of the last, was told to Waldron by a person who had the reputation of the utmost integrity. This man being desirous of disposing of a horse he had at that time no great occasion for, and riding him to market for that purpose, was accosted in passing over the mountains by a little man in a plain dress, who asked him if he would sell his horse. 'Tis the design I am going on, replied the person who told the story: on which the other desired to know the price. Eight pounds, said he. No, resumed the purchaser, I will give no more than seven, which, if you will take, here is your money. The owner, thinking he had bid pretty fair, agreed with him, and the money being told out, the one dismounted, and the other got on the back of the horse, which he had no sooner done than both beast and rider sunk into the earth, immediately leaving the person who had made the bargain in the utmost terror and confusion. As soon as he had a little recovered himself he went directly to the parson of the parish, and related what had passed,

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[1] Idem. *u. s.* p. 66.

desiring he would give his opinion whether he ought to make use of the money he had received or not: To which he replied that as he had made a fair bargain, and no way circumvented, nor endeavoured to circumvent the buyer, he saw no reason to believe, in case it was an evil spirit, it could have any power over him. On this assurance he went home well satisfied, and nothing afterward happened to give him any disquiet concerning this affair.[1]

TALE XXIV.

FAIRY-MUSIC.

An English gentleman, the particular friend of our author, to whom he told the story, was about passing over Douglas-bridge before it was broken down, but the tide being high he was obliged to take the river, having an excellent horse under him, and one accustomed to swim. As he was in the middle of it he heard, or imagined he heard, the finest symphony, he would not say in the world, for nothing human ever came up to it. The horse was no less sensible of the harmony than himself, and kept in an immoveable posture all the time it lasted; which, he said, could not be less than three quarters of an hour, according to the most exact calculation he could make when he arrived at the end of his little journey, and found how long he had been coming. He who before laughed at all the stories told of fairies now became a convert, and believed as much as ever a Manks-man of them all.[2]

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[1] Idem, *u. s.* p. 67.

[2] Waldron, as before, p. 72. A little beyond a hole in the

TALE XXV.

THE PORRIDGE-POT.

In the vestry of Frensham church in Surrey, on the north side of the chancel, is an extraordinary great kettle or caldron, which the inhabitants say, by tradition, was brought hither by the fairies, time out of mind, from Borough-hill, about a mile hence. To this place, if any one went to borrow a yoke of oxen, money, &c., he might have it for a year or longer, so he kept his word to return it. There is a cave where some have fancied to hear music. On this Borough-hill (in the same parish) is a great stone lying along, of the length of about six feet. They went to this stone, and knocked at it, and declared what they would borrow, and when they would repay, and a voice would answer when they should come, and that they should find what they desired to borrow at that stone. This caldron, with the trivet, was borrowed here after the manner aforesaid, but not returned according to promise; and though the caldron was afterward carried to the stone it could not be received, and ever since that time, no borrowing there.[1]

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earth, just at the foot of a mountain, about a league and a half from Barool, which they call *The Devil's den*, "is a small lake, in the midst of which is a large stone, on which formerly stood a cross: round this lake the fairies are said to celebrate the obsequies of any good person; and I have heard many people, and those of a considerable share of understanding too, protest, that in passing that way, they have been saluted with the sound of such musick as could proceed from no earthly instruments." —P. 137.

[1] Aubrey's Natural History of Surrey, iii. 366.

TALE XXVI.

THE WELSH FAIRIES.

ONE D. Harding, about twenty years ago, in Lanbistan parish, saw a circle upon the snow, and in it as it were the track of hundreds of children in little pump-shoes. It was near a way said to be haunted, or where people were usually disturbed in going to and coming from Knighton-market, or at other times at night.[1]

TALE XXVII.

KENSINGTON GARDENS.

Campos, ubi Troja fuit.—VIRG.

WHERE Kensington high o'er the neighb'ring lands,
'Midst greens and sweets, a regal fabrick stands,
And sees each spring, luxuriant in her bowers,
A snow of blossoms, and a wild of flowers,
The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
To groves and lawns, and unpolluted air.
Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,
They breathe in sunshine, and see azure skies,
Each walk, with robes of various dies bespread,
Sees from afar a moving tulip-bed,
Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
And chints, the rival of the showery bow.
Here England's daughter, darling of the land,
Sometimes, surrounded with her virgin band,
Gleams through the shades. She, towering o'er the rest,
Stands fairest of the fairer kind confess'd,

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[1] From a Welsh MS.

Form'd to gain hearts, that Brunswick's cause deny'd,
And charms a people to her father's side.
  Long have these groves to royal guests been known,
Nor Nassau first preferr'd them to a throne.
Ere Norman banners waved in British air,
Ere lordly Hubba with the golden hair
Pour'd in his Danes; ere elder Julius came;
Or Dardan Brutus gave our isle a name;
A prince of Albion's lineage graced the wood,
The scene of wars, and stain'd with lovers' blood.
  You, who through gazing crowds, your captive throng,
Throw pangs and passions, as you move along,
Turn on the left, ye fair, your radiant eyes,
Where all unlevel'd the gay garden lies:
If generous anguish for another's pains
Ere heaved your hearts, or shiver'd through your veins,
Look down attentive on the pleasing dale,
And listen to my melancholy tale.
  That hollow space, where, now, in living rows,
Line above line the yew's sad verdure grows,
Was, ere the planter's hand its beauty gave,
A common pit, a rude, unfashion'd cave;
The landscape, now so sweet, we well may praise,
But far, far sweeter in its ancient days,
Far sweeter was it, when its peopled ground
With fairy domes and dazzling towers were crown'd.
Where, in the midst, those verdant pillars spring,
Rose the proud palace of the elfin king.
For every hedge of vegetable green,
In happier years, a crowded street was seen,
Not all those leaves, that now the prospect grace,
Could match the numbers of its pigmy race.
What urged this mighty empire to its fate,
A tale of woe and wonder, I relate.

'Twas then a spreading stream, though, now, its fame
Obscured, it bears the creek's inglorious name,
And creeps, as through contracted bounds it strays,
A leap for boys in these degenerate days.
On the clear crystal's verdant bank he stood,
And thrice look'd back upon the fatal wood,
And thrice he groan'd, and thrice he beat his breast,
And thus in tears his kindred god address'd:
"If true, ye watery powers, my lineage came
From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame;
Down to his court, with coral garlands crown'd,
Through all your grottos waft my plaintive sound,
And urge the god, whose trident shakes the earth,
To grace his offspring and assert my birth."
He said. A gentle Naiad heard his prayer,
And, touch'd with pity for a lover's care,
Shoots to the sea, where low beneath the tides
Old Neptune in th' unfathom'd deep resides.
Roused at the news the sea's stern sultan swore
Revenge, and scarce from present arms forbore,
But first the nymph his harbinger he sends,
And to her care the fav'rite boy commends.
As through the Thames her backward course she guides,
Driven up his current by the refluent tides,
Along his banks the pigmy legions spread,
She spies, and haughty Oriel at their head.
Soon with wrong'd Albion's name the host she fires,
And counts the ocean's god among his sires;
"The ocean's god, by whom shall be o'erthrown
(Styx heard his oath) the tyrant Oberon.
See here, beneath a toadstool's deadly gloom
Lies Albion: him the fates your leader doom.
Hear and obey; 'tis Neptune's powerful call,
By him Azuriel and his king shall fall."

By magick fenced, by spells encompass'd round,
No mortal touch'd this interdicted ground;
No mortal entered, those alone who came
Stol'n from the couch of some terrestrial dame:
For oft of babes they robb'd the matron's bed,
And left some sickly changling in their stead.
It chanced a youth of Albion's royal blood
Was foster'd here, the wonder of the wood.
Milkah for wiles above her peers renown'd,
Deep-skill'd in charms, and many a mystick sound,
As through the regal dome she sought for prey,
Observed the infant Albion where he lay.
In mantles broider'd o'er with gorgeous pride,
And stole him from his sleeping mother's side.
Who now but Milkah triumphs in her mind!
Ah wretched nymph! to future evils blind.
The time shall come when thou shalt dearly pay
The theft, hard-hearted! of that guilty day:
Thou in thy turn shall like the queen repine,
And all her sorrows doubled shall be thine:
He who adorns thy house, the lovely boy,
Who now adorns it, shall at length destroy.
Two hundred moons in their pale course had seen
The gay-robed fairies glimmer on the green,
And Albion now had reach'd in youthful prime
To nineteen years, as mortals measure time.
Flush'd with resistless charms he fired to love
Each nymph and little dryad of the grove;
For skilful Milkah spared not to employ
Her utmost art to rear the princely boy;
Each supple limb she swath'd, and tender bone,
And to the elfin standard kept him down;
She robb'd dwarf-elders of their fragrant fruit,
And fed him early with the daisy's root,
Whence through his veins the powerful juices ran.
And form'd in beauteous miniature the man.

Yet still, two inches taller than the rest,
His lofty port his human birth confess'd
A foot in height, how stately did he show!
How look superior on the crowd below!
What knight like him could toss the rushy lance?
Who move so graceful in the mazy dance?
A shape so nice, or features half so fair,
What elf could boast? or such a flow of hair?
Bright Kenna saw, a princess born to reign,
And felt the charmer burn in every vein,
She, heiress to this empire's potent lord,
Praised like the stars, and like the moon adored,
She, whom at distance thrones and princedoms view'd,
To whom proud Oriel and Azuriel sued,
In her high palace languish'd, void of joy,
And pined in secret for a mortal boy.
  He too was smitten, and discreetly strove
By courtly deeds to gain the virgin's love;
For her he cull'd the fairest flowers that grew,
Ere morning suns had drain'd their fragrant dew;
He chased the hornet in its mid-day flight
And brought her glow-worms in the noon of night;
When on ripe fruits she cast a wishing eye,
Did ever Albion think the tree too high!
He showed her where the pregnant goldfinch hung,
And the wren-mother brooding o'er her young;
To her th' inscription on their eggs he read:
(Admire, ye clerks, the youth whom Milkah bred!)
To her he show'd each herb of virtuous juice,
Their powers distinguish'd, and described their use;
All vain their powers, alas! to Kenna prove,
And well sung Ovid, *There's no herb for love.*
  As when a ghost, enlarged from realms below,
Seeks its old friend to tell some secret woe,
The poor shade shivering stands, and must not break
His painful silence, till the mortal speak;

So fared it with the little love-sick maid,
Forbid to utter what her eyes betray'd,
He saw her anguish, and reveal'd his flame,
And spared the blushes of the tongue-tyed dame.
The day would fail me, should I reckon o'er
The sighs they lavish'd and the oaths they swore;
In words so melting, that compared with those,
The nicest courtship of terrestrial beaus
Would sound like compliments from country clowns,
To red-cheek'd sweethearts in their home-spun gowns.
All in a lawn of many a various hue,
A bed of flowers (a fairy forest) grew;
'Twas here, one noon, the gaudiest of the May,
The still, the secret, silent, hour of day,
Beneath a lofty tulip's ample shade
Sate the young lover, and th' immortal maid.
They thought all fairies slept, ah luckless pair!
Hid, but in vain, in the sun's noon-tide glare!
When Albion, leaning on his Kenna's breast,
Thus all the softness of his soul express'd:
"All things are hush'd. The sun's meridian rays
Veil the horizon in one mighty blaze;
Nor moon nor star in heaven's blue arch is seen,
With kindly rays to silver o'er the green,
Grateful to fairy eyes; they secret take
Their rest, and only wretched mortals wake.
This dead of day I fly to thee alone,
A world to me, a multitude in one.
Oh sweet as dew-drops on these flowery lawns,
When the sky opens, and the evening dawns!
Straight as the pink, that towers so high on air,
Soft as the blue-bell, as the daisy, fair!
Bless'd be the hour, when first I was convey'd
An infant captive to this blissful shade!
And bless'd the hand that did my form re-
And shrunk my stature to a match with

O'er foaming mountains, and through bursting tides,
Now high, now low, the bounding chariot rides,
'Till through the Thames in a loud whirlwind's roar
It shoots, and lands him on the destined shore.
Now fix't on earth his towering stature stood,
Hung o'er the mountains, and o'erlooked the wood.
To Brompton's grove one ample stride he took,
(The valleys trembled, and the forests shook)
The next huge step reach'd the devoted shade,
Where choked in blood was wretched Albion laid:
Where now the vanquish'd with the victor's join'd,
Beneath the regal banners stood combined.
Th' embattled dwarfs with rage and scorn he pass'd,
And on their town his eye vindictive cast.
Its deep foundations his strong trident cleaves,
And high in air th' uprooted empire heaves;
On his broad engine the vast ruin hung,
Which on the foe with force divine he flung;
Aghast the legions, in th' approaching shade,
Th' inverted spires and rocking domes survey'd
That downward tumbling on the host below
Crush'd the whole nation at one dreadful blow.
Towers, arms, nymphs, warriors, are together lost,
And a whole empire falls to sooth sad Albion's ghost.
Such was the period, long restrain'd by Fate.
And such the downfall of the fairy state.
This dale, a pleasing region, not unbless'd,
This dale possess'd they; and had still possess'd
Had not their monarch, with a father's pride,
Rent from her lord th' inviolable bride,
Rash to dissolve the contract seal'd above,
The solemn vows, and sacred bonds of love.
Now, where his elves so brightly danced the round,
No violet breathes, nor daisy paints the ground,
His towers and people fill one common grave,
A shapeless ruin, and a barren cave.

Beneath huge hills of smoking piles he lay
Stunn'd and confounded a whole summer's day.
At length awaked (for what can long restrain
Unbody'd spirits?) but awaked in pain:
And as he saw the desolated wood,
And the dark den where once his empire stood,
Grief chilled his heart: to his half-open'd eyes
In every oak a Neptune seemed to rise:
He fled: and left with all his trembling peers,
The long possession of a thousand years.
Through bush, through brake, through groves, and gloomy dales,
Through dank and dry, o'er streams and flowery vales,
Direct they fled; but often look'd behind,
And stopp'd and started at each rustling wind.
Wing'd with like fear his abdicated bands,
Disperse and wander into different lands,
Part did beneath the Peak's deep caverns lie,
In silent glooms impervious to the sky;
Part on fair Avon's margin seek repose,[1]
Whose stream o'er Britain's midmost region flows,
Where formidable Neptune never came,
And seas and oceans are but known by fame:
Some to dark woods and secret shades retreat,
And some on mountains choose their airy seat.
There haply by the ruddy damsel seen,
Or shepherd boy, they featly foot the green,
While from their steps a circling verdure springs;
But fly from towns, and dreads the court of kings.

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[1] "Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream
Of things more than mortal thy Shakspeare would dream
The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head."
GARRICK.

Mean-while sad Kenna loth to quit the grove,
Hung o'er the body of her breathless love,
Try'd every art (vain arts!) to change his doom,
And vow'd (vain vows!) to join him in the tomb.
What could she do? the Fates alike deny
The dead to live, or fairy forms to die.
An herb there grows (the same old Homer tells
Ulysses bore to rival Circe's spells): [1]
Its root is ebon-black, but sends to light,
A stem that bends with flowerets milky white,
Holy the plant, which gods and fairies know,
But secret kept from mortal men below.
On his pale limbs its virtuous juice she shed,
And murmur'd mystic numbers o'er the dead,
When lo! the little shape by magic power
Grew less and less, contracted to a flower,
A flower, that first in this sweet garden smiled,
To virgins sacred, and the snow-drop stiled.
The new-born plant with sweet regret she view'd.
Warm'd with her sighs, and with her tears bedew'd,
Its ripened seeds from bank to bank convey'd
And with her lover whiten'd half the shade.
Thus won from death each spring she sees him grow
And glories in the vegetable snow,
Which now increased through wide Britannia's plains,
Its parent's warmth and spotless name retains;
First leader of the flowery race aspires,
And foremost catches the sun's genial fires,
'Mid frosts and snows triumphant dares appear,
Mingles the seasons, and leads on the year.
Deserted now of all the pigmy race,
Nor man nor fairy touch'd this guilty place.
In heaps on heaps for many a rolling age,
It lay accursed the mark of Neptune's rage;

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[1] *Odys.* B. 10.

'Till great Nassau recloth'd the desert shade
Thence sacred to Britannia's monarchs made.
'Twas then the green-robed nymph, fair Kenna, came,
(Kenna that gave the neighbouring town its name).
Proud when she saw th' ennobled garden shine
With nymphs and heroes of her lover's line.
She vow'd to grace the mansions once her own,
And picture out in plants the fairy town.
To far-famed Wise her flight unseen she sped,
And with gay prospects filled the craftsman's head,
Soft in his fancy drew a pleasing scheme,
And plann'd that landskip in a morning dream.
With the sweet view the sire of gardens fired,
Attempts the labour by the nymph inspired,
The walls and streets in rows of yew designs,
And forms the town in all its ancient lines;
The corner trees he lifts more high in air.
And girds the palace with a verdant square.
With a sad pleasure the aërial maid
This image of her ancient realm surveyed;
How changed, how fall'n from its primæval pride!
Yet here each moon, the hour her lover died,
Each moon his solemn obsequies she pays,
And leads the dance beneath pale Cynthia's rays;
Pleased in these shades to head her fairy train,
And grace the groves where Albion's kinsmen reign.[1]

TALE XXVIII.

[From "A Pleasant Treatise of Witches," 12mo, Lond. 1673.]

SIARRA hath left us this notable relation, that there lived in his time, in Spain, a [no]table and beauti-

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[1] By Thomas Tickell.

ful virgin, but far more famous for her excellence at her needle, insomuch that happy did that courtier think himself, that could wear the smallest piece of her work, though at a price almost invaluable. It happen'd one day, as this admirable seamstress sate working in her garden, that, casting aside her eye on some fair flower or tree, she saw, as she thought, a little gentleman, yet one that shew'd great nobility by his clothing, come riding toward her from behind a bed of flowers; thus surprised how any body should come into her garden, but much more, at the stature of the person, who, as he was on horseback, exceeded not a foot's length in height, she had reason to suspect that her eyes deceived her. But the gallant, spurring his horse up the garden, made it not long, though his horse was little, before he came to her: then greeting the lady in most decent manner, after some compliments passed, he acquaints her with the cause of his bold arrival; that, forasmuch as he was a prince amongst the fairies, and did intend to celebrate his marriage on such a day, he desired she would work points for him and his princess against the time he appointed. The lady consented to his demands, and he took his leave; but whether the multitude of business caused the lady to forget her promise, or the strangeness of the thing made her neglect the work, thinking her sight to have been deceived, I know not; yet so it fell out, that, when the appointed time came, the work was not ready. The hour, wherein she had promised the fairy-prince some fruits of her needle, happen'd to be one day as she was at dinner with many noble persons, having quite forgot her promise; when, on a sudden, casting her eye to the door, she saw an infinite train of fairies come in: so that fixing her eyes on them, and, rememb'ring how she [had] neglected her promise, she sate as one amazed, and

astonished the whole company. But, at last, the train had mounted upon the table, and as they were prancing on their horses round the brims of a large dish of white-broth, an officer that seemed too busy in making way before them, fell into the dish, which caused the lady to burst into a sudden fit of laughter, and thereby to recover her senses. When the whole fairy company was come upon the table, that the brims of every dish seemed fill'd with little horsemen, she saw the prince coming toward her, who hearing she had not done what she promised, seemed to go away displeased. The lady presently fell into a fit of melancholy, and, being asked by her friends the cause of these alterations and astonishments, related the whole matter; but, notwithstanding all their consolations, pined away, and died not long after.

'Tis reported likewise of a country girl, being sent out daily by her mother to look to a sow that was then big with pigs, that the sow always strayed out of the girl's sight, and yet always came safe home at night; this the maid often observing, resolved to watch her more narrowly, and followed her one day closely, till they both came to a fair green valley, where was laid a large bason full of milk and white bread. The sow having eaten her mess, returned home, and that night pigg'd eleven pigs. The good wife, rising early next morning to look to her beast, found on the threshold of the sty ten half-crowns, and entering in, saw but one pig; judging by these things, that the fairies had fed her sow, and bought her pigs.

A certain woman having put out her child to nurse in the country, found, when she came to take it home, that its form was so much altered that she scarce knew it; nevertheless, not knowing what time might do, took it home for her own. But when, after some years, it

ful virgin, but far more famous for her excellence at her needle, insomuch that happy did that courtier think himself, that could wear the smallest piece of her work, though at a price almost invaluable. It happen'd one day, as this admirable seamstress sate working in her garden, that, casting aside her eye on some fair flower or tree, she saw, as she thought, a little gentleman, yet one that shew'd great nobility by his clothing, come riding toward her from behind a bed of flowers; thus surprised how any body should come into her garden, but much more, at the stature of the person, who, as he was on horseback, exceeded not a foot's length in height, she had reason to suspect that her eyes deceived her. But the gallant, spurring his horse up the garden, made it not long, though his horse was little, before he came to her: then greeting the lady in most decent manner, after some compliments passed, he acquaints her with the cause of his bold arrival; that, forasmuch as he was a prince amongst the fairies, and did intend to celebrate his marriage on such a day, he desired she would work points for him and his princess against the time he appointed. The lady consented to his demands, and he took his leave; but whether the multitude of business caused the lady to forget her promise, or the strangeness of the thing made her neglect the work, thinking her sight to have been deceived, I know not; yet so it fell out, that, when the appointed time came, the work was not ready. The hour, wherein she had promised the fairy-prince some fruits of her needle, happen'd to be one day as she was at dinner with many noble persons, having quite forgot her promise; when, on a sudden, casting her eye to the door, she saw an infinite train of fairies come in: so that fixing her eyes on them, and, rememb'ring how she [had] neglected her promise, she sate as one amazed, and

to us unknown, abode in one place more then in another, so that some never almost depart from some particular houses, as though they were their proper mansions, making in them sundry noises, rumours, mockeries, gawds and jests, without doing any harme at all; and some have heard them play at gitterns and Jews' harps, and ring bells and make answer to those that call them, and speake with certain signes, laughters and merry gestures, so that those of the house come at last to be so familiar and well acquainted with them that they fear them not at all. But in truth, if they had free power to put in execution their mallicious desire, we should finde these pranks of theirs not to be jests, but earnest indeed, tending to the destruction both of our body and soul, but their power is so restrained and tyed that they can passe no further then to jests and gawds, and if they do any harm at all, it is certainly very little, as by experience hath been founde.

[From MS. Rawl. Poet. 66.]

A farmer hired a grange commonly reported to be haunted with fairies, and paid a shrewd for it every half year. A gentleman asked him how he durst live in the house, and whether no spirits haunted him? Truth, quoth he, there be two saints in Heaven do vex me more than all the devills in hell, namely, the Virgin Mary and Michaell the Archangell; on whose daies he paied his rent.

Amid the nightly dew."
"'Tis well," the gallant cries again,
"We fairies never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.

"Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
To make thee grief resign;
Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce;
Whilst I with Mab, my part'ner, daunce,
Be little Mable thine."

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light music floats in wanton air;
The monarch leads the queen:
The rest their fairy part'ners found,
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made
As heart and lip desire;
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.

But now to please the fairy king,
Full ev'ry deal they laugh and sing,
And antic feats devise;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other some transmut their shape
In Edwin's wond'ring eyes.

'Till one at last that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has bent him up aloof;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung,
To spraul unneath the roof.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
A trembling rocks the ground:
And well I ween, to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
And now the sounds increase:
And from the corner where he lay,
He sees a train profusely gay
Come prankling o'er the place.

But (trust me, gentles,) never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich, before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea, the pearl, the sky, the plumes,
The town its silken store.

Now, whilst he gaz'd, a gallant drest
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awful accent cry'd;
"What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here presum'd to hide?"

At this the swain, whose vent'rous soul
No fears of magic art controul,
Advanc'd in open sight;
"Nor have I cause of dreed," he said,
"Who view by no presumption led,
Your revels of the night.

"'Twas grief for scorn of faithful love,
Which made my steps unweeting rove

To see the revel scene :
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruined dome,
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seiz'd the wall :
Up spring the tapers as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And music fills the hall.

But certes sorely sunk with woe,
Sir Topaz sees the elphin show,
His spirits in him dy :
When Oberon crys, "A man is near,
A mortal passion, cleeped fear,
Hangs flagging in the sky."

With that sir Topaz, hapless youth
In accents fault'ring, ay for ruth,
Intreats them pity graunt ;
For als he been a mister wight,
Betray'd by wand'ring in the night,
To tread the circled haunt.

"Ah losell vile," at once they roar,
"And little skill'd of fairie lore,
Thy cause to come we know :
Now has thy kestrell courage fell ;
And fairies, since a lye you tell,
Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The caitive upward flung ;
There like a tortoise in a shop

He dangled from the chamber top,
    Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
    They sit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor sir Topaz hangs the while,
    'Till all the route retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
    And down y-drops the knight;
For never spell by fairie laid,
With strong enchantment bound a glade
    Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,
    They deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot,
His seely back the bunch had got,
    Which Edwin lost afore!

This tale a Sybil nurse ared;
She softly stroak'd my youngling head,
    And when the tale was done,
"Thus some are born, my son," she cries,
"With base impediments to rise,
    And some are born with none.

"But virtue can itself advance
To what the fav'rite fools of chance
    By fortune seem design'd;
Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
And from itself shake off the weight
    Upon th'unworthy mind."

XXXII.

Fairy Songs.

SONG I.

TITANIA'S LULLABY.

BY SHAKSPEARE.

YOU spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.

Weaving spiders come not here,
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

SONG II.

IMITATION.

Lo! here, beneath this hallow'd shade,
  Within a cowslip's blossom deep,
The lovely queen of elves is laid,
  May nought disturb her balmy sleep

Let not the snake, or baleful toad,
  Approach the silent mansion near,
Or newt profane the sweet abode,
  Or owl repeat her orgies here!

No snail or worm shall hither come,
  With noxious filth her bow'r to stain;
Hence be the beetle's sudden hum,
  And spider's disembowel'd train!

The love-lorn nightingale alone
  Shall through Titania's arbour stray,
To soothe her sleep with melting moan,
  And lull her with his sweetest lay.

SONG III.

PUCK'S NIGHT ADDRESS.

BY SHAKSPEARE.

Now the haughty lion roars,
  And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
  All with weary task fordone.

Now the wasted brands do glow,
  Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,

In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merry be,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning can I fly
About this airy welkin soon,
And, in a minute's space, decry
Each thing that's done below the moon:
There's not a hag,
Nor ghost shall wag,
Nor cry, ware Goblin! where I go;[1]
But Robin I
Their feats will spy,
And fear them home, with ho, ho, ho!

If any wanderers I meet,
That from their night-sport do trudge home,
With counterfeiting voice I greet,
And cause them on with me to roam;
Through woods, through lakes,
Through bogs, through brakes,
O'er bush and brier, with them I go,
I call upon
Them to come on,[2]
And wend me laughing, ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meet them like a man,
Sometimes, an ox,[3] sometimes, a hound;
And to a horse I turn me can,
To trip and trot about them round;

---

[1] "Nor any friend, where ere I goe."—Mr Collier's MS.

[2] "All in the nicke,
To play some tricke."—PERCY.

[3] "A haste."—Mr Collier's MS.

But if, to ride,
My back they stride,
More swift than wind away I go;
O'er hedge and lands,
Through pools and ponds,
I whinny laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets, and with junkets fine,
Unseen of all the company,
I eat their cates, and sip their wine;
And to make sport,
I f—t and snort,
And out the candles do I blow;
The maids I kiss;
They shriek—who's this?
I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho!

Yet, now and then, the maids to please,
I card, at midnight, up their wool;
And, while they sleep, snort, f—t, and fease,
With wheel to thread their flax I pull;
I grind at mill,
Their malt up still,
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow;
If any wake,
And would me take,
I wend me laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When house or hearth doth sluttish lie,
I pinch the maidens black and blue;
And from the bed the bed-clothes I
Pull off, and lay them nak'd to view;
'Twixt sleep and wake,
I do them take,

And on the "clay-cold" floor them throw,
If out they cry,
Then forth I fly,[1]
And loudly laugh I, ho, ho, ho!

Whenas my fellow-elves and I
In circled ring do trip a round;
If that our sports by any eye
Do happen to be seen or found;
If that they
No words do say,
But *mum* continue as they go,
Each night I do
Put groat in shoe,
And wind out laughing, ho, ho, ho![2]

When any need to borrow ought,
We lend them what they do require;
And for the use demand we nought:
Our own is all we do desire:
If to repay
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go;
And night by night
I them affright,
With pinching, dreams, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazy queans have nought to do,
But study how to cog and lie,
To make debate, and mischief too,
'Twixt one another secretly,
I mark their glose,
And it disclose

---

[1] "And would me spie."—Mr Collier's MS.
[2] This stanza is peculiar to Mr Collier's MS.

To them that they have wronged so;
When I have done
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engines set
In mouse-holes, where the vermin creep,
Who from their beds and houses fet
Their hens and geese, and lambs and sheep,
I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seem a vermin taken so:
But, when they there
Approach me near,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadows green,
We nightly dance our hey-day guise:
And, to our fairy king and queen,
We chant our moonlight minstrelsies:*
When larks gin sing
Away we fling,
And pinches new-born stand as we go,
An elf in bed
We leave instead,
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From tasked Merlin's time have I
Thus nightly revell'd to and fro:
And for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Good-fellow:

Instead of these four lines, Mr Collier's MS. reads—

"Thus do we pass, and see unseen
The actions of mortality:
When to our fairy king and queen,
We chant our moonlight harmony."

Fiends, ghosts and sprites,
That haunt the nights,
The hags and goblins do me know;
And beldames old
My feats have told;
So *vale, vale!* ho, ho, ho!

SONG V.

THE FAIRYS FAREWELL.

FAREWELL rewards and fairies!
Good housewives now may say;
For now foul sluts in dairies,
Do fare as well as they.
And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
Finds six-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament old abbies,
The fairies' lost command;
They did but change priests' babies,
But some have changed your land:
And all your children stol'n from thence
Are now grown puritanes,
Who live as changelings ever since,
For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleep and sloth,
These pretty ladies had.

When Tom came home from labour,
  Or Cis to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabour,
  And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
  Of theirs, which yet remain;
Were footed in queen Mary's days
  On many a grassy plain.
But since of late Elizabeth,
  And later James came in,
They never danced on any heath,
  As when the time hath bin.

By which we note the fairies
  Were of the old profession;
Their songs were *Ave Maries*,
  Their dances were procession.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
  Or gone beyond the seas,
Or further for religion fled,
  Or else to take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company,
  They never could endure:
And whose kept not secretly
  Their mirth was punish'd sure:
It was a just and christian deed
  To pinch such black and blue:
O how the commonwealth doth need
  Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters;
  A register they have,
Who can preserve their charters;
  A man both wise and grave.

An hundred of their merry pranks
  By one that I could name
Are kept in store; con twenty thanks
  To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire
  Give laud and praises due,
Who every meal can mend your chear
  With tales both old and true:
To William all give audience,
  And pray ye for his noddle:
For all the fairies' evidence
  Were lost if it were addle.[1]

SONG VI.

The three following songs are taken from a very interesting collection of madrigals by Mr Oliphant. The two first are from a publication by Weelkes, and the third from Ravenscroft. The last one is also given by Douce, in his "Illustrations," vol. i. p. 83.

I.

On the plains,
Fairy trains
  Were a-treading measures;
Satyrs play'd,
Fairies stray'd
  At the stops set leisures.

---

[1] By Richard Corbet, afterwards Bishop of Oxford and Norwich, who died in 1635. Posterity would have been much more indebted to this witty prelate for a few of gaffer Churn's fairy-tales than for all the sermons his lordship ever wrote.

Nymphs begin
To come in,
Quickly trick and threefold:
Now they dance,
Now they prance,
Present here to behold.

I.

Come, let's begin to revell'n out,
And treat the hills and dales about:
That hills and dales and woods may sound
As echo to this warbling sound.
Lass, merry be with music sweet,
And lames tun it with your feet,
That hills and dales and woods may sound
As echo to this warbling round.

II.

Have you seen our hallow'd green?
Some our lames here are seen.
Down and sleep:
Wake and weep.
Pinch him black and pinch him blue,
That seeks to stain a lover true.
When you come to hear us sing,
Or to tread our fairy ring,
Pinch him black and pinch him blue:
Lass our nails shall handle you!

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Nymphs begin
To come in
  Quickly thick and threefold;
Now they dance,
Now they prance,
  Present there to behold.

II.

Come let's begin to revel't out,
And tread the hills and dales about;
That hills and dales and woods may sound,
An echo to this warbling sound.
Lads, merry be with music sweet,
And, fairies, trip it with your feet,
That hills and dales and woods may sound
An echo to this warbling round.

III.

Dare you haunt our hallow'd green?
None but fairies here are seen.
  Down and sleep;
  Wake and weep,
Pinch him black and pinch him blue,
That seeks to steal a lover true.
When you come to hear us sing,
Or to tread our fairy ring,
Pinch him black, and pinch him blue;
O, thus our nails shall handle you!

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